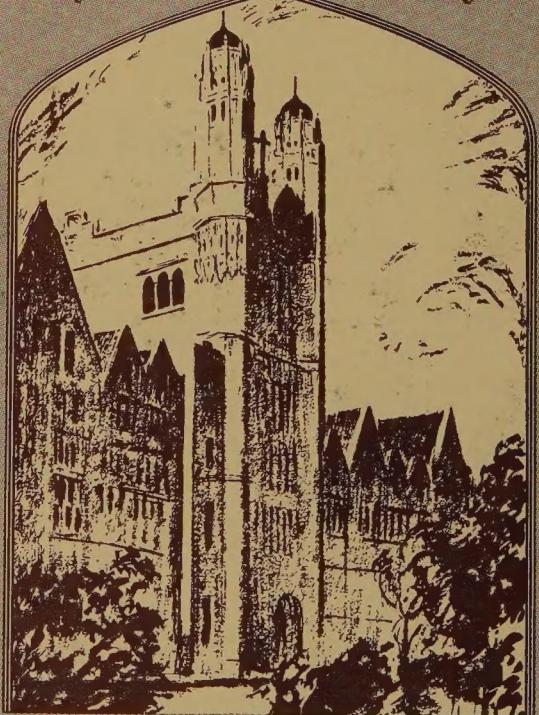


RECOLLECTIONS  
OF MY MOTHER

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*Mrs. Anne Jean Lyman*

# RECOLLECTIONS OF MY MOTHER

MRS. ANNE JEAN LYMAN  
*OF NORTHAMPTON*

BEING A PICTURE OF DOMESTIC AND  
SOCIAL LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND IN  
THE FIRST HALF OF THE NINE-  
TEENTH CENTURY

BY

SUSAN I. LESLEY

*"If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light"*  
*"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ"*



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TO THE MEMORY

OF

MY BELOVED BROTHER

EDWARD HUTCHINSON ROBBINS LYMAN

AND OF MY DEAR COUSINS

ANNE SMITH ROBBINS

AND

JOHN MURRAY FORBES

WHO LEFT THIS WORLD

WITHIN A FEW MONTHS

OF EACH OTHER

THIS VOLUME IS REVERENTLY INSCRIBED

THEY ILLUSTRATED IN THEIR LIVES  
THE WISE AND BENEFICENT VIRTUES  
OF AN ANCESTRY IN COMMON WITH  
THE SUBJECT OF THIS MEMOIR



## AUTHOR'S NOTE

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THE memoir, of which this volume is a reprint (with the omission of some letters and the addition of a few anecdotes and two or three letters not printed before), was originally written for the private use of my nieces and my daughters, and was dedicated to them. This alone justified the occasional address to "my dear girls," which I have not left out of this volume, as I found that one change would necessitate others.

One hundred copies were printed in 1876, and Rev. Dr. Edward E. Hale, who was a frequent guest in the old Northampton home, wrote: "It seems to me that such a sketch or view of the social life of New England should not be permitted to drift out of sight. This generation has a sort of right to know how it came into being; what it was born from, and who trained it. . . . If it were printed only for those who shared your father's and mother's hospitality for fifty years, that would be a large constituency." In accordance with my friend's suggestion two editions of the book have been issued as "printed, not published," Rev. James Freeman Clarke kindly furnishing the Introduction which is here reproduced. It is now for the first time published.

The photogravure portrait of my mother which forms the frontispiece of this edition is from a crayon (after an old daguerreotype) by Mr. D. O. Kimberly, and gives a true impression of her personality and presence. It is

a monument to Mr. Kimberly's patience and skill. The photogravure of my father in the sixth chapter is a reproduction of the fine portrait by Chester Harding. The other illustrations are my mother's early home at Brush Hill, the house at Northampton, and her last residence in Cambridge.

Should these records recall, to those who may own this volume, similar recollections of the many happy homes of an earlier time, this plain copy of the very handsome book presented by my brother to a large family circle and a few intimate friends in 1876 will be fully justified.

S. I. L.

October, 1899.

## INTRODUCTION.

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WHEN Mrs. Lesley's memoir of her mother, Mrs. Anne Jean Lyman, was printed in 1876, it was not published, but distributed among the relatives and friends of the subject of the memoir. Those who were so fortunate as to receive a copy of this charming volume did not fail to see that, because it was not written for the public, but for friends, it had an interest of a special kind. With the general public in one's eye, a writer has a certain reserve; but, when he writes for friends and old associates and companions, he has a freer touch, and is able to trust to their sympathy. Thus, those who read the volume felt themselves admitted at once into the bosom of a delightful household, and a large company of relatives and friends. In old times, I have visited families in Kentucky at Christmas, when the scattered members collected from far and near around the head of the house, and spent days together in reviving and renewing former intimacies. In Mrs. Lesley's narrative, we found ourselves admitted into a similar family gathering. The past lived again; friends, whom death had divided, took each other's hands once more in renewed affection; again, as the curtain was lifted, the primitive manners and simple tastes of an elder day reappeared, and we were grateful to the writer, as a larger body of readers will now be grateful, for preserving from forgetfulness this picture of a former New England life. We felt like

## INTRODUCTION

repeating the touching lines of Goethe, in his Introduction to Faust:—

“Again, fair images, ye hover near,  
As erst ye rose to meet the mourner’s eye,  
And may I hope that ye will linger here?  
Will my heart beat, as in the days gone by?  
Ye throng upon my view, divinely clear,  
Like sunbeams vanquishing a cloudy sky.  
Beneath your solemn march my spirit burns;  
Magic is breathing, youth with joy returns.

“What forms rise beautiful of happy years?  
What happy shadows flit before me fast?  
Like an old song, still ringing in the ears,  
Come the warm loves and friendships of the past.  
Renewed each sorrow, and each joy appears,  
Which marked Life’s changing, labyrinthine waste,  
And those return, who passed in youth away,  
Cheated, alas! of half Life’s little day.”

The town of Northampton, where Judge Lyman and his wife spent so many years, was in those days a specimen of the best kind of New England villages. Not so large but that all its inhabitants might know each other, it was one of those genuine democracies which fulfil in reality the motto which is often only true as an aim,— “Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.” There was a manly independence which pervaded every household, the independence born of Puritanism. Kindness was welcomed, but favors were out of the question. Those who were next door to want would hardly accept assistance. More diplomacy than might disentangle the intricate complications of States would be required to induce the poorest people in a New England town to accept a load of wood or a barrel of potatoes. All were equal on this plane of independence; but it was a genuine equality, which recognized willingly superiority of faculty in any

one, which accepted readily any mastership or culture or inbred ability. It was an equality which went hand in hand with mutual respect. And, above all, there was brotherhood. The fraternity for which we now struggle so ineffectually was, a hundred years ago, a part of the life of each New England town. All knew each other. There was no luxury or display to separate. Habits were simple, and economy universal. The prayer of Lemuel was fulfilled; for no one was in absolute poverty, and no one was so rich as to be above prudence and self-denial in expenditure.

Emerson wrote, after reading this memoir, "One wonders as he reads how much resource of event and character and happiness a genial mind and heart can find in one inland town. It makes me proud of my country."

In such a society, natural qualities have their due recognition. A man or woman of superior judgment, of practical talent, of large and generous nature, became at once an influence, and was looked up to as a natural leader. Thus, in this town of Northampton, Mrs. Lyman was the centre of a bright social activity. The people read books, and mostly the same books; and they were sufficiently educated to take an interest in good conversation. They did a large portion of their household work in the morning, and had leisure for a little social intercourse in the afternoon or evening. Society was not divided into "sets" or "circles," but the humblest might feel at ease in the company of the most distinguished. In such a community, Mrs. Lyman was at home, and in her true sphere. Her active intellect, her joyful disposition, her cheerful faith, made her a radiating point of light and warmth. Frank and sincere, she said just what she thought; did just what she believed right; was wholly unconventional; and yet all saw that she was

anchored by conscience to primal truths, and was in no danger of drifting into any dangerous extreme. She was conservative by education and habit, but progressive by the independent activity of her mind.

As all this, and more, will be found in this work, we leave its readers to discover it and enjoy it without further comment. We must repeat, in concluding these few remarks, that if scholars call on men to rejoice at the discovery of the mummy of an Egyptian king, or the finding of a scrap of Cicero in a palimpsest, how much more glad should we be to have disinterred for us something of the past home life of a former generation, so that we can say to our children, "This is the way in which your grandparents lived and thought and acted fifty or a hundred years ago"!

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

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## CHAPTER I.

From yon blue heavens above us bent,  
The gardener Adam and his wife  
Smile at the claims of long descent.  
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,  
'Tis only noble to be good.  
Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood.

TENNYSON.

ANNE JEAN ROBBINS was born in Milton, Massachusetts, on the third day of July, 1789. She was the third child of the Hon. Edward Hutchinson Robbins, a man of noble character and warm heart, who has left to his descendants the richest of all inheritances, in the fine flavor of humanity that has kept his memory green, even to the third and fourth generation. The house where Anne Jean first saw the light is still standing on Milton Hill, and is known as the Churchill house. The maiden name of Anne's mother was Elizabeth Murray, and Anne was named by her for two Scotch aunts, Anne and Jean Bennet. She was a woman of great intelligence and force of character, and had passed the greater part of her life in Milton,—marrying in youth the son of the former beloved minister of the town, the Rev. Nathaniel Robbins.

In a sermon preached in Milton at the two hundredth anniversary of the First Church, by

Rev. Frederic Frothingham, occurs this passage: "Mr. Nathaniel Robbins was ordained February 13, 1750-51. A long and honorable service was his, running through four and forty years, closing with his death, May 19, 1795,—a period heaving with the agitations of the Revolution. Mr. Robbins was a patriot. At the battle of Lexington, fought when he was fifty years of age, two of his brothers were in Capt. Parker's company. He seems to have been eminently a man of affairs, and in 1788 was sent by the town to the convention which adopted the Federal Constitution. His practical wisdom showed itself in various ways. At his ordination a settlement of £1000 old tenor—equal to \$500—was allowed him, and a salary of £500, or \$250, per annum, and 25 cords of wood. But he bought land and built him a house and gradually acquired a considerable farm—now owned by Col. H. S. Russell—which doubtless was a faithful friend to him, as well as an abode of hospitality to many others in those distressful days. Then he showed rare tact and skill in adjusting apparently unmanageable disputes. It appeared again in his high personal integrity, which, did men but know it, or would they but believe it, is really wisdom. In his preaching, says Thos. Thacher, 'he refused to call any man master on earth, or to sacrifice truth to prevailing opinions, however conducive to popularity, to consideration and consequence. Such candor and liberal principles were the more deserving of praise, since, in the first period of his ministry, such a spirit and temper were not common.' So, in preaching,

'plain and pathetick ;' in prayer, 'apt and easy ;' in charity, so large and just that he would not allow even the good in bad men to be forgotten ; in service to the unfortunate, the sick, the sorrowing, and the young, tender and faithful ; is it wonder that he kept his church free from fanaticism and united and rational ? How much he may have served to prepare for the changes that were to come when the Unitarian controversy broke out, we may imagine, though we can never know."

The history of any life must necessarily include the lives of many others. A friend once said to me, "No one can be a Christian *alone*." And in fact no human being leads an isolated life. One is as surely all the time acted upon by one's inheritance, surroundings, and companionship, as one reacts on these. In the condition to which she was born, the scenery amidst which she lived, the persons by whom she was surrounded, and the family traditions dear to her childhood, Anne Jean was peculiarly blessed ; and I shall tell you all I know of them, because her personal individuality, though striking, was not more so than her quality of family and social affection.

My cousin, Dr. Estes Howe, writes of our grandfather, and the father of Anne Jean, the following sketch :—

"Our grandfather I presume you do not remember, as you were so young when he died. He was a tall, large man, very erect and dignified in his look. His face, as his picture shows, was very like his

son's, our uncle Edward's, in his later years. His countenance had the same benign look—a look which I think comes finally to the face of every one who leads, as he did, a life full of good will and good works. He was born as you know in 1757, and graduated at Harvard in 1775, being eighteen years old. He must have taken his degree at Concord, to which place the college was removed when the army were collected at Cambridge. The last time I saw him at Brush Hill was on the 4th of July, when I was a freshman, in 1829. He pointed out to me a wooden-bottomed armed chair as his college chair, and told me that he had only one coat all the time he was in college—this notwithstanding he was the son of a lady who was considered rich.

"He soon became a person of note at home, and was at the age of twenty-three a member of the convention that formed the constitution of the State of Massachusetts. He was married in 1785, and went to house-keeping on Milton Hill, where I believe all his children except my mother were born. She was born in Boston, in a house he inherited from his mother, near Brazer's Building, on State Street. In 1786, he bought a township of land in Maine, and called it Robbinston. He took several Milton families down, whose descendants—Brewers, Voses, Briggs, &c.—are still there. He built several vessels there, and continued in fact to work busily and earnestly over the enterprise till the day of his death. He always went there at least once a year,—a voyage that had to be made in a coasting vessel. His last visit was made only a couple of months before his death.

"The enterprise was not a profitable one; and what with that and the loss of several vessels by French privateers, he lost all his property, and about 1804 sold out at Milton Hill, and removed to Brush Hill, which place belonged in part to his wife, our grandmother; the other part belonging to her sister, Aunt Forbes, was purchased. And so the family ark rested there, where your mother and mine, and all the rest, grew up.

"Our grandfather was constantly in public life; and, in 1793, he was elected Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. His remarkable memory for men and their faces, his knowledge about them, and his general popularity caused his re-election annually for nine years; at the end of which time he was chosen Lieutenant-governor, an office he continued to hold for seven years, soon after which he was appointed Judge of Probate. In this office he died.

"This last office gave special scope to his kindly qualities. The widows and orphans of the county found in him a sure and sympathizing friend and guardian, and his wonderful memory made him in a short time acquainted with the genealogy and business and property of the whole county.

"But you want to know what I remember of him. I remember him simply as one who always had a kind or thoughtful word for me when I met him; who *seemed* to be, as he *was*, most tenderly loved by his children, and very full of love for them. He was away from home almost every day, either over at Dedham or in Boston, and was very apt to be at

home rather late for tea. I recollect riding home from Boston more than once with him. He had a habit of talking to himself, and I was a little frightened at it, which he seemed to appreciate, for every now and then he would stop, whip up the horse, and begin talking to me; then very soon he would fall off into his own line of thought and talk to himself again. When my father died he was deeply grieved, and his heart seemed to be oppressed and full of sympathy for mother. I was at that time at school at North Andover; a few weeks after father's death, he drove up there in his chaise on Saturday night, a journey of twenty-five miles, and brought up Tracy to spend Sunday with me. He was then more than seventy, and I think few old gentlemen of that age would have made such an exertion for a school-boy; but it seemed so natural an act for him to do that it did not impress me then as it has since. But that was the way he passed through life; and although never prosperous in business, indeed sometimes really pinched by poverty, I think he had a very happy life, because he took so much pleasure in doing kindly acts, and he did so many of them.

"The last time I saw him was on his death-bed. He died at Aunt Mary Revere's, where he was ill about a month. A few days before his death I went in to see him, and he gave me a most affectionate parting benediction, with a few words of advice, which I have not followed so well as would have been for my benefit. This seems a meagre statement, and so it is. It is forty-five years since he died, and what is left to me of him is the impres-

sion of a noble, high-minded, affectionate man, whom I revered and loved. If I can leave as pleasant an impression upon the memories of my grandchildren I shall be happy."

I will not add much to the simple and beautiful statement of my cousin Estes about our grandfather, for I have only one recollection of him, as I was but six years old when he died. I recall one of his visits to Northampton, and his standing at our front door, where he took leave of my father and my uncle, Judge Howe. Although they were tall men, he towered above them, and there was something grand and majestic in his whole aspect; although nothing impressed one so much about him as the wealth of affection in his heart, which gave to his whole manner and bearing a warmth, cordiality, and sympathy one rarely sees so fully expressed.

I remember our brother, Stephen Brewer, who knew him well, speaking of him in the highest terms after I was a woman grown. I had so little recollection of him myself that it was delightful to me to hear him talk of grandfather. He told me once, that when he was a boy, a clerk in some store in Boston, where grandfather had placed him, the old gentleman walked in with a gray stocking in his hand, the foot of which was full of Spanish dollars. "Stephen, my little man," said he, "take care of this for me; it's a new stocking, and my daughter Cassy knit it for me." So Stephen put it away, and grandfather forgot it from that hour. But, three months later, he came into the store in much afflic-

tion. "Stephen, my little man," said he, "I've lost a stocking like this," showing the mate; "and I'm so sorry. My daughter Cassy knit them," he said tenderly, "and I would not lose them for anything." "I produced the stocking, with the Spanish dollars tied up in the foot," said Stephen, "and there was no affectation about it: he *really* cared more about finding the stocking his daughter had knit him than he did for the money." His careless habits were proverbial; and my cousin Bennet Forbes relates the following:—

"Your grandfather Robbins was not remarkable for the nicety of his dress or equipage. He for a long time drove around the country in an old yellow-bodied chaise, with an aged bay mare, that he called 'the colt,' for many years. I remember very well his habit of talking to himself and to the mare, while driving along, and my amusement at this, to me, great novelty. I remember his coming to see us before we built the mansion house on Milton Hill, about 1828, in a sleigh. The weather was very cold, and he had no mittens or gloves. I bought a nice pair of fur-lined gloves and sent them to him. He came again, apparently nearly frozen, and still without gloves. I asked him if he had received the pair I sent him. He answered, 'Oh, yes, my dear, they are in the sleigh;' on examination I found them under the cushion, and it was clear they had never been worn." But cousin Bennet adds, what every one thought who knew him, that his desire to bless and serve others, and his untiring kindness, were the prominent traits of his character.

My grandfather possessed one striking characteristic, which has been handed down to more than one of his descendants, but which my mother inherited in a rare degree. It was that power of taking cognizance of the relations between persons and events which grows out of a large humanity and not from an interest in idle gossip, except as giving opportunity for service. The following little anecdote related of my grandfather not only illustrates this quality of his mind, but throws a side light on the inadequate postal facilities of that early time.

One day two gentlemen were walking through the State House, about the year 1795, when one said to the other, "My friend, Mr. ——, is very anxious to get a letter to his wife in Hardwick no later than Sunday (it was then Friday), and the weekly post does not go till next Wednesday. Can you tell me of any way he can send it?" "No, I can't," replied the friend; "but the Speaker of the House, Mr. Robbins, is sitting there at his desk, and, if any man in Massachusetts can tell you, he can." They approached the desk, and asked the question. "Why, yes," said Mr. Robbins, directly: "the member from Petersham is going home to-morrow to spend Sunday with his family. Now Petersham is only six miles from Hardwick, and his hired man is courting a girl at Hardwick and goes over there to see her every Sunday, and he will carry your friend's letter."

Of Anne Jean's mother, there are many that can still recall her stately air and manner, her vigorous mind and high spirit. But she must have been a very different person from our grandfather; and I

cannot but think that her life had many trials. For she had strong family feeling, and stronger proclivities for Old-World customs and habits; and the restricted life she had to lead, with many cares and small means, must have been hard for one who had been sent to England for her education in youth, and who was not permitted by her aunt to wear a thimble lest it should injure the shape of her finger. The names of her children were Eliza, Sarah Lydia, Anne Jean, Edward, Mary, James, and Catherine. They had reason to be grateful for strong traits of character inherited from both parents.

Many interesting facts might be told about Anne Jean's ancestry to those who are curious in such lore; but, as the streams are numerous which flow into the river of human character, our arithmetic fails us when we come to trace the various lines, all more or less interesting. She herself took pleasure in thinking of the homes in the Old World from which her mother's family, the Murrays, had sprung; but the interest was purely romantic and historic, and only helped to inspire her imagination. It was as far as possible removed from that family pride that delights to claim connection with titled or wealthy ancestry. In our late war, when all New England suffered from that lack of sympathy with our cause shown by Old England, it was impossible for the English to understand our sensitiveness. They had no realization of the tenderness of our hearts towards the home we came from, nor how all descendants of the Puritans look back, as Anne Jean did to that of her ancestors, as if they have still a

belonging there; very different from any feeling we can have about any other country. I never heard her speak of a crest or a coat-of-arms in her life; but the motto on the crest of the Hutchinson family, "*Non sibi, sed toti,*" might well have stood for the watchword of her own unselfish life.

It is a little odd, that, out of one's eight great-great-grandmothers, we should select one as our especial ancestor, and prize the infinitesimal drop of her blood that has come down to us more than an equal amount from other good sources. But the truth is, it is impossible to know much of any one whom history has not recorded; and so it is in human nature to value the known above the unknown.

The mother of Anne Jean's father, born Elizabeth Hutchinson, was a descendant of the famous Anne Hutchinson, in the fourth generation. The history of Anne Hutchinson and her tragical career has been ably treated by many historians—Drake, Hildreth, Ellis, and Bancroft; so that it is not worth while for me to dwell on it here. In an account of the Hutchinson family, written by my cousin Sarah Howe, and in possession of my Aunt Revere, she quotes from Bancroft the following sentence: "The principles of Anne Hutchinson were a natural consequence of the progress of the Reformation. She asserted that the conscious judgment of the mind is the highest authority to itself. The true tendency of her principles is best established by examining the institutions which were founded by her followers. The spirit of the institutions founded by this band

of exiles on the soil which they owed to the benevolence of the natives (Miantonomoh) was derived from natural justice. The colony rested on the principle of intellectual liberty. The colony at Rhode Island consisted of William and Anne Hutchinson, William Coddington, and John Clarke. It was ordered in their constitution, ‘that none be accounted a delinquent for doctrine;’ and the law of liberty of conscience was perpetuated. They were held together by the bonds of affection and freedom of opinion; benevolence was their rule; they trusted in the power of love to win the victory, and the signet for the State was a sheaf of arrows, with the motto, *Amor vincit omnia.*”

A little tract was published in 1676, under the title of “A Glass for the People of New England,” by S. Gorton, in which he says, “The next piece of wickedness I am to mind you of, is your barbarous action committed against Mrs. Anne Hutchinson, whom you first imprisoned, then banished, and exposed her to such desolate condition, that she fell into the hands of the Indians, who murdered her with her family.

“In contemplating the furious and desperate virulence of the colonists towards Anne Hutchinson, we discern a striking illustration of the destructive influences of bigotry and persecution upon all the finer and more amiable sentiments of humanity. Indeed, no excellence of nature or of principle, no strength or refinement of character, is proof against the debasing power of intolerance. To be bigoted is to be cruel; to persecute another is to barbarize

one's self." Bancroft says of the Antinomians, that "they sustained with intense fanaticism the paramount right of private judgment. The founder of this sect was Anne Hutchinson, a woman of such admirable understanding and profitable and sober carriage, that she won a powerful party in the colonies, and even her enemies could not speak of her without acknowledging her eloquence and ability. She received encouragement from Mr. Wheelwright and Governor Vane, and a majority of Boston people sustained her against the clergy. Scholars and men of learning, members of the magistracy and the general court adopted her opinions."

I would record here the noticeable fact of which my cousin makes mention, that the honored name of Edward Hutchinson was borne by the father of Anne Hutchinson's husband, who lived and died in Alford, England, not far from Old Boston, in Lincolnshire. It was very probably borne before his day, as the family can be traced back to 1282. But he was the first Edward Hutchinson we know, and the name has been borne by some descendant in every one of the ten generations since, a period extending over nearly two hundred and fifty years. The grandson of Anne Hutchinson, who bore the name of Edward, was one whom we should remember with peculiar gratitude. He removed to Boston in 1644-45, was chosen deputy from Boston in 1651, and in 1658, when the sanguinary laws against Quakers were made, he and his friend Thomas Clarke requested that their dissent might be recorded. The daughter of Thomas Clarke had mar-

ried the son of Edward Hutchinson. In Drake's "History of Boston" he mentions that "these two eminent merchants Thomas Clarke and Edward Hutchinson entered their dissent against the cruel laws in regard to the Quakers, which seems a more potent expression in regard to the only men who appear to have been influenced by motives of humanity towards an oppressed class."

So much for Anne Jean's Hutchinson ancestry. I have heard her say, in later years, that the virtues of one's ancestors were as much a subject for personal humiliation as for family pride. For if we have only taken the virtues handed down to us, without adding to them or exalting them, we are like the receiver of talents who has laid them up in a napkin.

## CHAPTER II.

“Assist us, Lord, to act, to be  
What Nature and Thy laws decree:  
Worthy that intellectual flame  
Which from Thy breathing spirit came.”

ANNE JEAN’S early childhood was passed on Milton Hill, and through life she retained the happiest associations with that beautiful scenery. As any other healthy child would, she lived much in the open air, and roved about the hill, rejoicing in the distant view of the Blue Hills in one direction, and Boston Harbor in the other, and the rising and falling tide of the Neponset below the hill, which gives such variety to the whole scene at different hours of the day. She was a remarkably vigorous child, and delighted in climbing trees and walking on stone walls, and in all other out-of-door sports. She was a great favorite with Dr. Holbrook, who was the esteemed and beloved physician of that scattered neighborhood. He often took her in his chaise when he went to visit his patients; and in his old age he spoke to me of her beautiful childhood, her witty little remarks, and her ceaseless activity. He never tired of relating his difficulty in keeping her quiet, after she had broken her arm in falling from a stone wall, where she had

climbed to witness a raising ; and what a miracle it was that the bone knit so nicely when she was in such perpetual motion.

When I was a child, and visited at the Forbes mansion house on Milton Hill, the little old-fashioned school-house was still standing on the opposite side of the road, where Anne Jean went to school in her childhood. The little belfry, from which the bell sweetly called the children to school, seemed to me then a fine structure. At one time Miss Ann Bent, a woman of rare and noble character, and a life-long friend of the family, kept the school ; and Anne always loved to recall the months that she passed under her instruction.

The recollections of childhood seldom leave, in later life, especially if that life be overflowing with activity, any very marked incidents to dwell on. And this was the case with Anne Jean's. She once spoke of being much pleased that, when the funeral celebration of George Washington occurred, she was dressed in white with a broad black ribbon around her straw hat, and a black sash around the waist.

Some years the family were in the habit of going into Boston in the winter, and they either took a furnished house for a few months, or went to a boarding-house. They were always forced to practise habits of close personal economy ; but an open-handed hospitality, united to simplicity of living, made them rich in the best sense of the word. And so Anne grew up in an atmosphere of cordial giving ; and that quality which was hers by nature and inheritance must have become a second nature,

from the habitual influence of those around her. My grandmother was kind to old family friends or dependants, never forgetting the humblest servant who had at any time formed a part of the household; and Anne inherited this trait, along with that wider humanity which belonged peculiarly to her father—a humanity that took in every one, of any name or race or color, that needed kindness.

When Anne was ten years old, and many years after there had ceased to be any young children in the family, my grandmother had a little daughter, whose birth excited the warmest emotions of affection and delight in Anne's heart. Her sister, my aunt Mary Revere, tells me that when it was stated in the family a month later, that the baby was to be sent to a wet-nurse who lived three miles away, Anne's grief and indignation knew no bounds. When the nurse was starting from the front door with the baby, she cried and screamed loudly, calling out, "I can take care of the baby, I can bring her up by hand; I know I can." And when, in spite of her protestations, both nurse and baby disappeared, she cried till she was nearly worn out. In this behavior at ten years of age, a prophetic eye might have seen a foreshadowing of that grand self-confidence that never in later years shrank from any responsibility.

After passing her childhood alternately at the Milton village-school and a few months of nearly every year at some school in Boston, until she was between thirteen and fourteen years of age, Anne was sent to Dorchester for what was considered a

rather superior course of education, at the boarding-school of Miss Beach and Miss Saunders; and there she remained two years. I have in my hand the old-fashioned blank-book—its paper yellow with age—on the fly-leaf of which she had printed, in large clear letters, “Ann Jean Robbins’s book, at the Ladies’ Academy, Dorchester; July 20th, 1803.”\* One half of the book is taken up with sections, as they are called, describing the “Use of the Globes.” And the fine, large, clear handwriting, the exact definitions of globes, spheres, properties of spheres, climates, circles, declinations, and ascensions, together with the perfect spelling, make me believe that the child of thirteen received excellent instruction at the Ladies’ Academy; although she left school at sixteen, with few accomplishments, and no knowledge of languages except a small acquisition of French and Latin. Even these she valued through life simply because they had taught her the derivation of English words, and thereby enlarged her understanding of her own language. But she left school with that acquisition of intellectual taste and wisdom which two years of intercourse with such a woman as Miss Beach could not fail to impart.

Her room-mate at this school was a sweet, attractive, refined little girl, two years younger than herself, named Elizabeth Beach. When they went to their room the first night of their companionship, the little girl looked at her elder acquaintance with a dawning respect, as she was so large and tall, and to her eyes almost a woman. “Which side of the

\* She always wrote it Anne in later years.

bed shall I sleep, Miss Robbins?" she said deferentially. "Oh! it's perfectly immaterial to me which side you sleep," said Anne in her clear, ringing voice, "*for I always sleep in the middle.*" The next morning, when seated around the breakfast-table, the other girls eating with the pewter spoons which were thought good enough for boarding-school children of that day—and really were so—Anne cheerfully pulled a bright *silver* spoon out of her pocket, and began to eat her breakfast. "As long as there are *silver* spoons in the world" she said in an undertone "I shall eat with one; and, when there cease to be, I will put up with some inferior metal." When Anne left the Dorchester Academy her little room-mate and she were parted, and they never met but once again in the whole course of their lives. But, sixty years after those school-days ended, an accident, or rather the good hand of Providence, led me to occupy the next house to the dear old lady, Mrs. Richard Smith, my mother's early friend. She came to offer kindness to a stranger, because she *was* a stranger; and when our conversation revealed to her that I was the daughter of her old-time companion at the Dorchester Academy nothing could exceed her joy. She embraced my children with warmth, told them the little tales I have repeated above, and ended with saying, "Don't think, dear children, that your grandmother did not give me my full share of the bed, and more too. That was just her funny way of putting things. She was really the most generous girl in the whole school." During the two

years that we were permitted to enjoy the society of this lovely old lady we experienced untold pleasure in it, and have never ceased to mourn for her since death removed her.

On leaving school Anne Jean did not return to the home on Milton Hill where she was born. About the year 1805 the family removed to the Brush Hill farm, two miles and a half from Milton Hill, a place inherited by my grandmother and her sister, Aunt Forbes, and very dear to them from long and varied associations. As Brush Hill still remains the home of their children I cannot help wishing to preserve some record of its history, so dear to us all. The house at Brush Hill was erected in 1734 by Uncle Smith, a sugar-refiner in Brattle Square, Boston, who was twice married, but had no children. His last wife was the widow Campbell, formerly Miss Betsy Murray, who survived him, and afterwards became Mrs. Inman. She was the aunt of Elizabeth and Dorothy Murray, and they had passed their youth with her at Brush Hill, and were warmly attached to the place. Elizabeth afterwards married our grandfather Robbins; and Dorothy became the wife of a Scotch clergyman, named Forbes, and they were the grandparents of our cousins Robert Bennet and John M. Forbes.

A finer instance of the strength and durability of family attachments and friendships can hardly be found than those that were formed among the young people who were brought together at Brush Hill by the marriage of Uncle Smith, and which have been handed down to this present time from one generation to another. Uncle Smith's first wife,

THE HOUSE AT BRUSH HILL, MILTON





whose maiden name was Prudence Middleton, had three nieces — Mary, Annie, and Prudence Middleton — who for years were inmates of Brush Hill; they were very fine girls, of strong and excellent character; and when Uncle Smith's second marriage brought to Brush Hill the two Misses Murray, an ardent attachment sprang up between the five young people, which was destined to exercise an important influence over their whole lives. One of the Miss Middletons married Mr. Lovell, and became the mother of Mrs. Pickard, who was the mother of Mary, afterwards Mrs. Henry Ware. Another was always called "Aunt Whipple" by my mother and aunts; and the third, Mrs. Bent, was the mother of Miss Ann Bent, a woman whose unique character and large benevolence will never be forgotten in the Boston circles where her remembrance has been widely cherished.

Such were some of the fine characters who had passed either the whole or a portion of their youth under the hospitable roof of Uncle Smith at Brush Hill; and the traditions of that time were still vivid and oft repeated when Anne Jean and her brothers and sisters went with their parents and Aunt Forbes to restore the home of their mother's youth. Brush Hill had been rented for many years, and though it was a magnificent farm of one hundred and fifty acres, with fine orchard, large garden, meadows for grazing, and lawn covered with ancient elms, it had sadly run down for want of care, and needed all the industry of the whole family to put it in the old condition of thrift and comfort it had maintained in Uncle Smith's day.

To this beautiful home, where Nature had done her best, and where the whole scene glowed with associations, came Anne Jean, at the age of sixteen, with an eye quick to perceive and a heart to feel all the glories of the landscape, and an enthusiasm and energy and health rejoicing to bring aid in every possible way to the hard-working family on the Brush Hill farm. She rose early and sat up late, and no day was long enough for the varied occupations that filled the hours. But first among her self-imposed duties was the care and education of the little sister over whom she had cried so bitterly because not permitted to bring her up by hand. My Aunt Revere tells me that she was full of theories of education and delighted in teaching; as it was very much the fashion of that day to follow Miss Edgeworth's views on these subjects, she adopted them with much enthusiasm, and was never so happy as when she had induced our cousin Emma Forbes and Mary Pickard, who were near the age of her little sister, to come and stay a few weeks, when she would practise her theories of education on all three with great perseverance and success.

My Aunt Catherine writes: "I have some strong impressions of my childhood, but for the most part they are vague. We came to live at Brush Hill in the spring of 1805; your mother had then finished her schooling, and returned home to live.

"Our family was a large and confused one, with many interests to be cared for; the children all lived at home at that time, except your Uncle

Edward who was away at school, and afterwards at college, and was only occasionally an inmate. When we came to Brush Hill Aunt Forbes came to live with us. She had before lived in Boston, but had become too infirm to live by herself any longer. She was a settled invalid, crippled for thirty years with the gout. She never left her room, except occasionally during the warm weather, but was always to be cared for in it, food specially provided to suit her, and all the little things so helpless a person needs to be attended to, and no special attendant to do it. Your grandmother and your Aunt Howe did it for the most part, but the others took their share of it at times. All of us were glad to sit with her, and help to entertain her and hear her Old-World stories, for she was a very bright and cheerful person, who did not lose her spirits through all these many years of suffering. Your mother was thought to resemble her in temperament and in looks more than any of the family. Except under severe attacks, which occurred two or three times a year, she saw all the visitors, and was interested in everything that went on in the family.

"Our farm arrangements were a great care and occupation. The place had been sadly neglected for years, and your grandfather employed many men to get it into condition, and all were provided for in the house. It was not unusual for us to have eight or ten men in the summer, which complicated the house-keeping very much. I assure you the providing for numbers, caring for the house, nursing the sick, and receiving friends (which went on all

the time), with a great many changes, and coming and going both in parlor and kitchen, made an establishment which required skill and industry and activity to carry on with any comfort to the members of it. Your grandmother always superintended the kitchen department herself, including the dairy; but all the daily care of the house, the sweeping and dusting, and arrangement of the table, with a small boy or girl to wait, came to the young ladies of the house, with only occasional help from the second woman. Then the sewing for so many persons — no seamstress ever called in, except a dress-maker for fitting — was no light matter, but a business never done, with the utmost efforts of the girls (your grandmother never sewed). I assure you the younger members of this family were not in need of a ‘career,’ while they remained in it, except your Aunt Eliza, who hated domestic business, and stayed away at Hingham and other places a great deal of the time. Your mother also visited a great deal, but when she was at home she took a full share in all these various works, and was very helpful and efficient. She taught me my early lessons, and took more care of me than any one else, and made my clothes. Then I think she learned that *peculiar style of dress-making* that you remember, exercising it upon me and certain small maids that we had at different times, to whom it was well adapted. I tell you these things, not that each one is important, but to show you that your mother’s life was by no means vacant or inactive, in consequence of her isolated position here. Her

music too was a great interest and occupation to her ; she had begun to take lessons while at school at Dorchester, and continued to do so for some time after leaving there, and made a regular business of practising while she remained at home.

" Then all the family were readers, the old ladies and the young ; and among them were all kinds of tastes ; and they did a great deal of reading aloud, while the audience were diligently sewing. Our sister Eliza would have one kind of reading going on in her room with some of the children, and the old ladies another kind in theirs. History, philosophy, poetry, novels, and plays, each had its turn. I well remember hearing the 'Paradise Lost' read when I was between eight and nine years old ; and I received it as an authentic record of the beginning of the world, and recurred to it as such in imagination many years after. Reading was the constant resource and amusement when the more exacting business of the day was over.

" Your mother was, as you know, very handsome and animated, and a favorite with all the family friends. She would often be invited in Boston and other places, and make up her things to wear, often out of remains of her mother's dress-clothes, with the least expense possible ; and she looked handsomer and better dressed than many who were elaborately adorned.

" The winters of 1809 and 1810 she spent entirely in town, with an old friend of her mother's, and went constantly into society, and was much admired and attended to. The next winter she spent in New

York, with the Murray relatives; she also visited her cousin James G. Forbes' family.

"With regard to our visitors at Brush Hill it is difficult for me to tell you much. Your grandfather never had dinner company, or formal visiting in any way; he would bring home a stranger from town, or some person with whom he had business, to spend a night or stay over a day, but seldom invited company on his own account. Mr. Fisher Ames, of whom Channing's biographer says that 'he held private circles and public assemblies spell-bound by the charm of his rich eloquence,' was his most intimate and life-long friend. He was a man of great ability, and rare conversational powers. He died in 1808. I do not remember ever seeing him except the last time he came to the house, when he was far gone in consumption. With Mrs. Ames we always kept up a most friendly relation; and a rare person she was: a large, stately woman with fine eyes and a remarkably dignified and gracious presence, most friendly to all sorts of people. An immense reader and an admirable talker, it was always a privilege to be with her. I do not know any one at all like her now. There was about her a certain largeness of nature that was full of repose, perfect self-possession, with great consideration for others, and desire to give pleasure and put one at their ease, entirely apart from conventional politeness.

"But the most constant visitors at Brush Hill were Mr. and Mrs. Pickard, the parents of Mrs. Ware, and other members of the Lovell family, who

were often coming out from Boston in the pleasant season, and whose houses were always open to us when we went to town. The Miss Bents and Mrs. Barnard were cousins to Mrs. Pickard, and intimately associated with her; and there was a great deal of friendly intercourse among us all. Mrs. Pickard was more a woman of the world than Mary Ware, and not so spiritually-minded a person; but she was a very admirable woman, very agreeable in conversation, kindly in her nature, and fond of young people. She was warmly attached to your mother and aunts, and often had them to stay with her. She had been in England a great deal, and had seen something of the Old World, which was a rarity then, when very few women went abroad. She took great interest in your mother and in her marriage. She died about six months after that event, deeply lamented.

"Your mother used to visit both the Perkins families. Mr. James Perkins, the grandfather of Mrs. Cleveland, was a very cultivated and agreeable man, fond of the society of women; and he liked to talk with her and make her talk, which she was never slow to do in her early days as well as later. The Brimmer family were among your grandmother's early friends, and when Mrs. Inches came to live in Milton the younger members of the family became intimate with her, which intimacy lasted as long as she lived. She was a remarkably disinterested and conscientious person, always ready to serve others, though she was literally worn to death with an immense family, and with trying to do more than any mortal could.

"The Brush Hill family also kept up a great deal of friendly intercourse with the people of the town. They had quite an intimacy with the Sumner family, but none of them exercised any special influence over your mother's mind, like the other friends I have mentioned.

"I must not omit to mention the Misses Barker, also hereditary friends. They always visited at Brush Hill every year, often passing several weeks. Three single ladies of very peculiar and original characteristics, they lived in Hingham, were quite poor, owning a house but having a very small income; they lived in the most frugal but independent way. About twice a year your grandmother would go down to Hingham, with her chaise laden with all kinds of good things in the way of provision, to give them a little help and comfort. They were great readers, two of them especially—readers of history and old English literature; and, when Miss Debby was eighty years old, she would repeat her favorite passages of poetry in the quaintest way. They were remarkable also for having kept up the idea of loyalty to the king all their lives, and would talk about William IV. as their liege lord fifty years after the Declaration of Independence. When they came to visit us the talk was very much about things before the war, and the friends who went back to England, with whom they kept up correspondence.

"During the period of your mother's youth whenever people came together politics was the all-absorbing subject of conversation. Your grandfather was a strong federalist, and in common with others

of those views, through the administration of Jefferson, when the embargo was made and other measures carried which culminated in the war of 1812, they all felt that the country was ruined, the republican experiment had failed ; and these subjects for years kept up as much excitement and as constant discussion as slavery and the prospect of war did with us during the last conflict. This made a lasting impression on my mind, because I had a vague terror of evil to come, and knew not what it might be.

"I do not remember that the conversation at home was often on abstract subjects, or even upon religious topics ; for the Unitarian controversy had not then begun, and we went to church as a habit and matter of course, without the least interest in the preaching. Your mother even in her youth was fond of fine preaching, and would make great efforts to go and hear Dr. Channing or Mr. Buckminster, who was a great favorite for a few years.

"In closing these brief reminiscences, I ought to mention one condition which exercised a continued influence upon the lives of all the Brush Hill family, restricting them in many ways, and occasioning a great deal of worry and anxiety. Your grandfather and grandmother had an ample income for many years of their married life, and lived much as they pleased ; but he was a person fond of new enterprises and large experiments, which by the time they came to Brush Hill began to cause embarrassments, and later when the difficulties in business came on, and the war disturbed everybody's plans, occasioned him a great deal of trouble. In so

large a family this was peculiarly trying, and could not but occasion a good deal of unhappiness. Yet it never so depressed the spirits of the young people as to prevent their enjoying life a great deal. But it affected their general condition, and allowed them fewer indulgences than the beginning of their lives had promised."

### CHAPTER III.

And perfect the day shall be when it is of all men understood that the beauty of Holiness must be in labor as well as in rest. Nay! more, if it may be, in labor; in our strength rather than in our weakness; and in the choice of what we shall work for through the six days, and may know to be good at their evening time, than in the choice of what we pray for on the seventh, of reward or repose. . . . For the few who labor as their Lord would have them, the mercy needs no seeking, and their wide home no hallowing. Surely, goodness and mercy shall *follow* them *all* the days of their life; and they shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.—RUSKIN.

ALTHOUGH my dear Aunt Catherine only wrote the letter that closes the last chapter as a sort of guide to me in this life of my mother, and without thought of my printing it, yet I have copied it entire; for what could my imagination do towards piecing out the records of a life that went before me, that could be half as valuable as these simple outlines? I remember my mother's frequent and warm allusions to her early life, the lovely walks up and down the piazza at Brush Hill with her beloved father, the shadows of the old elms upon the lawn in the splendid moonlight evenings, the view of the distant light-houses in Boston Harbor, which they would pause in their loving talks to watch. These evening strolls on the wide piazza were brief but happy rests after days of activity and healthful toil and hours of separation, and they were enjoyed as

only hours of rest from toil can be. My Aunt Mary, Anne Jean's younger sister, tells me that there was no day in summer when it was not considered the established duty for Sally, Anne, and herself, as soon as their dinner was over, to prepare two large trays containing plates of bread and butter, cut very thin and doubled; silver baskets of cake which they had made in the morning, and dishes of strawberries, which they had gathered and hulled themselves. These trays, covered with white napkins, were placed in a dark, cold closet, ready for their addition of the tea-pot and pitchers of rich cream, to be brought out at evening when the friends from Boston would be sure to come out, always a number of uninvited but most welcome guests. Cousin Mary Ware once said to me: "Oh, if I could give you a picture of the Brush Hill girls—how they worked, how they read, what a variety of things they accomplished! There was your Aunt Howe—Sally as they called her then; why the girls of the present day would think themselves ruined if a tenth part of what she did was expected of them! All summer she rose at four o'clock, that she might weed the strawberry beds, or make her cake, or gather the fruit, in the cool of the morning. But I have seen her many a time, when things crowded, obliged to gather the fruit under a broiling sun. But never an impatient word fell from her lips. She was one of the most self-sacrificing, hard-working, devoted creatures the sun ever shone on."

To this beloved sister Sally, nearest to her in age, and enough older for Anne Jean to look up to with

a special reverence as well as affection, she owed through life a debt of love and gratitude that cannot well be computed. It is hard to speak of her as she deserves, or to find words that can describe her beautiful character. She was a person of very uncommon powers of mind; yet, as the necessities of her life always obliged her to be constantly active, reading and intellectual reflection were her pastime, and rarely an occupation. She had the same ardent temperament as Anne Jean, the same deep and glowing affections, the same love of Nature, and the same appreciation for fine character. But here the resemblance ceased. For Sally was from her youth to old age a wonderfully chastened spirit, her ardor tempered by deep religious trust, her vivid imagination held in check by an excellent and considerate judgment. So rare a combination of noble qualities it is not often our fortune to meet, and Anne Jean justly looked upon her as a superior being; and while she valued every fine trait her sister possessed, she said to herself, "It is high, I cannot attain unto it." I can scarcely think of her, even at this distance of time, without a crowd of images forcing themselves upon my mind, full of tenderness and unspeakable pathos. In youth, the mainstay and dependence of her excellent father, the devoted care-taker of her beloved invalid aunt, the confidential friend of every brother and sister, ready to devote herself body and soul to each member of her family—she became later in life the chosen companion and wife of one of the noblest of men, my father's cousin, Judge Howe. Not many years per-

mitted to enjoy this rare companionship, she took up her solitary burden without a murmur, devoting herself for the remainder of her days to the care and education of her large family of children, and earning for them by personal labor a large portion of their means of support. And this hard-working woman had a thirst for knowledge, a love of intellectual pursuits, rarely to be met with. How often, when a day of toil was ended, has she sat up late at night to write a lovely story for some Fair for a charitable object for which she had no money to give, or a beautiful poem full of freshness and originality, or a volume of charades! With as bountiful and affluent a nature as Anne Jean's, and as fine health, Sally possessed a more rarely-cultivated intellect and a more delicate imagination. She was less brilliant in conversation than Anne Jean, partly from a sweet abstraction and profound humility very genuine with her. But her judgment on all matters of importance was more reliable than her younger sister's.

I never heard any one read heroic, or fine, or pathetic passages of poetry or prose in so moving a manner as my dear Aunt did. She lost herself completely at such times, ceased to be for the time herself and *was* her character. I walked into her dining-room one day at Cambridge, with a paper in my hand containing Mrs. Browning's poem, then new, of "My Kate." She had just sent off her army of young men from the dinner that had occupied her for hours to superintend, but laid down the dish she was removing, and read the poem. I shall never forget it,

and can never read it again without recalling her tones. When she came to the line, "She has made the grass green, even here, with her grave," I could not speak, but had to leave the room.

I cannot help pausing thus over the recollection of my Aunt Howe, for her companionship and sisterly affection were so much to my mother through a long life that they form a striking part of her history. Rarely is it permitted to one to enter into life in such precious companionship.

My Aunt Mary tells me that when Anne Jean left the Ladies' Academy at Dorchester, though only sixteen, she was and had been for two years a very large and fine girl, with the form and figure of a woman; and also, that she was very handsome. Besides the time which she now gave to the education of her little sister, her elder sisters Eliza and Sally thought it best for her own mind that she should give daily some hours to the study of metaphysics, which were considered more important then than it now is. Accordingly, the three read together with great avidity Dugald Stewart's "Philosophy," "Alison on Taste," Smith's "Theory of the Moral Sentiment," and other works of the same character. They became intensely interested both in metaphysics and ethics, and before Anne Jean was twenty years old she had read all the authors on these subjects that were then best known. I have beside me her commonplace book of this period, a singular medley of poetry and prose, with recipes of various dishes pinned to the fly-leaves, and rare quotations from various authors. There are news-

paper slips pinned to blank leaves, Bryant's earlier hymns and poems, and many fine copies of passages from her favorite authors; such as Hannah More's "Cœlebs," Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas," "Ossian's Poems," &c. Several pages are devoted to Blair, wherein sincerity and truth are recommended; and a wonderfully beautiful "Evening Prayer" whose author is not named fills several pages. There is a letter from Madame de Roubigné to her daughter which reads like a translation, and is full of pious advice. Then follow what is called "A Matrimonial Chart," and "An Enigma," by Lord Byron; some lines written by Miss Cranston, wife of Professor Dugald Stewart, the first four lines of the last stanza being added by Burns, as he himself says in one of his letters. There is also, "The Burial Hymn of Sir John Moore;" "The Flower Angels," translated by Mr. George Bancroft; a poem by Professor Frisbie, and a few valuable extracts. Evidently she thought that a sonnet of her beloved sister Sally's, on the death of the old friend whom they both called "Aunt Whipple," ought to be saved from destruction by insertion here at a later day, and for the same reason I copy it:—

*Lines in Memory of Mrs. Whipple.*

"When the free spirit wings its heavenward flight,  
And soars to realms of everlasting light,  
All human praises may superfluous seem;  
But memory still must dwell upon the theme  
Of one whose patient virtue, kind and wise,  
Humble and cheerful, was above disguise.

She drank affliction's bitter cup, and owned  
The hand that gave it, and her griefs were crowned  
With hopes that reached beyond the grave ;  
She knew her Lord, and felt His power to save.  
Nor yet disowned the social ties that bind  
(While being lasts) each creature to its kind,  
Felt Friendship's power to soothe the wounded heart,  
And knew to take the sympathizing part ;  
Forgave all injury, and is forgiven  
If inward peace marks the sure path to heaven."

Anne Jean also kept a journal, as well as a commonplace book ; but, alas ! that has perished, as well as many another record of the Brush Hill life, that now can never be recalled. The time of her youth with its varied and incessant occupations passed swiftly by ; but each and all were fitting her for the life of responsibility that was to come, and leaving behind recollections of useful and happy years. The winters at Brush Hill were long and cold ; the appliances for heat not what they are now, the large open chimneys and wood fires being cheerful to the eye, but with their ample draughts not warming to the body. "We wore our great coats in the house half the time, Sally and I," said my mother once ; "and even then could not have been warm without the active employments that kept us constantly busy." Often came from their city friends urgent invitations to pass a few weeks. Anne Jean went oftenest, because Sally could less easily be spared from household cares ; but now and then they went together. In the long summer days, with all their multifarious occupations, they found time to em-

broider the cambric or muslin dress, which was to be their party dress the next winter—and the only one. They chose their patterns with care, and the dress made up in the latest style of that day seemed to them very elegant. An embroidered cambric dress of exquisite fineness, and an India muslin for a change, worn with various-colored ribbons, were Anne Jean's party dresses through several successive seasons, while going into Boston society. And few of her companions of that day were more handsomely dressed. Whenever she and Sally were in town over Sunday it was a rare pleasure to them to go and listen to Mr. Channing and Mr. Buckminster; and at this time, although the Unitarian controversy had not then begun, was laid the foundation of that large, broad, and hearty adoption of liberal views that characterized both of their lives. Sunday had always been a dull day to them at home, listening from habit to general platitudes on the "exceeding sinfulness of sin." And to have the *life* of Christ preached to them as something to be taken home to their own hearts, and lived in every fibre of their being, filled these young minds with an undying enthusiasm, and forced them to surrender every unworthy desire, and devote their lives to the highest aims. A volume of Buckminster's sermons, containing his portrait and a short memoir, was one of Anne Jean's most treasured books through life. She would read us certain sermons with kindling eyes and a voice of emotion, saying, "Oh, if you could have heard *him* deliver that discourse; it loses so much in being read by another!" Buck-

minster's biographer says of him: "I cannot attempt to describe the delight and wonder with which his first sermons were listened to by all classes of hearers. The most refined and the least cultivated equally hung upon his lips. The attention of the thoughtless was fixed; the gayety of youth was composed to seriousness; the mature, the aged, the most vigorous and enlarged minds were at once charmed, instructed, and improved."

## CHAPTER IV.

Would Wisdom for herself be wooed,  
And wake the foolish from his dream,  
She must be glad as well as good,  
And must not only be, but seem.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

THERE are very few of Anne Jean's letters during the period of her youth left, but I shall insert those few in this memoir, not because they are of special interest, but because they were *hers*. And even though written, as most of her letters were through life, in the careless haste of a person whose thronging occupations made time of value, they are still genuine, simple effusions that will show her grandchildren how little she was ever occupied with herself, and how deep was her interest in others. In the piles of her letters I have read over, I am struck with the fact that no trace of ill-will or discontent ever appears in them. It seems to have required more words for people to express their ideas in the style of that day than now, and one sometimes tires of what seems so diffuse. And yet there is something of the stateliness and dignity of a former time left in my mother's and aunt's letters, which is very interesting. The first note was written to her Aunt Forbes, when stopping in

Boston on her way to Hingham to visit the Misses Barker, not long after leaving school, about 1804 or 1805, when she was sixteen years old.

## PEARL STREET, BOSTON.

According to your request, my dear aunt, I will relate what has occurred to me in this great town. I came to Mr. Lovell's to breakfast; sat till eleven with Mrs. Pickard; then waited on Mrs. Perkins: she had been down stairs, and was then lying down. I then passed on to Mrs. Powell's, and had a chat with her, and engaged to breakfast with—who do you think? It is impossible you should make any conjecture, and I will relieve your mind,—*Judge Powell!* He arrived on Wednesday, passed the evening at Mr. Lovell's, and Mrs. Pickard engaged him to meet mamma on Friday. I am half in love: he is a charming man; he came at twelve and sat till one o'clock; but I was gadding after a shawl, and a very smart one, I have purchased. In the afternoon Mrs. Pickard, Mary, and myself walked to see Mrs. Dix. I think her much altered since I last saw her; she is getting a nurse for her child. Returned to tea, and Mrs. Whipple passed the evening with us. This morning, Saturday, kept my appointment, and have only to regret its short duration; for I found by Mr. Gay the packet was going early; made a hasty breakfast, and returned to Pearl Street, and sat down to perform my promise to you. I had scarcely finished three lines when the coach came, and I was hurried off. My time

was so short I could not call at your friend Paine's, but will when I return. I have engaged a proxy, and hope she will be intelligible to you. My haste I have transmitted to her, as there is danger of missing Mercury, *alias* Nat Ford. I have forgot the most important news: I have had a letter from Eliza; they were still at Mrs. M——y's. E.'s heart is at home, and I expect her person will be there before long. Mr. Bent of S. is dead; and there is a letter from C. L., who was well in August. Respects and love to mamma. Kiss my dear Kate, and accept the love and good wishes of

Your affectionate niece,

ANNE JEAN ROBBINS.

By her proxy, MARY PICKARD,  
who is, with much respect, the lady's most obedient servant.

Anne, in after life, often spoke of her visits to Hingham, as among the delightful episodes of her youth. She said that Hingham resembled "Cranford" more than any place she ever saw, and that there was quite as much that was quaint and original and intellectually bright in the society there, were there only a historian like Mrs. Gaskell to take it off. And I have no doubt when she returned to Brush Hill she did take it off, to the untold amusement of her Aunt Forbes and her sisters. I have often heard her say of certain habits of people who visited Northampton, or of certain conversation, "Oh, that's *so* Hinghamy!" Or, "It is not possible

for you to understand *that*, because you never stayed in Hingham." In one of her visits there she met a brother of Mr. Andrews Norton; and I remember her telling me how he came in one day, and found the young ladies in a house he visited very busy embroidering mourning pieces,—a fashion of that time, in which very tall women with short waists and long black dresses were always standing weeping by a monument. The young girls asked Mr. Norton to compose a verse for them to have inscribed on their mourning-piece. He hastily seized a piece of paper, and wrote these lines:—

"In useless labors all their hours are spent,  
They murder Time, then work his monument."

In these visits to Hingham, Anne Jean often also met Henry and William Ware,—boys some years younger than herself. "I was often permitted by Mrs. L.," she said, "to wash their faces, or tie up their shoes, or help them off to school. And they were such little gentlemen, so good and so grateful for any small attention, I thought it a great privilege."

The letter that follows was written from Brush Hill, at a later date, to her sister Eliza, who was then staying at Hingham:—

BRUSH HILL, Wednesday, March 15, 1808.

MY DEAR ELIZA,—Experience has taught you sufficiently the state of Brush Hill for me to give you any thing new upon the occurrences which it is

subject to ; they still remain monotonous and uninteresting ; we are all well and negatively happy. Since my return from Boston, three weeks since, I have been out of the house to make a visit but once. Our new neighbors, Mr. W.'s family, were then my object ; I was charmed by the beauty and unaffected diffidence of the girls, to which was added the most active industry. I was sorry to hear their mother say (who interested me more from the warmth with which she spoke of her children than any other circumstance) she had moved to Milton entirely for their advantage, hoping to polish their manners by refined society, and cultivate their tastes by a familiar intercourse with it. I said nothing to discourage her, but think time will prove to her how mistaken the calculation. Mr. S.'s family are so engrossed by their *genteel* acquaintances, and the very flattering reception they met with among their Boston friends, that they have had very little to do with us who are quite in a different style. We tried to give a party yesterday, but could get nobody to come but Mrs. S. and Mrs. W. The only new thing that has or is going to take place in this town is C. H.'s marriage, which has not interested me very much. It is a very long time since we have heard from Mrs. Willard ; and I wish, when you write again, you would say whether Mrs. Cushing went, and what you have heard respecting Mrs. Barker, for I apprehended great depression of spirits must have been caused by the news of her mother's death, which must have been very unexpected to her. If you could be made

comfortable here, I should very earnestly desire your return; but am quite reconciled to the absence of my sisters (much as I love them), upon the grounds that their happiness is promoted by it. I am going into Boston in about ten days, to a ball at Mrs. Arnold Wells's, till which time I shall be assiduous as I have been for the last month in the care of the little girls, who I have been (I think) successful in improving very much; and I should be very well content to make that my future employment could I have insured to me such pupils as Emma and Kate. Mary does not begin to think of leaving home yet, but I suppose the first visit she makes will be at Hingham. I heard Mrs. Barnard say she expected you would make her a visit when you returned from Hingham, but I hope you will come home first. Ask the Miss Barkers if none of them think of making us a visit? Mamma says so long a time never elapsed since she was married without her seeing Miss Sally. I wish, too, that you could secure the promise of a visit from Mary Thaxter and Peggy Cushing, to whom I beg you will remember me affectionately. Nothing tends to warm my heart more than the idea of the remembrance and affection of those who are away from me; and I beg you will continue to give me proofs of yours; and believe me, affectionately yours,

ANNE JEAN.

During the winters of 1808-9, Anne's elder sisters, Eliza and Sally, had visited their relatives in New York, and enjoyed a great deal in the society of many superior people. While they were visiting

at Mrs. Kane's, they went out a great deal, and constantly met Washington Irving, Mr. Paulding, and Jeffrey, who was still there, with many other of the literary men of that day. It was the period of the "Salmagundi," in which Sally took a lively interest; and when she returned to her isolated, hard-working life at Brush Hill, she set about privately editing a little paper for herself and her friends, which she called "The New Salmagundi," to which she and her friend, Eliza Cabot, were the principal contributors. It afforded them much pleasure, and, no doubt, gave them great facility in writing criticisms, essays, and poems. But in one of Sally's letters to Miss Cabot, she states that her sister Eliza has cast great indignity on "The New Salmagundi," and has even gone so far as to call her, the worthy editor, "Sally McGundy." Still they seem to have continued the little paper for some years.

She was visiting her cousin, Mrs. Murray, and went much into the fashionable society of that time. Her letters are a mere record of the pleasure she received from the kindness of friends; of the persons she met at gay parties; of her going to the theatre with her cousins and seeing the famous Cooke perform, "To the admiration of every one who saw him except myself," she adds, "who had seen Cooper in the same character, and dared to think him preferable."

These letters are interesting to a family circle, if only for their affectionate mention of names that have passed away, and because of the occasional quaintness and general stateliness of style; but they

have no intellectual value, and the limits of this volume will only permit a few references to them and extracts from them; with now and then a characteristic letter. The variety of requests in one letter and the mixture of reading show the gay girl's mind, without pretence and without discipline. She writes: "I wish you would send to the G.'s those old-fashioned gold earrings with the *diamond* in them (for those I have are not considered smart enough by J. G. F. and his wife); and they will forward them to me by some private opportunity. I should like also to have the 'Deerfield Collection' sent at the same time, which, when I go to J. B.'s, will be a very agreeable companion to me. You must not expect many mental acquisitions, for this is not a family to promote it; but I have read 'The Man of the World,' Young's 'Revenge,' Lowthe's 'Choice of Hercules,' Shenstone's 'School-Mistress,' and Mrs. Barbauld's poems, all of which I am very much delighted with. Now, for all this nonsense, I expect a rational, serious letter, such as perhaps I shall write after hearing Dr. Romeyn a few times more." On a following page she adds: "I have heard Dr. Romeyn preach ever since I came, who is not to be compared with President Kirkland, Mr. Channing, or Mr. Buckminster." To another sister: "Your observation respecting the situations which preclude correct views of the prevailing characteristics of such a place as this is, applies perfectly well to mine; for, as yet, I have not had an opportunity of judging of anything that did not relate to the fashionable world, which, you

know, is contained in a very contracted sphere. I went out to large parties, though not with my own consent, I assure you, every afternoon last week. There is but one respect in which I prefer the New York society to Boston, which is the estimation in which they hold a stranger's rights,—the manners of which universally proclaim that 'stranger is a sacred name.' I have never met any lady or gentleman who have not treated me as their friend. Perhaps this is a prevailing hypocrisy, but it is flattering, and makes us feel satisfied with ourselves."

Afterwards having gone with Mrs. Murray to her father's home at Greenfield Hill, she writes : "I have been extremely happy ever since Monday at Green Vale; both A. J. and E. must have improved astonishingly since you saw them. A., without any remarkable natural endowments, has the most judgment, and the most firmly fixed good principles of any young person I ever met with. She is a most indefatigable and patient instructress to three children, the two eldest of whom are Emma and Catherine's age, who stammer out words of two syllables all the forenoon for my amusement. E. is the industrious manager and housewife of the family. They both daily regret that they cannot become Calvinists, which is all that is wanting to make them perfect in Dr. Romeyn's eyes. Owing to my wicked influence they concluded to go to a party this evening, instead of going to Dr. Romeyn's lecture; and have promised to go to the next assembly with me, to the astonishment of all their friends."

## CHAPTER V.

Let other bards of angels sing  
Bright suns without a spot;  
But thou art no such perfect thing:  
Rejoice that thou art not!

Such if thou wert in all men's view,  
A universal show,  
What would my fancy have to do,  
My feelings to bestow?

WORDSWORTH.

IT was in the spring of 1811 that Anne Jean, after passing some months under the hospitable roof of her cousins in New York, accompanied them to the early home of Mrs. Murray, at Greenfield Hill, Connecticut. From her own letters it is easy to see that her visits in New York had been crowded with gayety, and filled with kind attentions of numerous friends. That she owed these attentions to her own personal beauty or talents in conversation, or other attractions, never seems to have crossed her mind. She was at all times simple and unconscious, which constituted one of her greatest charms. My aunts have told me what I could never have learned from herself: that she had many admirers, both in Boston and New York society, and that she was solicited to

remain for life in either city. But it does not appear that her heart responded to any of these appeals.

It was at Greenfield Hill that she met her fate. Among the guests at Mr. Bronson's came Judge Lyman, of Northampton, with his eldest daughter, a beautiful girl of eighteen, to pass a week. He went to see his friend on banking business, little expecting to find there his future partner for life. He was soon attracted by her beauty and her superior conversation; and she, on her part, was inspired with a most ardent love and admiration for the man who was old enough to be her father.

I dare not trust myself to speak of him even now, but must use the words of another,—our beloved pastor, Mr. Rufus Ellis,—written long after his death, to show that the young girl loved one who might well have been the ideal of the most enthusiastic youthful fancy: “To many, many hearts the words ‘Judge Lyman’ are charmed words. They call up the image of one, the manly beauty of whose person was but the fit expression of a most noble soul; they recall a man singularly gifted and singularly faithful,—a thinker, clear-sighted, yet reverent,—a lover of religious liberty, yet only for the pure Gospel’s sake; a devoted friend, a self-sacrificing philanthropist, an ardent patriot, a man diligent in business, yet ready to meet the largest demands of every hospitable office; a cheerful giver, one who made virtue venerable and lovely by the uniform dignity, grace, and courtesy of his manners, and by the sweetness of his speech; a man whose moral and social qualities so occupied attention, that we

could hardly do justice to a very wise, discriminating, and cultivated intellect."

When the news of Anne's engagement to Judge Lyman, of Northampton, reached Brush Hill a few weeks later, the sisters were thrown into a state of much excitement and commotion. But their feelings are well described in a letter written by Sally to Eliza, who was then absent at Hingham :—

*Sally Robbins to Eliza Robbins, Brush Hill, July 24, 1811.*

DEAR ELIZA,— In these hours of more than common agitation, I think you will like to know what is going on, and what my opinion upon the subject is. Last Saturday evening as I was sitting, watching for the return of pa, ma, and Mr. Forbes, some one drove up, and I thought it was Mr. F., and addressed him as such, when much to my surprise the answer was in Judge Lyman's voice. The family collected in the course of the evening, and the Judge, Mr. Forbes and son, and our own two boys were here all Sunday. John Knapp breakfasted here, and James Lovell and wife took tea here; so that, amid the whole of it, I was not very sorry that Anne was not here. Monday he went into town and brought her out. She introduced him to some of her friends there,— the thing took air, and is now circulated far and wide. Yesterday they spent the afternoon in riding together, and called at Mr. James Perkins's, and at Mr. Prince's; and to-day they have gone into Boston together again. As you must have perceived, she is very much pleased with it herself.

*I* should have liked it better if she did not express it so openly; and it is mysterious to *me* how a handsome young woman, who has been caressed by the world as she has, should be so flattered and delighted with the love and admiration of a man old enough to be her father. Sometimes I feel grieved that she should undertake such cares, and such responsibility. Sometimes I feel angry that she should allow this prepossession apparently to occupy every feeling of her heart, and so entirely to engross and swallow up every other, as never to have named as a privation that she has to remove a hundred miles from all she has formerly known and loved. Indeed, I do not think that if he was five-and-twenty, unincumbered, handsome and rich, good and estimable that she could have been more pleased with it, or decided upon it with less reflection. Sometimes I am pleased that she is to be so well provided for, to have so excellent a guardian, and so kind a friend. Amid these various sensations I am in constant agitation, and really do not know how to set myself about any thing. Thus much I have to comfort me: in my disinterested estimate of the character of the man, I do not think that I could desire a better one for the dearest friend I have on earth. Respectable talents, chastened sensibility, and pure benevolence beam from his countenance, and enliven his conversation.

But twenty-one years is an awful chasm in human life, and five children a great charge! I will not "forecast the fashion of uncertain evil," but trust all to the mercy of that God whose protection has hitherto been abundantly granted to us. With re-

spect to his proposals, nothing can be more entirely honorable; he wishes that a speedy close may be put to the matter. We wish to have Anne make a visit at home first. Pa's opinion corresponds exactly with mine; he says nothing would have induced him to consent, but a knowledge of how good a man he is.

Surely this summer is the most eventful period of my life; it commenced with sickness, death, and sadness; it advanced in dulness and retirement; my dear James's new establishment prompts some hopes and excites some fears,—and now agitation has ensued, and matrimony will close the scene.

Good-by; I shall write again soon. I do not know how long the Judge will stay, but I guess not a great many days longer.

Yours ever,

S. L. ROBBINS.

The allusion in this letter to the sickness and death that had occurred in the family at Brush Hill was that of Aunt Forbes, who ended her life of suffering in the spring of 1811, and died, deeply lamented by all her nieces. I have heard my mother say that it seemed to close one of the most interesting chapters of their early life. There had always been an atmosphere of romance about her, because in youth she had lived in remote parts of the world. Her three children, born in distant countries, she had never once seen together. For many years crippled with rheumatic gout, she was always full of cheer and sympathy for the young,

and a bright light seemed to go out from their home when she had left it. A full-length portrait of her by Copley, taken when she was sixteen years old, still hangs in the dining-room at Brush Hill. The face is full of character, vivacity, and sweetness.

On the 30th of October, 1811, Anne Jean Robbins became the wife of Judge Lyman, of Northampton; and bidding farewell to father and mother, brothers and sisters, and troops of friends, she went to her new home on the banks of the beautiful Connecticut, "a hundred miles from all she had formerly known and loved." It makes us smile now, in these days of railways and rapid transition, and constant travel, to think that this removal seemed so serious a distance, in the minds of the sisters. But we should remember that it was then a long, tedious, and expensive journey, taken in a stage-coach; also that a letter sent by post cost twenty-five cents, so that the means of communication were very infrequent. One continually finds reference in the letters of that time to the fact of having found an opportunity to send a letter; a rare and delightful circumstance.

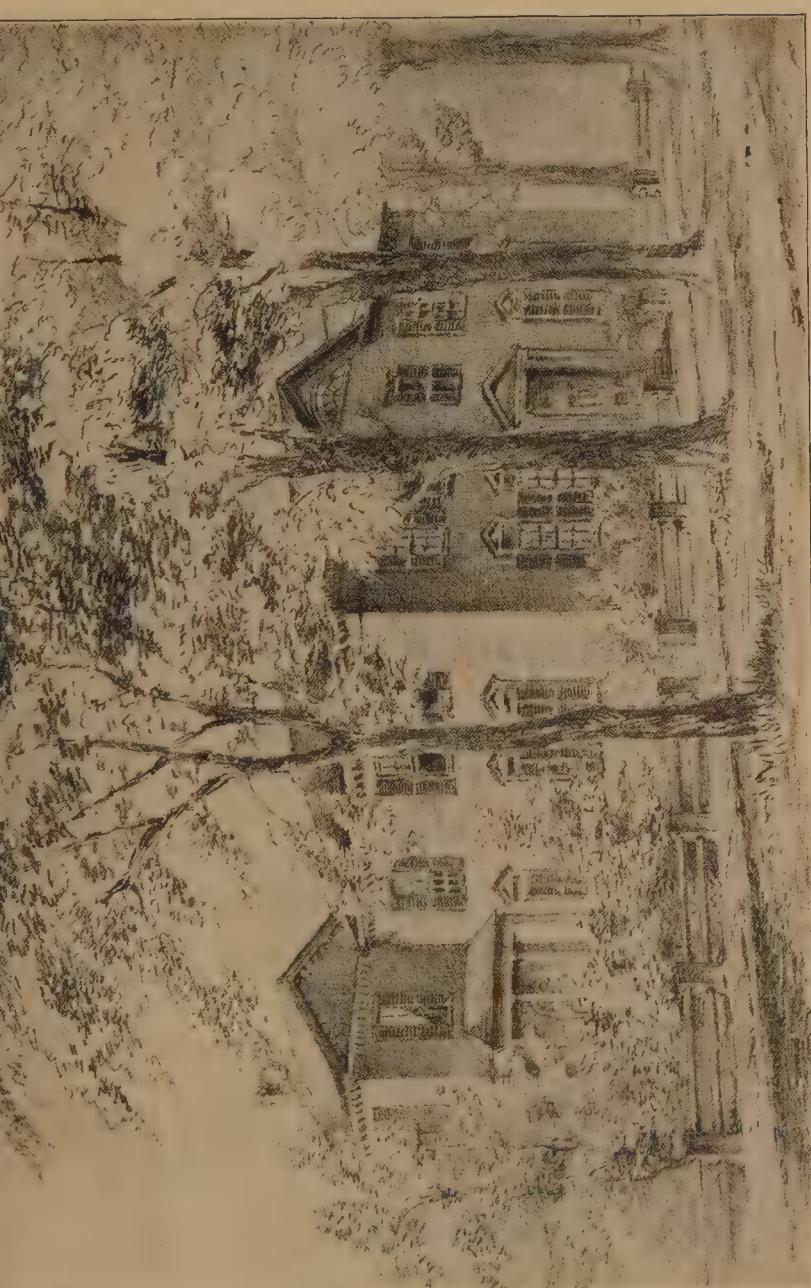
From this time on I shall no longer speak of Anne Jean, but shall tell her story as that of my mother; although I was the youngest but one of her children, and therefore must continue my narrative for some years mainly from the anecdotes of others, or from her own letters.

Probably no young girl ever more completely realized the glowing dreams of youth than did my mother in her marriage; and, certainly, she "builded

better than she knew" when, with her free and untrammelled nature, her warm and impulsive temperament, she chose the companionship of the country gentleman of already established reputation, to that of any city-bred man in whose home the formalities of wealth and fashion would have been, under the best of circumstances, a burden and a trial to her. For although there were people who called my mother aristocratic, it was only because they did not know her. A certain grandeur of manner, nobility of figure and outline, a flow of elegant English in conversation, may have given that impression to a casual visitor; but no friend or neighbor in Northampton during all her life there but saw and knew that she was essentially a woman of the people; full of sympathy for all classes and degrees, claiming no superiority in any department, and having no higher aim than to light and warm the neighborhood where God had placed her. I have often thought how lost her talents would have been on any other scene of action than just the one where she was placed; how the utter absence of care for externals would have been noted as a fault rather than a virtue in a different state of society; how those little beneficences, which flowed from her as naturally as the air she breathed, would never have been desired or appreciated among the denizens of cities or of fashionable life. I count her to have been happy also in the period in which she lived, as well as the home in which her lot was cast. All times are good, but for her peculiar nature and disposition no time could have been better.

Northampton was at that period one of the most beautiful of New England villages. My father's house stood in the very centre,—a large, old-fashioned square house, with a wing on each side back from the main building. Each wing had a little covered porch looking out into the main street. A small yard on one side separated the house from a brick store, whose upper floor was occupied by a printing office. The other side-yard was much larger and more rural. There was almost a grove of beautiful acacias there, and in the little front enclosure was a tulip-tree and many flowering shrubs; a row of five horse-chestnuts and a large elm shaded and protected the house somewhat from the glare and dust of a main street. Had it not been for the kind thoughtfulness and perseverance of our sister, Mrs. Joseph Lyman, we should never have had the picture of that happy home at the opening of this chapter. The outlooks from the house were all charming. On the opposite side of the street, and separated from it by one of the loveliest front yards, stood our neighbor's, Mr. Eben Hunt's. That place was always kept in perfect order, and an exquisite taste presided over all the hedges and flowering plants and lovely vines. Near to it came, a few years later, our little church,—a small Grecian temple,—with its avenue of trees leading to it, and with Mrs. Hunt's garden on one side of it, and my father's garden on the other; the very spot now occupied by the public library. From every window in our house there was something pleasant for the eye to rest upon, and little

THE HOUSE AT NORTHAMPTON





vistas of exquisite beauty, even though in the heart of the village. As soon as the autumn leaves had fallen, the west end of Mount Tom appeared to us through the interval between Mr. Hunt's house and the little church,—a grand and noble peak, that well repaid us for the loss of foliage and summer beauty; and from our front door, winter and summer, we could always see Mount Holyoke in varying lights and shadows,—sometimes cloud-capped and dark, sometimes resplendent with the sun-tipped mists that were rolling away from it. My mother delighted in natural beauty, and no one ever enjoyed more than she did the sights and sounds that surrounded her.

Few young persons ever came to a happier home, or were surrounded with an atmosphere giving freer scope to their peculiar faculties. In the husband of her choice she found not only warm and constant love and appreciation, but a patience with the faults of her impulsive temperament, rarely equalled and never failing. In his eldest daughter, who united personal beauty to loveliness of character, earnestness of purpose, and much helpfulness in household matters, she realized for three years a pleasant companionship, and the greatest assistance in the care of the younger children, and of her own first child,—to whom this beloved sister was devoted through the whole of his beautiful infancy. Doubtless my mother made many a mistake with regard to these children; she made mistakes about her own. But, so far as I know, they never doubted the real friendliness of her designs and purposes with regard to

them, or her unselfish pursuit of their good,—so far as her different temperament enabled her to understand theirs. If it was otherwise, I can only say that my elder brothers and sisters had too much good taste and good feeling, too much love for their father and for us, and too much of his own patient and warm-hearted view of things, ever to make us aware that they had any but kindly feelings towards one whose heart was so large it could never have stopped at her own hearth-stone.

I do not think that my mother or her sisters had ever dreamed of a life of ease, or of freedom from care, as any thing to be desired. On the contrary, they gloried in responsibility, believed in activity and earnest work, with all the intensity of simple and healthy natures.

During my father's widowhood, his cousin, called in the family "Aunt Dwight," had kept house for him; and she remained for a time after his second marriage, until the young wife became wonted to her new position. I have heard my mother speak of her as one of the kindest and best of women, and also as having a sunny temper, and much of that strong common sense and ready wit so characteristic of New England countrywomen of that day. My father's house had always been noted for hospitality; and what with the throng of visitors brought there by his various offices of trust, which had made him the friend of the whole county, and the large circle of family friends of whom he was the centre, and the townspeople who had always considered the house as their place of meeting,—the care of pro-

viding for such numbers was no small matter. But in this particular my mother always went heart and hand with my father. Unlike as they were, both in temperament and character, they were most perfectly agreed in their social ideas and sentiments, and never considered it any effort if they could only make large numbers of people happy under their roof. Besides our elder brothers and sisters, we had five cousins to whom my mother was quite as strongly attached as my father was. They were the daughters of his only brother, and for many years they came and went with the freedom of children; some passing months of every year, and two of them spending several years, with us, for the purposes of their education. My mother loved them all with great devotion; but few mothers ever feel an intenser affection and sympathy for an own child than she felt for Abby, the eldest, who lived with her for several years, and was married from the house. There are very frequent references to her in her letters. I greatly regret that so few records remain of the first five years of my mother's married life, and that I know so little of them. But they were busy and happy years, crowded with home cares and social duties.

Since the first copies of this memoir were distributed in a large family circle, a little tale has come to me, so characteristic of her habitual thoughtfulness of others in small ways that I insert it here. An aged woman asked to read the Life, and did so, and closing it, said to her companion, "I have reason to remember Mrs. Lyman," and then told her this

story. She lived on the outskirts of the village, and earned her living by taking in washing. A year after my mother's marriage, her first child, Joseph, was to be christened in the Old Church along with seven other infants. Among them was the little child of this good woman. As she had been over-worked all through the week, and Sunday was approaching, she was mourning quite to herself that she had had no time to prepare a cap for her little baby to wear at his baptism, and in those days a cap was an essential. Soon she heard her gate click, and my father's little daughter Mary, a child of eight years, came up to her with a little box in her hand, and said, "My little brother is going to be christened tomorrow at church and mother heard that your little baby is to be christened too, and she thought perhaps you might not have time to make him a cap, and so she sends you three for you to choose the one you like best." Sixty years had passed since that christening, and that small and simple kindness and the reading of this book; but the aged heart glowed with the remembrance. Oh! in these days of costly gifts and large expenditures, let us not pass by and forget the remembrances that come from warm hearts and constant habits of thoughtful interest.

She had the power of attaching to her the domestics who helped to carry on the household, and made very few changes. At that time a class of respectable American women did our family work, and the relation between mistress and servant had in it more affection and confidence than are common now;

though these sentiments are never absent in the best families in any age. When my brother Joseph was born, an excellent woman took possession of the nursery (who abode there fifteen years), named Mrs. Burt,—or *Burty*, as we called her; and she only left to marry again late in life a man whose descendants are among the most honored citizens of our commonwealth. Burty's name was always a household word in our family, many years after she had left us; for she had been the trusted and confidential friend of parents and children, nieces and cousins, and visitors,—taking hold of every sort of nondescript work that turned up in the large family, with the heartiest interest, and tending her babies by the way. There could not have been a pleasanter nursery than ours was, nor was it possible for children to be taken care of in a more entertaining way. There sat our mother with her great mending-basket and her book, and there sat Burty alternately sewing and attending to her children. Elder brothers and sisters and cousins came in and went out, each lending a hand at some domestic service, or reading aloud to my mother if the babies were quiet or asleep. Our father came in, and would take her often out with him in the chaise, if he were going to summon a jury, or do any of his various business in neighboring towns. And how quickly she found her bonnet, and wrapped up the baby to take with her, so as to leave Mrs. Burt more time for other labors!

Children who grow up in large families, and are taken care of in that way, and always in the society of their elders, are favored beyond measure.

Handed about from one to another, the care seldom falls heavily on any *one* person; and the being mostly with refined natures has an insensible influence on theirs. Then the amount of entertainment to young children, coming without any expense of time or means, from the mere spectacle of numbers of grown people actively occupied, is incalculable. I have heard it objected that the conversation of grown persons cannot go on unreservedly in the presence of children. But any that cannot, ought not, as a general thing. Children do not understand what is above or beyond them, though they may be insensibly elevated by high-toned conversation which they cannot understand. And what is beneath them had better never be discussed. If a little child is a restraint on such conversation, then by all means let him be "set in the midst of them." My mother seemed to go on with every thing with her children all around her. In all large families there must be some friction; days when things go wrong and the atmosphere is heavy. We had those days. The dear woman had not a perfect temper, and had her share of things to ruffle it; and more than once the cook has said to Sally Woodard, our dear second girl, "Mis Lyman's got up wrong-eend foremost this day, sure." And Sally would say, "Yes, but she'll come round before night." And so she did. There was nothing wicked in her fits of temper; though violent, they were usually only like the summer thunder-gusts in our beautiful valley, that cleared the air, and renovated the landscape.

Yet it would not be quite truthful not to record

the fact that her strong and breezy movements about the busy house were sometimes a trial, either to the sluggard or the invalid; and that sensitive hearts sometimes experienced a hurt she had no intention of leaving. My father and all his children were of a highly emotional cast of character; both his elder children and her own inherited this trait, and she was sometimes at her wits' ends to account for it. "Oh! those Lyman floodgates," she said once to one of the nieces, "those Lyman floodgates seem to me to be always open. What have I done now?"

She was very entertaining to her own children. Some of my young friends have told me that they were a little afraid of her when children, although they became warmly attached to her as they grew up. And I think this was very likely, because she had such grand ways and impressive gestures. But, in us who were familiar with them, they inspired no such awe. She never nagged children, or contradicted them, or made them naughtier by observing on their little naughtinesses. She had the finest way of diverting them without their knowing it; calling off the attention from a troublesome habit, by proposing some new and interesting occupation. She had a quantity of "nursery rhymes" at her command, which she repeated on occasion in such mock heroic style, as to fix them forever in the memory. One favorite occurs to me now, which she used to say in a sort of breathless undertone, that nearly took away my breath.

"If every tear that she had shed  
Had been a needle full of thread :  
If every sigh of sad despair  
Had been a stitch with proper care,—  
Closed would have been the luckless rent,  
And not her time have been mis-spent."

My mother gave appropriate names to every part of the large house. There were "the old parlor" and "the best parlor," and "the hall," and "the nursery," and "the library," and "the corridor," — a covered way that connected "the library" and "the office," — on the first floor. The kitchens and their appurtenances were in a basement, where the ground fell off at the back of the house. Of the chambers, one was always called "Sister Mary's room," through all the long years after she had left it; and another "Brother Dwight's room;" and then there was Justin's room (the man's), and the two *best* chambers, east and west; and last, not least, "the turnpike," a lovely chamber through which one had to pass to get into the west wing, and where there was always the finest view to be caught of the west end of Mount Tom.

Visitors used to be amused to hear my mother say, "Go call Jane, she sleeps now on the 'turnpike';" or, "Bring me such a box or basket from 'the corridor.'" But to us they were all magic designations that now call up a hundred precious memories. Our father and mother occupied the library as their sleeping-room. It was so called because a large and deep recess, corresponding to a closet, on one side of the fireplace, had been partitioned off, and the

ceiling of a dark cupboard below formed the floor of the library, which had glass doors, lined with plaited green silk. This library was the home of mystery and romance. The lower shelf was filled with bound volumes of the "American Encyclopædia," the next with the "Waverley Novels." There were volumes of the "North American Review" and the "Christian Examiner;" sermons without number, from Jeremy Taylor and Dr. South to Buckminster and Channing; and one shelf quite devoted to the children's books of that day,—"Evenings at Home," "Sandford and Merton," "Robinson Crusoe," Miss Edgeworth's charming series, the little pocket edition of "Harry and Lucy," and "Frank,"—being so dear to the heart of my brother Joseph, that he was wont to read them over once a year as long as he lived. A whole row of little volumes of the "Juvenile Miscellany," edited by Mrs. Child, possessed an infinite charm for us. By standing on a chair, the very young children could climb into this library, close the glass doors with silk lining, "tote" in a little chair, and be perfectly concealed from view.

The dark cupboard underneath had been inhabited from time immemorial by a family named "Bideful,"—perfect figments of the imagination, but who, nevertheless, lived through several generations, and had wonderful histories and experiences. If any of the children were missing too long from parlor, or hall, or nursery, my mother would say: "Look in the library, they must be there; or, stay, possibly they are passing the afternoon with 'the Bidefuls.'"

And when we returned, she would inquire in the most tender and affectionate manner after the well-being of "the Bidefuls;" and add new interest to their histories and fate, by her brilliant or witty suggestions. Were there really no little people that lived in the little cupboard under the library? It is so hard to believe now that it was all a myth; and that the lovely Lucy, the last of that ancient family, had no material existence.

With all the fine health of my father and mother, we had a great deal of sickness in our house. Our elder brothers and sisters had inherited delicate constitutions from their mother, and three of my mother's children were far from strong. This may have been caused by the disparity of years in our parents. But I think the health of all was materially affected by our mother's entire ignorance on the subject. It was the one great defect of her intelligence that she had no appreciation of that ounce of prevention which is worth more than a pound of cure. With an iron constitution herself, strong nerves, and healthy blood, she had no understanding of how the lack of these things may be supplied and built up by patient forethought and care. But when her warm heart was wrung by the sufferings of those for whom she would have cheerfully given her life, we could only regret that she had known so little how to avert the calamities she deplored. She was a very faithful and devoted nurse in the severe illnesses that occurred, not only in her own family, but in those of her neighbors and friends; always ready to lose her sleep, night after night, as long as any one

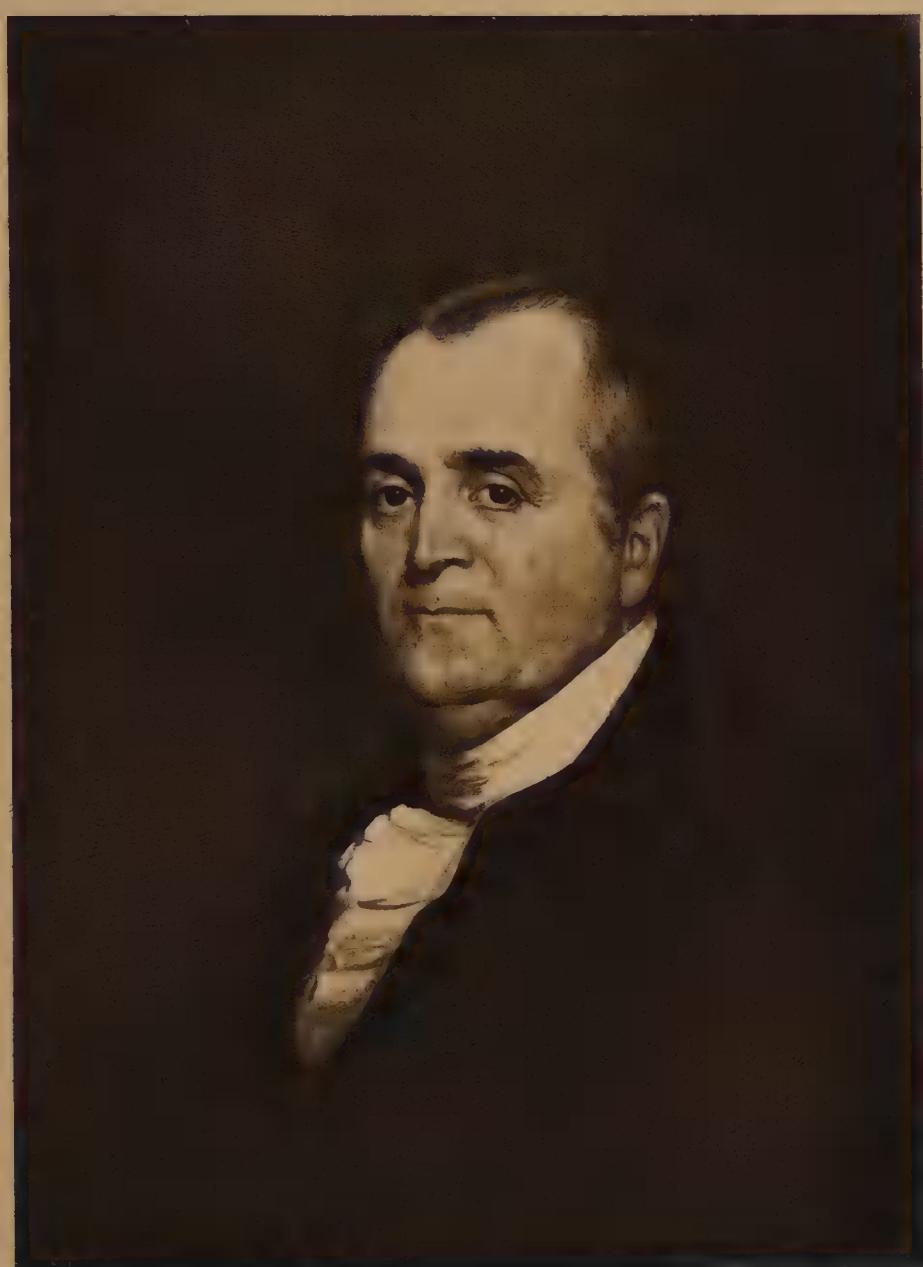
needed it. But, the moment all danger was over, the patient was well to her mind, and it was high time to set about the real business of life, in which sickness was an untold interruption. Usually, if an illness was a low nervous fever, not dangerous, but requiring much care, she thought it a good time to improve all our minds by a course of reading aloud, for which there was never any uninterrupted time in our ordinary life. And I remember one such illness, when Ranke's "History of the Popes," and Carlyle's "French Revolution" were manfully put through under what would have been serious difficulties to any one else. She always seemed to consider *nerves* rather as vicious portions of the human character than as constituents of the mortal frame; and as they interfered sadly with duty, with benevolence, and every other virtue, they must be discharged without delay. She desired to be thankful that she was born before nerves were the fashion. She believed entirely in the power of mind over body. Alas! she forgot that so long as the two are united there must be constant action and reaction of each upon the other; and we, who saw her mistakes in this wise, knew that some of the heaviest trials of her life came from this one-sided view of the subject. Yet even here her forcible character implanted a grand outlook in the heart of an invalid; and one, at least, of that large family has never known whether most to deplore the ignorance and false view that wrought such sad consequences, or to thank and bless her for the belief so powerfully inculcated, that though the outward man perish the inward may be renewed day by day.

## CHAPTER VI.

Let a man, then, say: "My house is here in the county, for the culture of the county; an eating-house and sleeping-house for travellers it shall be, but it shall be much more. I pray you, O excellent wife, not to cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman, who has alighted at our gate, nor a bed-chamber made ready at too great a cost. These things, if they are curious in, they can get for a dollar at any village. But let this stranger, if he will, in your looks, in your accent and behavior, read your heart and earnestness, your thought and will,—which he cannot buy at any price, in any village or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles, and dine sparingly and sleep hard, in order to behold. Certainly, let the board be spread, and let the bed be dressed for the traveller; but let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in these things. Honor to the house, where they are simple to the verge of hardship, so that there the intellect is awake and reads the laws of the universe, the soul worships truth and love, honor and courtesy flow into all deeds."—EMERSON.

MY father was forty-four years old, my mother twenty-two, at the time of their marriage.

It has been said by such numbers of people that they were the handsomest couple that ever came into Northampton, that I think it must have been true. Beauty is certainly a passport to all hearts, and when, as in their case, the life is "in accordance with the curious make and frame of one's creation," there is an influence about it that cannot well be computed. They now became the centres of a social circle, not easy to describe in these days,—



Judge Joseph Lyman



for sixty years have changed the physical aspect of the times, and removed so many old landmarks, and created so much hurry and bustle, that events formerly marked and distinguished, now chase each other with rapidity ; and we can scarcely go back and put ourselves in the rural village where railroads and telegraphs had never been heard of, where one church gathered all the inhabitants, and where the life of each family seemed of vital importance to every other.

There were no very rich people in Northampton ; but many persons of elegant culture, refined and aristocratic manners, and possessing a moderate competence, lived there in much ease, envying no one, really believing themselves highly favored, as they were, and practising a generous hospitality at all times. It was a county town, and so seemed a large place to the people on the outskirts ; but it really numbered only four thousand inhabitants. If there were no rich people, there was certainly an almost utter absence of poverty, and none of those sad sights to meet the eye reminding one of a destiny entirely different from one's own. Little or no business was done there ; but Shop Row contained about ten stores, all of them excellent,—dry-goods and hardware stores, and an apothecary's,—which made a little cheerful bustle in the centre of the town,—especially on certain days of the week, when the country-people would come in in their old-fashioned wagons to do their shopping. There were two United States senators residing there for life, three judges, many eminent lawyers and scholars,—

retired people who had no connection with the business world, who lived within their moderate incomes, and never dreamed of having more. The matchless beauty of the scenery attracted many visitors. The more wealthy families in Boston were fond of taking carriage journeys of two or three weeks, and would take Northampton in their way as they went into Berkshire. Many a family party came in this way to our two hotels in the summer and autumn, and would stop two or three days to ascend Mount Holyoke or Tom; to drive to Mount Warner or Sugar Loaf; to walk over Round Hill, or round and through the rural streets of our village, which were so lined with magnificent elms that, from the mountain, it always looked as if built in a forest. Every morning the stage *for* Boston—the old-fashioned, yellow stage-coach, with a driver who was the personal friend of the whole village—drew up in front of Warner's tavern, with a great flourish of whipping up the four horses; and every evening the stage from Boston was known to be approaching about sunset, by the musical notes of the stage bugle-horn in the distance. I think the driver always wound his horn just after he crossed the great bridge from Hadley.

There was a story told very often of our dear stage-driver of that period. He had a wonderful memory, and trusted it entirely, and so did all the town. For they brought him notes and messages and errands of every description, to attend to all the way to Boston; and he never took any memorandum, yet always returned with the long list of things

properly attended to. Once he took his wife with him to Boston, the plan being that she should come back the next week. After he was on the stage-box on his return home, he carefully made his estimate of all the commissions intrusted to him by the town of Northampton, and could not see that he had forgotten any thing. Yet all the way to Worcester he was haunted by the impression that he really had forgotten something, though what he could not tell; till, just as he whipped up his horses to leave that town, it suddenly came to him, and he exclaimed, "Oh! it's my wife; I've left my wife!" Of course it was too late for him to return for her, and of course he never heard the last of it in Northampton.

My father was one of the most industrious of men; all through winter's cold and summer's heat he labored faithfully at his law business, from morning till night, for the maintenance of his large family. If ever man fulfilled the injunction, "not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," he did. Social enjoyment was his great, in fact his only, recreation; and the sound of the stage-horn at even-tide was like martial music to a war-horse. His face would glow in the evening light, his step become alert. He reached his hat from the tree in the hall, and hastened out to be at the tavern before the stage appeared. With a shining countenance, he would return and tell of the fine people who had arrived; how he had offered his carriage and horses to Mr. A., or Mrs. B. and her daughters, to go up the mountain next day; how he had invited this friend to breakfast with him, another to

tea. More often he came home with some tale of some person in ill-health, or in sorrow, not likely to be made quite comfortable at the tavern; and a "Wouldn't it be well to send Hiram for their trunks, and tell them to come right here?" To which my mother's quick response, "Why, of course, that's the only thing to do," made him entirely happy, as he hurried off to summon his guests.

Once I recall his coming home from Mount Holyoke in great glee, because his friend Judge Dawes had made the ascent with him; and he told how, as they rounded the last steep of the mountain, and the whole glorious view burst upon him, Judge Dawes had grasped his hand fervently and said, "Why, Judge Lyman, it's a perfect poem."

The number of really fine gentlemen of the old school, who assembled at our house to see my father, almost every day for, at least, seven or eight months of every year, was very great. The judges of the Supreme Court were all warmly attached to him, and they delighted in my mother's society. Judge Williams once said: "When I go on the circuit, I try to find some young person who has never been at Northampton; and then I take them to Judge Lyman's, because I consider that a part of a liberal education." As I remember,—and it must always have been so,—much of the conversation of my father and his friends was upon the events and the history of the times, and none at all upon any small or local gossip.

Three years after my mother's marriage, the Hartford Convention came off, and my father, being a

member, took her with him there; and they both had a very delightful time, and received a great deal of attention. As the objects and purposes of that celebrated body were always kept strictly secret, my mother never referred to it in any way, except in its collateral enjoyments.

Although she had left her old home far behind her, and was now absorbed in a round of household cares and social duties that were most engrossing, yet the family life at Brush Hill was still a deep interest in her heart; and she kept up a constant and ardent correspondence with her parents, brothers, and sisters. The Forbes cousins also came in for a large share of her affectionate remembrance; and with Cousin Emma,—the frequent companion of her little sister in her early efforts at teaching,—she corresponded for more than twenty years. Both sisters and cousins began to visit her soon after her marriage, and these were always occasions of heartfelt pleasure.

On the 14th of August, 1812, my mother's oldest child was born; and never did the birth of a son awaken deeper emotions of love and gratitude than did our dear Joseph's. How carefully she watched over the moral and intellectual influences that surrounded his youth, only those knew who lived with her then. From this time forth she was constantly occupied with the cares of young children, as well as of those who were growing up; and at the same time uniting with my father in what our friend Mr. Rufus Ellis has since called "a hospitality that carries us back to early days in the East."

In her account of my mother's youth, my Aunt Catherine has spoken of her music, as being a great occupation and pleasure to her; but after her marriage she had little time for practising, and confined herself to playing for a half hour at twilight or after tea, the short time before the children went to bed.

The "old parlor," where we lived for eight months of the year, was a square room of moderate size, with two windows on the street, and one on the side-yard towards the printing office. It was a simple room, but very pretty. The walls were covered with a pale-yellow paper, and varnished; the broad wooden panels lining the room for three feet in height. The floor was covered with an English Kidderminster carpet of bright colors. A large Franklin stove, with brass finishings and fender and andirons shining brightly in the firelight, gave warmth and cheerfulness to the room. A clock of alabaster, with swinging pendulum, stood on a bracket between the two windows. The furniture was cane-seated, but had hair-cushions covered with bright chintz. A sofa and two rocking-chairs, a centre-table and an upright English piano (the only one in the town for many years), constituted the remaining furniture. Over this piano, in an old-fashioned gilt frame, hung a picture of Domenichino's St. Cecilia, a beautiful engraving by —; which was the delight of my childhood.

Before the children were sent to bed, my mother always played the "Copenhagen Waltz" and "The Battle of Prague," with variations, with much vigor. She was guiltless of ever having heard of "classical

music ;” and I fear the performance would hardly satisfy us now, though we thought it charming then. On Sunday nights she played a number of psalm tunes, singing also with much feeling and fervor. “Dundee,” “Federal Street,” “Calmar,” and “Pleyel’s Hymn” were always favorites. When on weekday evenings she played the former tunes, we always expected to have a waltz with the dear old father. But, though much past sixty years of age, how young he seemed ; how vigorous ! He called us his “little pigeons ;” and, bending down to us, would lift us off our feet, and whirl us round the room, till we were all satisfied with the dance. Then suddenly he shook us off, as if we had been so many flies ; declared he had “a bone in his back ” (which we supposed to be a disease peculiar to himself), and seating himself, quite spent, in his high-backed leather rocking-chair, he was soon gone off in his evening nap, glad if he had been helped thereto by little fingers softly stroking his white hair. Oh for a picture of that noble face, as it looked then in sleep, when the evening firelight lit up the peaceful features that had for sixty years been “the home of all the benignities !” Then came a solemn moment. When we went to say “good night” to our mother, she would exclaim, “And now, children, where are your *monuments* ?” Then we made haste to bring her any little task we had completed, any small work done, and receive either her commendation or an emphatic urging to do better next time. But this was not all ; she would often remark on the friends who had come and gone that day, and say : “When I was out to-day, I heard

that Mrs. So-and-so called. She is old and poor, and had walked a long distance. Did you ask her to stop, and give her a warm seat, and tell her to stay to dinner, or wait till I came home?" Alas! intent on play, we had never thought of it. "Well, Miss B. came this afternoon; she wanted a book: did you tell her you would find out about it and bring it to her?" No! we had not. "Oh, my dear children," would be the answer, given with some emotion, "*you've lost your opportunity.*" These words made an intense impression on my mind. Surely no loss could be so great as *that*, the loss of an opportunity to do a kindness. Ah! if children in that home grew up selfish and inconsiderate of the claims or rights or needs of others, it was their own fault; for they were better taught.

She loved to give us pleasure; and on her yearly visits to Boston or Brush Hill, would always take one or two of us with her,—never feeling us a care or an encumbrance, in the long journey of eighteen hours by stage-coach, which had to begin at midnight. Yet how much of the wear and tear of our present life was escaped in those days, by not having to hurry to a railway train. There were no expresses then, and so when it was known in the village that Judge and Mrs. Lyman were going to Boston (and they always took pains to make it known), a throng of neighbors were coming in the whole evening before; not only to take an affectionate leave, but to bring parcels of every imaginable size and shape, and commissions of every variety. One came with a dress she wanted to send to a daughter at school;

another with a bonnet; one brought patterns of dry goods, with a request that Mrs. Lyman would purchase and bring home dresses for a family of five. And would she go to the orphan asylum and see if a good child of ten could be bound out to another neighbor till she was eighteen; and if so, would Mrs. Lyman bring the child back with her? Another friend would come in to say that her one domestic had an invalid sister living in Ware; and another a mother in Sudbury, on the stage route. When the stage stopped for breakfast or dinner, or relays of horses, would Mrs. Lyman run round and hunt up these friends, carry them messages and presents, and bring back word when she came home how they were,—it would make Sally or Amy so much more contented through the winter!

The neighbors walked into the library where the packing was going on; and, when all the family trunks were filled, my father called out heartily, “Here, Hiram, bring down another trunk from the garret, the largest you can find, to hold all these parcels!” And on one occasion, when all were finally packed, a little boy came timidly in, with a bundle nearly as large as himself, from another neighbor, and “would this be too big for Mrs. Lyman to carry to grandmother; mother says she needs it so much, this time of year?” “No, indeed,” my mother would say; “tell your mother I’ll carry any thing short of a cooking-stove.” “Another trunk, Hiram,” said my father; “and ask the driver to wait five minutes.” Those were times when people *could* wait five minutes for a family so

well known and beloved. If a little behind time, our driver had only to whip up his horses a little faster before he came to the Belchertown hills; and when he came to those, the elders got out, and lightened the load, to facilitate the journey. What journeys they were! How full of romance and adventure! The first one I recall was when, at five years old, I was taken up out of a sound sleep at one o'clock at night, by my cousin Emma Forbes; dressed by her in a very sleepy state, she not failing to encourage me by telling me that I was a "good little kitten," who was going to Boston with her and my mother; then dropping asleep in her arms as soon as the stage started, and not waking till sunrise. And such a sunrise! I had never seen it before; and having in a childish way had my vague ideas of another world, I started up, and looking beyond the Belchertown hills, at the glorious horizon, I asked Cousin Emma if we were going to heaven.

My father and Uncle Howe always met with wonderful adventures on these journeys. When they stopped at the good breakfast at Belchertown, they were sure to meet some one they knew, who brought them tidings they had been waiting for. At Ware, later in the morning, a concourse of stages met from the west and south; and some of the passengers would be transferred to our stage for Boston. Then often, what handshakings, what lighting up of countenances, as friends parted for many years met in this seemingly providential way, and knew they were to pass at least twelve hours

in each other's company, within the friendly limits of the stage-coach! Now and then they met agreeable strangers, who became friends for life; for on such a journey conversation flowed freely; all were enjoying that delicious freedom from business and household care, that is so favorable to the interchange of thought, and the comparatively slow progress of the coach over a country rich in beautiful scenery gave a peaceful flow to the ideas, not interrupted by the shriek of railroad whistles, or the sudden arrival at some crowded station.

I remember one such journey, where a distinguished politician opened a fire upon two worthy Quakers from Philadelphia, which brought out from them, though in gentlest terms, their anti-slavery sentiments. My father, being an old federalist,—while he believed slavery to be a great crime against God and man,—was still of the opinion that was held by many good men of his time, that it was a question that belonged to the South to settle for themselves; and that it was both useless and dangerous for the North to meddle with it. Yet he was disgusted at the manner in which the politician attempted to brow-beat the excellent Friends; and so manfully stood up for their right to their own opinions and to the expression of them, that thirty years later, when accident brought one of his children to their acquaintance, they expressed a most grateful remembrance of his courtesy and support through a day's journey that would have been made intolerable by the presence of their other companion. This was before the days of the abolitionists,

— years before Garrison and Phillips had sounded the tocsin.

Their visits to Boston were enchanting to hear about; and when they returned home after an absence of two or three weeks, again the neighbors collected to hear the news. And as they sat around the blazing wood-fire, the evening after their homecoming, all the trunks unpacked and put away, and the return-parcels and messages delivered, all those children who had not accompanied them on the journey were allowed to sit up as long as they pleased. As one friend after another dropped in, the talk became most animated. To one they told of their dinners at Judge Shaw's, Judge Wilde's, or Judge Putnam's; or of the signs gathering in the political horizon, they had heard discussed. To another they descanted on the Sundays they had enjoyed; how the eloquence of Dr. Channing had uplifted their minds, and how their hearts had burned within them as they talked with dear friends on the rise and growth of liberal Christianity in New England. And then how many friends of their friends they had contrived to see, and how many salutations they brought to those less-favored neighbors, who could not go to Boston once a year as they did. Yes, these visits made a festival for the whole neighborhood as well as for themselves.

## CHAPTER VII.

What wouldst thou have a good, great man obtain?  
Place, titles, salary, a gilded chain?  
Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain?  
Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends:  
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,  
The good, great man? — three treasures, *love* and *light*,  
And *calm thoughts* regular as infant's breath;  
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,  
*Himself*, his *Maker*, and the angel *Death*.

COLERIDGE.

MY father's best-beloved and most intimate friend was his cousin, Samuel Howe,—a man whose pure spirit and high character, united to an intellect of unusual vigor, made him the choicest companion in the home circle. He lived at Worthington,—one of the beautiful hill towns of Hampshire County, so situated as to enable the resident lawyer to practise in several counties. He had always been a frequent visitor at our house; and, as he had lost his wife a few months before my father's second marriage, and was left alone with two young children, it was natural for him to seek the solace of his friend's home, after my mother came there. What his society and friendship were I can only estimate by the life-long allusions to his judgment and his heart by both my parents, and to a memory always kept green to their latest day.

During the winter of 1812, my father sent his hired man, with a double-sleigh and two horses, to Boston, to bring home his oldest daughter, Eliza, who was there on a visit; and, to my mother's great delight, her sister Sally also returned in the sleigh, to make her a long visit. One can imagine the long two days' journey, in mid-winter, in the open sleigh; the keen, frosty air, the young girls well wrapped in buffalo-robés, and Northampton as their goal, with its hospitable home to welcome them, when the cold and weary journey was ended. In Sally's letters to Miss Cabot at this time are frequent allusions to Mr. Howe's visits at the house; and she always speaks of him as "the mountaineer." Evidently she had not regarded him in the light of a lover; and the entirely unrestrained and natural intercourse that followed was the best possible preparation for that rare union of mind and heart that can only subsist between beings of the finest mould. Writing to her dearest friend of the result of this intimacy, she speaks of him as possessing all those qualities she most desires in a companion; and adds, with characteristic humility, "If I have not the pleasure of exciting a first attachment, I cannot doubt that I am beloved, for it is impossible that any man should choose me from any other motive."

And so, in little more than two years after her own marriage, my mother experienced the purest pleasure in the union of her dear sister Sally to this friend of friends. My father's happiness in this event was fully equal to her own; and from this time the most delightful intercourse went on between

the sisters, and the two homes at Northampton and Worthington were gladdened by a constant interchange of warm affection. My Aunt Catherine writes :—

“With regard to your Aunt Howe’s life at Worthington, I question my power of writing anything that will be interesting. I have no special faculty of making an interesting narrative out of simple things, and would on no account ornament, or throw any false hue of sentiment over a life of plain duty, governed by high principle and animated by the purest sentiments.

“Worthington is a mountain town, much higher above the Connecticut valley than the hills that immediately overlook it. It is approached by the ascent of long hills, over rough roads ; and the transit, about twenty miles, with their own horses, as the two families usually made it, took much longer than a journey of a hundred miles now does.

“There was no village, or centre of things about it, more than a tavern, a store, and half-a-dozen houses, where were gathered together such conveniences as belonged to the place. In the midst of this your uncle’s house was situated ; a large, square house, with an ample yard open to the south, with a very pleasant aspect. It was much the best house in the place,—built by the lawyer who preceded Mr. Howe in the town. Opposite was the public house, where the Albany stage stopped each day, going up and returning on alternate days. This coach brought the mail, and such travellers as came there, and afforded the chief interest that they had

outside of the house. There were two or three families with whom they kept up a friendly intercourse, and a church a mile distant, which sent forth the hardest and dryest kind of doctrine, and was a penance to attend. It was in 1813 that your aunt went to live there,—in the middle of the war of that period. Everybody was poor, and they furnished their house with plainness and simplicity, but still comfortably. And here they set up their household gods, and began life on a simple plan which afforded many enjoyments, at the same time that it brought some important privations. There were two children from the beginning. Mr. Howe usually had a student in his office (adjoining the house), who lived with them; and I think it was in the first year that William Cullen Bryant was with them in this position. Your aunt also often had some friend with her, so that from the commencement of their married life they had a considerable family, affording some domestic society, but increasing care. The great deficiency of their life, in the way of comfort, was the impossibility of procuring domestics. Sometimes they were weeks without a woman, but always had a man who performed some of the rougher services. Though your aunt was capable and industrious, and knew all about domestic business, this was hard to her; she had not been accustomed to it, and her time was occupied in ways that did not permit the exercise of her favorite pursuits. Mr. Howe was the most helpful and kindly of domestic companions, and did all that a man could to lighten those cares. Still enough remained

to make life laborious at this period. Mr. Howe was full of occupations, and often absent from home. He was away attending courts in all the adjacent counties many weeks of every year. The winters were long and cold, the snow deep, and the roads made indiscriminately over fences and fields, as well as in the paths; wherever was the most available place. These absences were hard times to her during the first years; later, I think after two years, Eleanor Walker went to live with her as a companion and assistant in all ways, and was the greatest addition to the comfort of the household.

"Dr. Bryant, their physician, and Mr. Howe's especial friend (the father of William Cullen Bryant), lived four miles distant, at Cummington; he was a wise and learned man, and his society was at times a great resource to Mr. Howe, though he was very reserved to most persons.

"Visits were exchanged between your mother and aunt, several times every year. Mr. Howe always attended the courts at Northampton, and your aunt went when she could, but she was often prevented by domestic circumstances. These visits were always seasons of great social enjoyment; the sisters had many interests in common,—your mother with her more varied experiences had a great deal to tell of her numerous and interesting visitors, or her journeys to Boston, and sojourn among old friends, which were more frequent than your aunt's. It was a period full of excitement about public affairs; the war and the questions which grew out of it, the policy of the government, &c., were never-

ending subjects of discussion with your father and uncle, who sympathized quite remarkably in their views, and prophesied about the future,—things very unlike the actual unfolding of the book of fate,—as wise men still do, and always must; their own views and beliefs being very interesting and important to them for the time being.

“At a later period, when religious views and the subject of religious freedom became exciting, it was discussed with the same interest and general agreement. Mr. Howe had grown up in the acceptance of Orthodox theology, then unquestioned in the society surrounding him; but after his marriage, he reviewed the whole subject with careful study, heard our best preachers when he had opportunity, and became a decided and conscientious Unitarian. This was a great satisfaction to your aunt, and a new bond of sympathy between the two families.

“When at home, if Mr. and Mrs. Howe were ever so much occupied during the day, some hours were always spent in reading aloud; usually having some important work on hand, but always ready to interrupt it for matters of especial interest, or lighter character, if entertaining. Mr. Howe was a great and constant reader; he had always a book on hand; five minutes of waiting were never lost in impatience, but occupied with book or paper. Scantly as they were supplied with luxuries in those days, Mr. Howe seldom returned from a visit to more favored regions, without a new book to enliven the home on his return. Their tastes and feelings harmonized wonderfully well, but your aunt was more fond of imag-

inative literature, and he of works which exercise the reason and add to the store of knowledge. But she enjoyed all these things with him.

"Mr. Howe had an admirable power of conversation, clearness of thought, knowledge ready to be fitly used, and a natural gift of language, which made his society a most welcome addition to any circle. This facility of using his powers wisely and well was a great advantage to him in the practice of his profession, and invaluable to him as a teacher, when later he became the head of a law school, a guide and leader of thought to young men.

"Your aunt enjoyed a great deal at times, in her isolated life at Worthington, but at other times she felt the evils of it painfully. Mr. Howe had always been of an infirm constitution, which he taxed to the utmost in the performance of many duties; and she felt that the fatigue and exposure of his long winter journeys over the hills and rough roads were positively injurious to him, adding a cause of fatigue and exposure that might be spared him. Then, as children multiplied and grew older, she felt the want of advantages of education for them, and of association with other young people who would be suitable companions for them. The idea of change dwelt constantly upon her mind, and more and more the conviction came to her that it was important for all of them. Many plans were talked of, and different places discussed; but at length, in 1820, a proposal from Mr. Mills, for your uncle to go into partnership with him at Northampton, decided them to move to that place; and I think it was always sat-

isfactory to both of them that they made the change."

As my aunt's letters of that period give a better idea of the Worthington life than any record we have of it, a few of her letters to her dearest friend — Miss Eliza Lee Cabot, afterwards Mrs. Follen — come naturally to mind here.

*Mrs. Howe to Miss Cabot, Worthington, Oct. 31, 1813.*

MY DEAR ELIZA,— Your letter did indeed arrive to welcome me in Worthington, and I felt much gratified at the reception of it. I believe our correspondence has never been suspended so long since the commencement of it; and I hope it never may be again, but from the same agreeable reason that we have been able to make a frequent personal intercourse a substitute for it: but this is a thing which we can scarcely calculate upon. I cannot hope or even desire to leave my family for any great length of time, and, though I do depend on seeing you here, it cannot be often. One thing you may rest assured, that no change in circumstances or situation can alienate my affection; the last three weeks *has* confirmed my hope that I should find my husband the kindest and best of friends, but I still recollect, with feelings the most lively and affectionate, the companions of those early, happy days, which are never to return. The sensations which accompanied my separation from them were such as can never be described, and a single comment upon them would be useless; suffice it to say, I was not long

the victim of them. New duties offered themselves to my recollection, and new pleasures promised to repay me for every privation. I recovered the tone of my mind sooner than I expected, and even the first day of our journey was not without hours of social communication; the weather was cold, and we met with bad travelling, but we were able to pursue the route we had marked out, and visited Stafford, Hartford, New Haven, and Litchfield. At Litchfield I saw the Fosters only in the street; our stay there was short, as we did not find Mr. and Mrs. Gould at home. In New Haven we visited the Cabinet of Minerals, with which I was much delighted, but do not think I enjoyed them as much as you would have done; many of the specimens are extremely curious, and some of them very beautiful. This is an extraordinary exhibition of *natural productions*, because most of these things are concealed in the bowels of the earth, and do not, like most others, introduce themselves to our acquaintance and challenge our notice; should you ever go to New York I think you would be gratified by staying in New Haven long enough to take a more accurate observation of them than we were able to. New Haven is a very pleasant town; I do not believe there is one of its size equal to it in New England. The flatness of the situation would remind you of Salem; but the streets are more regular, and the public buildings better disposed of, and there are more trees than I ever saw in a place so compact. But you may look in the "Gazetteer" for the remainder of the description,

and I will endeavor to tell you a little more about myself, or rather about *we*. Then, after stopping one rainy day in the last town in Connecticut, in a very uninteresting tavern, we spent two and a half in making the tour of Berkshire county, where we visited some interesting friends and acquaintance, and were treated with much hospitality and attention, particularly by the Sedgwick family: and I assure you, Miss Sedgwick appears incomparably more engaging in her own house, and at the head of her own family, than she does in company in Boston; and my visit was the more gratifying as it raised her much in my estimation. Harry, too, appeared the affectionate brother and the attentive friend, by far the finest parts I ever saw him perform. We reached our destination on Friday noon, and I was greeted by a letter from Mary, besides yours. I must thank you again for writing to me at such a moment, as it convinces me you will not suffer other avocations and feelings to prevent your communicating yourself to me. You are surrounded by so many objects in which I have been accustomed to interest myself, that you can never want subjects for a letter, independent of the resources of your own mind. And now for a description of my new home. These blank fields and naked woods, I am told, are verdant and beautiful in summer, but now have nothing in particular to recommend them, and so I do not look at them often. The house we are to inhabit stands on one corner of two roads which cross each other, but not near enough to either road to be incommoded

by it, or to look ill; the other three corners are occupied by a tavern, a store, and a dwelling-house, and this is the most considerable settlement in Worthington, there being a few other houses in the vicinity. I will say nothing of the interior of the house, except that it has a very pleasant parlor with southeast and southwest windows in it, which give us a bountiful portion of sun (when it shines, mark ye, which is not very often); and in this parlor I expect to pass the ensuing six months almost exclusively (except when I am asleep), and in it I calculate to keep (besides tables and chairs) a work-box, a writing-desk, and sundry books, so that I may have employment suitable to my taste and genius. I may occasionally make a peregrination into the kitchen to superintend the concerns there. But though my corporeal frame is to be thus limited, do not think my soaring spirit and brilliant imagination will confine themselves; on the contrary, I expect to search the records of ages long past, and to fly on the wings of fancy into regions the most remote, and perhaps now and then descend to use the same agency in conveying myself to your side on the sofa, where I picture you now surrounded by your family. Remember me to them all; tell Susan I shall expect she will now and then write a postscript if she expects any good advice from me; a thing which my present matronly character must add much to the consequence of.

If Sally is still with you, present my best wishes for her journey, and hopes that she will return by the way of Albany, that I may see her. Mary, I

never forget; and least of all, you, my long tried friend.

Yours, &c.,

S. L. HOWE.

*Mrs. Howe to Miss Cabot, Worthington, Dec. 31, 1813.*

MY DEAR ELIZA,—The bundle containing the “*Salmagundi*” extract, books and notes from yourself and Mary, dated in October, reached here in December in safety; and for Mary’s kindness in copying the first I feel much indebted. Tender her my thanks, and tell her it shall be preserved with care for her sake as well as its own, and that I am sincerely obliged for her kind wishes, and hope I shall prove worthy the fulfilment of them. And as for your ladyship, I cannot help believing you have practised making *sweet faces* in the looking-glass yourself, the better to image us and to get yourself in readiness in case you should find personal necessity for them; but I will not waste my paper, for I despair of reforming your sauciness. “What’s bred in the bone cannot be beat out of the flesh.”

I have received a letter from you, dated Nov. 16th, the very day on which I commenced housekeeping; and I do not wish you to follow my ill example in suffering this to remain as long unanswered as that has. My opportunities for writing are few,—not that I am much hurried by business, but something or other always steps between me and the pen, unless I make a previous determination, as I did to-day, that it should be the first object with me. My success in housekeeping, in most respects, equals my

expectations. I have been too much accustomed to exertion, to find the little now required "a weariness of the flesh;" and as to my success in managing the children, I never overrated my own talents in that respect. Although I could always perceive an abundance of faults in the management of others, I was sufficiently aware of the circumspection necessary to think I should be likely to fall into many errors myself; they have not however yet done anything very wrong, and I have strong hopes that with Mr. Howe's assistance I shall be able to make them good and useful. The subject of their education is one upon which I do not spare reflection, and hope I shall not spare any attention which is in my power. I have speculated a good deal on this subject when I had no personal interest in it, and I feel sure that much may be done by careful parents for their children. But after all is done which human foresight and exertion can effect, circumstances will occur (sometimes) to influence the character of the child, over which the parent can have no control. This consideration should make us eagle-eyed when we survey the condition of our children, and the knowledge that they enjoy the protection of Him that neither "slumbereth nor sleepeth" should prevent undue anxiety. We must plant and water, and wait in patience and hope for the blessing of God on the increase. I spend the days with Nancy Sumner and the children. I sew, and she reads aloud. Mr. Howe reads to us in the evening, and we on the whole are rather a bookish family — being considerably excluded from "the pomps and vanities of this

wicked world," by our remote situation. Mrs. Lyman has been up to enlighten us by her counsel; and really, my dear Eliza, if you should ever change your condition, I hope you will not neglect to apply for a page or two of advice to that "matron sage," for I assure you she understands bringing up a family much better than you or I do. Raillery apart—her visit was one of the pleasantest circumstances which has occurred in the six weeks we have kept house. At this season, I generally review the past year in my letter to you; but the event which is most important to me is one we have often discussed, and I do not know if anything remains to be said upon it. I am perfectly satisfied that I have increased my *means* of happiness and usefulness: the employment of those means will be my future care, and God grant the successful use of them! My near and dear friends are preserved in life and health, and the number of them is added to instead of diminished. I consider Mrs. Metcalf's friendship no small acquisition; the rectitude of her principles and ingenuousness of her manners and conversation render her very dear to all her friends. She promised to call on you whenever she visited Boston, and I dare say you will see her soon. I am afraid you have found my shoes a troublesome commission; if they are done, you will let my sister Mary have them, and I think it probable she will be able to send them to me before the spring.

Remember me to all friends in your circle. I hope that Mrs. Forbes is not too much depressed by the absence of her husband, to enjoy something

from society. I should delight to spend an evening with you all at your house or your sister's. I beg you again to write soon and tell me all about everybody. I have not seen the poems you mention in your letter, except a review of the "Giaour," which had a few extracts that pleased me. Mr. Howe is reading "Tacitus" to me; his "Annals and History" (which only comprise a part of the first century after the Christian Era) are elegantly written, but afford a most melancholy view of moral corruption, which seems the more mysterious as it was a period remarkably enlightened by literature. You are well acquainted with the history of this age, and I do not believe you would derive much pleasure from the perusal of "Tacitus."

The shades of night are coming on, and I can only offer my best regards to Susan; tell her I hope she will consider the increased hardness of the times, and redouble her industry and economy. To you and Mary I trust no such caution is necessary. I expect, when I next see you, that you will have on an *English* gown, embroidered with darns; for myself I shall have on the homespun which Eliza Robbins prophesied. When tea, coffee, and sugar are exhausted, I hope you will drink milk or toast and water with dignity; and as for me, whatever may happen to the quality of my food, I have decided not to diminish the quantity. Mr. Howe sends love, and would give a shilling to see you at any time, notwithstanding the embargo.

Yours ever,

S. L. HOWE.

My Aunt Howe's life at Worthington was one of constant activity and industry, and both these qualities were needed to keep her family comfortable, with close economy. The housekeeping of that day was no light or easy matter, when all the garments of a family must be spun and woven in the house, all the candles used must be made in the kitchen, all the hams for winter use cured there. With young children always to be cared for, and rarely one efficient servant, it was necessary for her to rise early and sit up late, to accomplish her duties. Late at night she often scattered a few unstudied notes to dear friends. The few extracts following tell their own story. In the first, she mentions Dr. Bryant, father of the poet, and a valued friend:—

*Mrs. Howe, February, 1814.*

Of our minister I cannot tell you much, because I have no personal acquaintance with him; of his preaching I cannot say I think it as much "to the use of edifying" as some I have formerly heard, by reason that the preacher does not write, but depends on the present suggestions of his mind, or an indistinct recollection of former thoughts; and as his genius is by no means of a vivid and brilliant class, his discourses are often extremely dull and unsatisfactory. I believe he is, in general, liked very well by his parish; and, perhaps, is very useful among them, as their general characteristic is that of a sober-minded and religious people. They are, on the whole, rather queer-looking; and, I suspect if you were to see such a collection anywhere but

in the house of God, your propensity for the ridiculous would be amply gratified. There is no physician of any eminence residing in this place, but one in a neighboring town about four miles from this, who is highly respectable in his profession, and is, besides, a man of considerable literature and science. He is a friend of Mr. Howe's, and, of course, an occasional visitor here. And I believe I have now mentioned all the resources of our immediate vicinity, and you will judge that they are not such as to consume much of our time. . . . Have you ever heard of my shoes? And have you seen the "Bride of Abydos"? Other inquiries I leave to a future letter, and tell you, for the fiftieth time, that I am &c.

*Mrs. Howe to Miss Cabot, 1814.*

We have been reading Southey's "Life of Nelson," which I think quite an interesting biography; although he was a great man, and a man of an amiable temper, I cannot help thinking him considerably deficient in moral principle, and had rather he would have died imploring pardon for his defects, than thanking God he had done his duty (it is humbling to us, poor mortals, that even the heroes of our race are tarnished with great faults). The British nation, indeed the civilized world, owe much to his exertions in having checked the power of the tyrant; and it would be ingratitude for any individual to deny him the fame he so ardently desired and so well deserved. His memory will live while Great Britain is a nation; but the crown of glory, "which fadeth not," may be reserved for humbler individ-

uals. I have read Mrs. Grant's "Sketches on Intellectual Education," which, I think, has many good, though not many new, things in it; and is calculated to be of use to those who have not much time or opportunity to refer to books of that kind, or much ability to make reflections or draw conclusions for themselves, and she does not aim at anything more elevated. We are now engaged in Lee's "Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department," but have not read enough to form an opinion, and have not room now to give it if I had. . . .

I have procured "Patronage," but have not yet had leisure to read it; when I have I will let you know my opinion of it. We have had Madame D'Arblay's new work, "The Wanderer;" and I must acknowledge I should hardly have expected anything so tedious and indifferent from the author of "Cecilia." Indeed, I do not believe any one would have taxed her with it if she had not published it as hers. I hear Lord Byron has produced another poem, but have not seen it; and the nursery and the kitchen have excluded the thought of poetry of late, if they have not destroyed the relish for it. . . .

The present situation of the country has deprived Mr. Howe of law-business almost entirely, so that he is compelled to turn his attention to other things; and his sheep are no longer an amusement but a serious occupation, as he has taken them under his more immediate care. It may be a very romantic thing to live upon these mountains with a shepherd-swain, but as all our fleeces are not golden, your

"hints on economy" might be of use to us, if we did not understand the subject at least as well as you can be supposed to. I can assure you that my children are now warmly clad in the fleeces our sheep wore last winter; and, though a home-spun frock on the baby scandalized his Aunt Catherine, he wears one every day and finds no fault with it. . . .

My employments of late have been needle-work and a little reading. Mr. Howe has read some history to us this winter, and we have had several new poems. We were most pleased with "Roderic the Goth"; I very much prefer it to any former poem of Southey's and think it more calculated to be generally interesting. Indeed, I doubt if the present age has produced any poem as likely to procure lasting fame to its author; though I am rather adventurous in this conclusion, as I have not heard if it is well or ill-received by those who are connoisseurs in poetry. I only know that I have seldom read a poem of that length which preserved the interest so well. The "Queen's Wake" is an interesting thing to me, because I love the Scotch poetry from habit as well as from its own merit, it having been a favorite amusement of my youth; and though I do not think the Scotch shepherd has the whole mantle of Burns, I think he has caught a fragment of it to clothe his "Witch of Fife" in, and the whole production may be considered as having a good portion of variety, ingenuity, and taste, especially when we consider it as the production of an unlettered man.

WORTHINGTON, Nov. 29, 1816.

I never have an opportunity to write in the day time, without the interruption of the children ; and I do not like to break up our little circle in the evening with getting out the desk, as that is the time my husband appropriates to me.

We have been engaged lately in reading travels in various countries. We have read Simonde's "Travels in England," and Eustace's "Tour in Italy;" and are now engaged in Ali Bey's "Travels in Africa, including a Pilgrimage to Mecca." It is more novel in point of fact though in other respects inferior to the others. I dare say you have read both Simonde and Eustace, as they have been published some months. The former I think remarkably interesting ; the latter is a very literary and somewhat pedantic work, but has claims to the attention of reading people as an entertaining and instructive book.

I believe I informed you in my last that we had been travelling in various countries, and we pursued our course through Africa, Persia, and Abyssinia ; since which, Mr. Howe has been engaged in Erskine's "Speeches." He is very much interested in them, and so are we in all those that are on subjects any way connected with our knowledge or experience.

I am reading "Virgil" aloud to the girls for afternoon recreation. Perhaps it would be well to inform you that Emma Forbes is one of my girls now, as I think she had not arrived when I last wrote ; she has a great fund of cheerfulness and vivacity, and adds much to the pleasure of our domestic circle.

I feel a sort of dread of reviewing the past year, lest the memory of what I have lost should make me ungrateful for what I possess ; and yet avoiding to mention the death of my child does not exclude the thought : it mingles itself with almost every other. I hope I have made a right improvement of it ; at least it has chastened human hopes and brought another and a better world nearer to me than any former event of my life. . . .

Of her young sister Catherine, she writes : "Though a creature of no pretence at all, and not in the least calculated for display, she has all the rudiments of a solid, useful character,— perfect integrity, a discerning mind, and a feeling heart. . . . Catherine has been with me for ten weeks, but has gone now. I feel her loss a good deal ; she read to me while she was here,— some in books I had read before, and some new ones. Miss Hamilton's 'Popular Essays'— a book I enjoyed much, although there is some repetition in it — has sterling merit, and, like the spelling-books, 'is adapted to the meanest capacities,' although it treats of the human heart and mind. We have lately been reading Paley's 'Moral Philosophy,' and I am much satisfied with it as a clear and enlightened view of human duty drawn from the principles of religion and reason. I am daily expecting to get 'Rob Roy,' with some interest, as the former productions of this author have excited more of the pleasure I used to have in fictitious works than any other I have read these ten years,— not even Miss Edgeworth's ex-

cepted,— which may be a want of judgment in me, but surely not a want of taste. I should really like to tell you some news, but, alas! I must draw on my imagination if I did. I know of no event of moment since I last wrote, except that I have worked a hearth-rug, and we have killed a remarkable large ox,— big enough to put in the newspaper if we had felt inclined."

WORTHINGTON, 1818.

You must write me again as soon as you have leisure, and tell me how you are, and how Susan is, and what you do for a minister. The loss of Mr. Thacher must be great; he was "weaned from earth" by a course of suffering, and, I have no doubt, experiences the joys of a purified spirit. Reasoning upon death in a Christian manner, and experiencing it so frequently among our immediate acquaintance, brings it home so familiarly as to diminish the natural dread of it very much,—at least, this is its effect on me. It seems as if every acquaintance who passed before me smoothed "the path to immortality," and rendered continuance here less desirable; and yet I have a great deal to love and to live for here, and many that I could not relinquish with that filial submission which we should all have to the decrees of our Heavenly Parent,— which is a principle highly capable of cultivation, if we keep the providence of Almighty God constantly in view, and remember that in the heavenly heritage "there is no more pain, neither sorrow nor crying."

Our family are all well, Mr. Howe uncommonly so; and we have a great deal to be thankful for, in the way of domestic comfort and accommodation. More money might add to elegance and the pleasures of taste, but I do not know that it would much add to convenience and real enjoyment. I have always felt rather inclined to complain of the coldness and backwardness of this climate, but the present season is unusually luxuriant. I have roses and strawberries in abundance. I wish you were here to have some of them; but the bounty of Nature is diffused everywhere, and you are in the midst of it, and in the way of your duty likewise.

In another letter she speaks happily of her back parlor with "painted floor" and "whitewashed wall." No one could ever have uttered the sentiment "My mind to me a kingdom is," more truthfully than she might have done.

## CHAPTER VIII.

MY mother's letters to my cousin, Emma Forbes, and to my cousin, Abby Lyman (who afterwards married Mr. William Greene, of Cincinnati), form the only consecutive picture I have of her life in Northampton, from the year 1815 to the year 1840.

How little did they dream that any of their letters would be preserved beyond the immediate hour! And yet these careless, unstudied missives possess a value for descendants which they could not have for a wider public. To both these young persons she always wrote rather in the tone of a Mentor; and it is amusing to hear her, long before she reached the age of thirty, speaking of "My old heart;" or "My old age." But, perhaps, the fact of taking the position of wife to a man of my father's age and character, and of guide to so many young persons, while still young herself, gave her that constant feeling of care and responsibility that makes one feel old in some ways.

The two events of her life which gave special cause for gratitude, during the years in which these letters were written, were the birth of her daughter, Anne Jean, in July, 1815, and of her second son, Edward Hutchinson Robbins, February, 1819.

Anne Jean was baptized with her mother's name; but as she grew up she preferred to spell her name *Annie*, and all her family and friends in addressing her dropped the *Jean*, except her mother, to whom the whole name was dear from association; and who had, through life, the habit of lengthening, rather than shortening, names. Edward was baptized with the name of his maternal grandfather.

*To Miss Emma Forbes, June 1, 1817.*

We were very sorry that Eliza could not be permitted to remain longer with us, as it was the first time she was ever disposed to make us a visit. She came back from Worthington wonderfully pleased with Northampton, and with us and our children; and went so far as to call Joseph a very good boy, and Annie the loveliest child that ever was seen, and bestowed great encomiums on Mary and Jane; and I think, if she had stayed, we should have succeeded in making her tolerably happy during the summer. Oh, Emma, I wish you were here now! The country never looked more charming, the verdure was never more perfect, and I could not help feeling a desire that you, and, indeed, everybody else that sees this place at all, should see it in its most beautiful state. But, after all, the beauties of Milton Hill far out-vie any thing the interior can boast; yet they are both perfect of their kind.

The short visit I had from Mr. and Mrs. Inches and sisters did me some good, though I could not help lamenting that it was so short; for it did not give me an opportunity of proving to them how glad

I was to see them. Owing to the painting inside the house and out, we were not quite in our usual order; but we did not mind that, and, I dare say, it did not annoy them. I am expecting Mr. and Mrs. Barnard with the boys from Greenfield to-morrow; they will go from here to New York, and from there to Providence by water, and, I suppose, will reach Boston about the tenth of this month.

M. D. has been spending some time with me, and is still here. B. C. has recovered so that she rides out. Things in general here remain *in statu quo*. Except Sunday reading, I have attended to nothing since you left here but Miss Hamilton's "Popular Essays," and the last number of the "North American Review,"—the latter of which I have not taste to admire or to feel improved by. Miss Hamilton's last work I do not see a fault in, neither as it regards religion, morality, or perspicuity of style. I hope you will read it, though I think it particularly designed for mothers; still, it will be instructive to all. It appears to me to be a sequel to her "Essays on Education;" or, rather, an amplification of the same ideas she has advanced there. The human mind, with all its original qualities and capabilities, together with its necessities, is the field she has chosen to labor in (in the abstract). She has analyzed it with the most minute discrimination of its different qualities, and their bearing on one another. I think it requires a more philosophical head than mine to enjoy it very much, though it is written in such a style that even I could understand with perfect ease.

We have had several parties lately on M. D.'s account, and I have felt obliged to go, though you know with how much reluctance I have made the sacrifice,— spending my time with people whom I am never with, without thinking, as Dean Swift did,—

“Those with whom I now converse  
Without a tear could tend my hearse;”

and you know that no pleasurable intercourse can exist with such a conviction. I wish, if you get it, you would read a printed sermon of Dr. Bancroft's on the fourth commandment, which, though it has been most severely reviewed in the “Panoplist,” I think very excellent. Perhaps you saw it when you were in Worcester.

Mary and Jane are getting along very fast on the piano, and Betsy Sumner behaves with great propriety; is delighted with the notice she receives, and admires Northampton, and does not trouble me at all; but, I think, as she does not have but five scholars, she will have to leave us at the end of the quarter. She is really a very excellent instructor, and I think can advance a child in one quarter as much as one of the celebrated instructors would in six months, because she pays a great deal more attention to them than any master that I have seen.

You asked me in one of your letters about French. My only exercise now is hearing Mary conjugate a verb every day, and assisting her in translating a couple of pages in “Mother Goose.” I spent one week in working a breadth of ruffle which washed almost to pieces as soon as it was done; which I

regretted exceedingly, for it proved me a fool for working on such poor muslin.

*Mrs. Howe to Miss Forbes, Worthington, June 15, 1818.*

MY DEAR EMMA,—A great while ago I had a letter from you, and I know it is time I thanked you for it. C. has carried you all the intelligence from these parts, and I would not write by her on that account; for I know she can talk to you, though she does not condescend to be very liberal of her descriptive talents. Old General Lincoln told Mr. Lovell that he must have a very large stock of discretion on hand, for he never knew him to make use of any: on that plan C. must have a fund of anecdote and remark which you and I can hardly conceive of, who have lived every day from hand to mouth, and expended each acquisition as soon as it was obtained. To return to my subject: she undoubtedly told you that *we* Worthingtonians, were very well and very busy, as is usual with us. Eleanor is making butter, &c., and I am tending baby, &c.,—though she now has an elegant red and green wagon that relieves my weary arms occasionally; and I have hopes will walk erect one of these days, though she now goes upon all-fours very nimbly, though not very conveniently.

I have read “Rob Roy.” It does not come near “Old Mortality;” and yet I like the strange girl, Die; but I hope no living heroine will attempt to imitate her, for it would not do second-hand at all. I have read Paley’s “Moral Philosophy” this spring; it is a charming book, and I hope you will read it

the first opportunity. We have nothing new but the periodical publications. The "New York Review" is mere patch-work, made up of little shreds and parings of other things; the "Quarterly" is horribly bigoted about every thing, and the Scotch reviewers use a scythe and sickle all the time. I think I like the spirit of the "North American" best of all (you see I have a *Yankee* heart). I do not compare its talents with the transatlantic books; I know the old trees have deep roots and high branches, but their flowers and fruit are not always sweetest.

I was just as old as you are now, the season I left Milton Hill,—in my seventeenth year. I can never forget the last summer I passed there. I was then a great deal with Eliza Cabot: we used to walk very frequently up and down on the bank opposite your house (besides many other walks); and I can almost see the full moon as it used to rise out of the ocean. I have never been in Milton at this pride of the year for five summers; but your sun shines on the grave of my ancestors, and gilds the spire where I first learned to worship God.

"The last ray of feeling and hope must depart,  
Ere the bloom from those valleys can fade from my heart."

President Kirkland, in his charming character of Mr. Thacher, says: "There is a path to immortality from every region." How consoling the idea, when time and accident has removed us from the scenes rendered dear by a thousand interesting associations! I look around me, and behold every thing verdant

and luxuriant, and own that this is a very pleasant place. I wish you could come here at this season, and see my *great snowballs*, and how nicely my rhubarb flourishes, and eat some of the pies. A charming specimen of the bathos! I am looking for the Misses Cabot to-morrow or next day; but they will not stay long, which disappoints me some, as I had hoped E. would make something of a visit when she actually arrived after so long a time.

Now have charity, Emma, and write me a long letter soon, and tell me how everybody behaves; as I really am afraid I shall forget how myself, if I have not somebody to put me in mind: it's only once a year I go anywhere but to N—, and I don't want to behave as *they* do, that is the generality of them,—because they have no social feeling, no regard for each other, and no pursuits in common; “among unequals, what society!” I cannot find so much fault as this even with my unlettered neighbors; they have children, and cows, wool, and flax,—so have I; these and the gardens and the weather make harmless subjects of conversation when we meet, and if we part without having communicated or received information, we part without envy and ill-will.

My paper warns me, and I bid you farewell. Remember me to your parents, and greet friends for me if you should see any of mine soon. I take it for granted I have a great many you see.

*Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes, Aug. 10 [1818?].*

MY DEAR EMMA,—I had the pleasure to hear, by mamma's letter, that you had a little sister, and that your mother was nicely. Every increase of our earthly ties brings with it new duties, and I dare say the circumstance has occupied much of your time and your reflections since it occurred.

It would be difficult to define what has occupied my time for the last three months. I have been engrossed by such an endless variety, and the succession has been too rapid for me to have retained any distinct impression as to what has predominated. I do not know how profitable it may have been to me, but I am sure I have passed as pleasant a summer (thus far) as I ever recollect to have done in my life; I have seen a great many friends and acquaintance that it gives me pleasure to see, and none that are disagreeable to me. It is unnecessary for me to say that I am surrounded by an uncommon share of domestic comforts and but few trials; for you have been here and have seen, and know for yourself all about it. But this I can say truly, that I try to be sensible of the blessings that have been bestowed on me, to be grateful for them, and to enjoy them.

I have read "The Tales of my Landlord," and am much pleased with it, and can subscribe to all the "North American Review" has said of it, except that it is equal to "Guy Mannering;" and that I cannot agree to. The Black Dwarf is too much like the other extraordinary characters of the same author to bear the stamp of originality, which constitutes one of the greatest charms of Guy; and the

case is the same in regard to Balfour, and Old Mortality. But still I think it delightful, because it gives such an interesting account of the sufferings produced by the religious contentions of the high revolutionary times of which it treats, which corresponds perfectly to the historical accounts we have read; and I think Calvinistical cant is exceedingly well burlesqued in it. The French ardor has not subsided at all; the children hardly speak in any other language; even Joseph has caught the spirit, and is to go to Miss Clark next quarter, and study "*La Syllabaire Française.*" You would be surprised to hear how well he reads and spells English.

Louisa left us a fortnight ago. I have not heard from her yet, but hope soon to learn that she has reached the Valley of Wyoming in safety; though I am sure her enjoyment will not be heightened by any of those poetical recollections which might accompany some of the dear lovers of Campbell. We had a very affecting parting. L. was entirely overcome by the idea of leaving forever the scene of her nativity, and appeared to feel all that gratitude could inspire toward us all.

In the letter to Cousin Emma, dated August 10, is an allusion to the departure of "Louisa" to the valley of Wyoming. The story of Louisa is this: The tavern nearest our house, and afterwards known as Warner's tavern, was kept for a time by a man and his wife who had only one child, a little girl. About the year 1818, both were attacked with fever, and died within a few days of each other.

It seemed only a simple and natural act for my mother to walk into the deserted house, and take home the little Louisa to her own well-filled nursery. How long she remained before relatives were found to claim her, I do not know; but am under the impression it was more than a year. I never should have known any thing about it, but for the following circumstance: When I was more than twenty years old, I sat one day near the window (my mother and father being out), when an old-fashioned chaise stopped at the door, and a pale and thin lady accompanied by her husband, a Presbyterian minister, alighted from it. She introduced herself as Mrs F., and asked if Judge and Mrs. Lyman were at home. I told her they were out, but invited her to stop, as they would return in an hour. So they came into the house. When my mother came home, she did not at once recognize her. "Do you not remember Louisa?" said the lady. A warm embrace was the only answer. And then followed a delightful evening; Louisa wishing to revisit every room in the house, and show them all to her husband, and call up a hundred memories of her childhood. She told my mother of all the years since they parted; of her marriage; of the births and deaths of children; and her own failing health. And how, when her husband had wished to take her a journey, from far away Pennsylvania, she had begged him to bring her to see the graves of her parents, and the home of the kind people who had received her, when her young heart was so sad, and where she had been so happy. So they had

come; and after staying two days, they left us, cheered and warmed with the heartfelt pleasure both my father and mother felt in this meeting, which was the last on earth.

*To Miss Forbes, Sept. 17 [1818?].*

Yesterday I had the court to dine, with their ladies, making twenty in all, and had just such a time as when the governor dined here, except that I had not a tipsy cook; and on that account there was no difficulty. I am very much pleased with Mrs. Judge Thacher, and Mrs. Morton, who is certainly a very interesting woman. She gave me the private history of Lord and Lady Byron, which you may suppose was very interesting to me.

I have written this in such a hurry that I hardly know what I have been about, and beg you to overlook all errors, and remember it is court-week, and missionary-week. Dr. Morse is staying here, and a number of things to ruffle a poor body, and company to dinner every day this week, and Hannah most dead with getting dinner for the court, and myself too.

Jan. 23, 1820.—I believe some of the “North American” reviewers to be under a mistake, in endeavoring to lessen the reputation of those Americans who have been considered as our great men, and who have sustained their country by the exercise of their moral and physical force. More than a year ago, much pains was taken to prove that Dr. Franklin was a very small character, who had had a false reputation; and now Mr. P. M., in his ardor

to add an indifferent review to a very indifferent publication, has brought General Greene's character down to the level of a very ordinary standard. And I think if they continue this scheme, and the work should be widely diffused in foreign countries, our national character will not stand very high abroad, any more than at home. But after all, I must say I have been much edified and pleased with the last number, and shall send it to Sam with a good deal of reluctance; who, by the way, I wish you would pay some attention to, in the writing way. He complains sadly that nobody writes to him.

Feb. 21, 1821.—My dear Emma,—I have lately gone through a good many domestic troubles, such as entirely engross the mind; and disqualify it for any of those excursions into the regions of romance or fancy which enable people to make agreeable letters out of poor materials. This, however, is supposing a case which does not exist, for it implies that mine is in the habit of making such excursions; and, perhaps, no person's was ever less given to anything of the kind. The dull realities of life have taken an irresistible possession there, and nothing can invade their dominion; the power of habit has made strong their wall of defence, and necessity is their sentinel. And should it not be so, my dear Emma? But I can remember when I was very intolerant (that is, when I was about your age) to those professional wives and mothers who talked and thought of nothing but their household concerns, such as children, servants, and the like. But it must be so; what most concerns us to think

about is what we shall and must give our principal attention to. The clergy must talk on theology, the lawyers will be engrossed by legal subjects, and the physicians in like manner of what relates to their profession; and women must be borne with, if they talk, and even write, about their household affairs: but I pity those that have no similar interests, who have to hear them.

I suppose you have read Mr. Edgeworth's life; that interested me, inasmuch as it made me personally acquainted with a man to whom I am individually much indebted, as well as mankind in general. Before I read his life, I had viewed him only at a distance; and, with all the defects of the memoir, it must be acknowledged that it brings you to a very familiar acquaintance with him, and his four wives, and eighteen children; to say nothing of the various aunts that constituted a part of his family. But, were ever such various interests so happily united? Were so many people ever before so much engaged in one and the same cause, and that without the slightest collision of opinion? I think the millennium must have commenced in that family.

With what admirable address Mr. Everett reviewed Mr. Lyman's "Italy"! I am sure no one will find fault with the faint praise he has bestowed; Mr. L.'s friends could not have wished him to have said more, and his enemies could not desire that he should say less.

Do write me what is going on in Boston; we are as dull as death here. I am now reading "Camilla" for entertainment. I wish you would prevail with

—, if she sends — from home, to send her to Miss Bancroft's; she is very well situated now to have a house full,—that is, a dozen young ladies in the family with her,—and her school is improving every day. She teaches every thing that a young lady has time to learn, with the exception of music, and it is a very select school.

This letter has been written by fits and starts; or, at least, with many interruptions, which must account for its want of connection and incoherence.

Yours very affectionately,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE marriage of her sister Mary to Mr. Joseph Warren Revere, of Boston (the son of Colonel Paul Revere, of revolutionary memory), was, during this year of 1821, a source of unalloyed pleasure to my mother; and from this time the home of her sister was like another home to her and to her children; and my aunt, like another mother. As time wore on, and children gathered in the Boston home, my mother and aunt frequently, for a few months, made an exchange of children; the Revere boys coming to our house for country air and life, and our girls going to the Revere home for city advantages and polish.

These children were all very dear to my mother; and whenever she went to make a visit to them, either in Boston or at Canton, both in their early or later years, "Aunt Lyman's" coming was hailed as a special privilege. They brought out all their stockings for her to mend, read aloud to her from her favorite books, and cuddled up to her to hear her witty stories, or to draw them out. Of Edward and Paul,—who afterwards gave their noble lives to their country,—she had no end of affectionate prophecies. Edward especially reminded her, in the warmth of his affections and in his genial temper, of her beloved father, whose name he bore.

In April of the same year, the marriage of my cousin, Abby Lyman, took away from my mother the close companionship and tender sympathy of one whom she loved through life with an intensity of affection over which time and distance had no power. The frequency of her letters, in the midst of so many present cares and engrossing duties, and the tender and perfect confidence, which knew no change for a period of nearly thirty years, are very striking. It was a relation which, from the beginning to the end, had never a flaw or break; and was founded on the highest sentiments and perfect generosity on both sides.

*To Mrs. Greene, Northampton, April 30, 1821.*

MY DEAR ABBY,—It is scarcely eight hours since you left me, but I cannot keep you out of my mind; and for that reason I write to you, as there is a convenient opportunity for me to indulge myself in that way.

Immediately after you left me, your uncle desired me to prepare to call with him on Miss Davis, which, at three o'clock, I did; though I never made a greater sacrifice of inclination to propriety than when I went down to Mr. Pomeroy's,—for *solitude* and not *sympathy* was the object of my pursuit, that I might have the privilege to *think* without interruption. On my return I went into your room to lie down, that I might occupy that pillow so lately pressed by the beloved child of my warmest affection. I there conceived myself to be in the possession of the same consolations that any parent has who has

committed a dear child to the grave,—that it is still in the care of its Heavenly Father, and that all events in this life, whether good or evil, are dictated by His love towards his creatures ; and though I am made, by this event, less happy, you *are* or *will be* made much more so.

I shall always respect Mr. Greene for the wisdom of his choice ; I shall always love him if he makes my dear Abby as happy as she is capable of being, from the circumstances within his power to control. That you will always be good, and derive all the happiness from that source which it is so fruitful in bestowing, I cannot doubt ; nor that you will ever cease to remember with kindness and affection those who have extended the same feelings towards you, inasmuch as they are deserving of it. But no virtues are of such spontaneous growth in the human heart as not to be impaired by neglect, as to continue to expand and flourish without care and culture ; and let this in future, as it has been in times past, be the subject of your watchful attention.

*To Miss Forbes, May 8, 1821.*

Very little of the highest kind of friendship is to be expected in this world ; the want of it grows out of the nature of things. For it is too exalted and too refined a compact to be entertained by the worldly, the selfish, or the weak and ambitious ; and a great portion of mankind fall under one or other of these heads. Friendship supposes a voluntary union of hearts, or mutual regard, unrestrained by any of the ties of kindred, and altogether uninflu-

enced by any other circumstance than the simple volition of the parties. But the ties of kindred are no hindrance to its exercise. "Friendship" (says Lord Clarendon) "hath the skill and observation of the best physician, the diligence and vigilance of the best nurse, and the tenderness and patience of the best mother." And I believe we must admit these ruling traits in her character, and, if so, no ties prevent its exercise. But contemplating it in the abstract as a most transcendent and heavenly virtue, as one of the greatest ornaments of human life, it must be divested of all those shackles which compel, by means of identifying our happiness or reputation with the exercise of it towards any individual; which would be to make self-interest its strongest inducement,—and that, you know, would be an insupportable incongruity.

I am amused at myself for sitting down here, and prosing like a sentimental girl of fifteen upon a subject which every one acknowledges to be exhausted; and yet, in speaking of it, I do not know that I ever heard any one make a sensible or striking remark in my life. The best comment, however, is to prove practically our capability of entertaining it. Lord Clarendon thinks it requires a great perfection in virtue. And why should it not, when we reflect that the character of each is perfectly unveiled to the other; for there must be perfect confidence in friendship,—it admits no reserve. And, I believe, the worst person in the world neither loves nor respects the wicked. And though people are bound and leagued together in vice, it is an agree-

ment which bears no resemblance to the interchange of virtuous friendship. (Fortunately an imperious domestic call has interrupted this inexhaustible subject, and I will endeavor to make some reply to your interesting letter.) . . .

As to Mrs. —— you can tell me nothing new of her; she always had a false estimation among people whom I should have thought had more penetration and good sense than to be pleased with her. I have no doubt, if she live to old age, she will die a fool, simply from want of exercise of body and mind,— which always keep pace with each other. But if she should have a family of children, it may be the means of preventing it; for that is a continual stimulus to exertion.

My poor, old heart has been terribly shattered lately, and I am not sure that the influence has not reached my head. I mention this by way of apology for this letter, which I can find time neither to copy nor alter; but trust it is consigned exclusively to the judgment of friendship. You know I have parted for ever with Abby. I hope you will just see the beautiful creature. Her husband is rather a contrast in appearance, but very intelligent and good. He has, in his selection of a wife, given me an infallible proof of his wisdom; and, I am sure, the more he knows of her the more he will idolize her. I ought to be glad she is taken from me, for I loved her a great deal too well, and became too much attached to her society to wish for any other.

I hope by this time your Aunt P. has recovered; remember me to her, and accept of my best love. I

wish you and Mary Pickard could come and spend the summer with me; we would go to Brattleboro' and to Springfield, and have a grand time, I assure you.

*To Mrs. Greene, Northampton, Aug. 4, 1821.*

MY DEAR ABBY,— . . . I have experienced a great variety since you left me, but not enough to drive from my thoughts the idea of my beloved child. I console myself with some of Byron's extravagant reflections in trouble. "Existence may be borne, and the deep root of life and sufferance makes its firm abode in bare and desolate bosoms." I did for the first few days feel as if mine was bare and desolated, but the sympathy and kindness which surrounded me, which appeared perfectly to appreciate and participate my feelings, soon taught me that it was to be borne, and was only one of the minor evils of life; as every evil is, which does not spring from *vice or death*. . . .

I suppose you would like to know what has been going on here since you left. Everybody had a pleasant Fourth of July, I believe, with the exception of myself. There was a great deal of company from Boston, on the occasion. Miss Sarah Dwight from Springfield came up and passed a week, and a Mr. Lowell, from Boston, eldest brother of Edward, a very fine young man altogether. He spent the most of four days with us; read "*Yamoyden*" with great pleasure to me, and left us quite in love with him. We had hardly time to collect our scattered wits after Sarah D.'s and L.'s visit, when July the

15th Mrs. Brooks, her daughters, and the Misses Gray came and made us a short visit on their way to Niagara, accompanied by Mr. Henshaw. Your Uncle, Mary, Jane, and myself, went with them to Albany, and from thence we visited Dwight, at Troy, and then took him with us to the Saratoga Springs, where we spent four days, on the whole pleasantly. There is much there to *admire*, and to excite disgust; but if one goes in good humor with one's self and with the world, pleasure will prevail. At the house where we stayed, were more than two hundred. The first effect of seeing such a variety of human faces, with the interest you cannot fail to take in their various histories, is exceedingly exciting or over-stimulating to the imagination, and till you are familiarized to it, fatigues. But it is the world in miniature; none but a dissipated mind could enjoy the scene long. We found Mr. Lowell there, and Mr. and Mrs. B. and daughter; which served for entertainment for Mary and Jane. The great Mr. Wirt, with an interesting family, was there from Washington, which was a source of much enjoyment to me. Mrs. Wirt was not a lady of great mental attainments; but of much delicacy and refinement, and good judgment, and of many showy accomplishments. Although the mother of twelve children, she looked young and handsome, and played elegantly on the piano; and played battledore with the agility of fifteen, for hours together. Her eldest daughter, who was with her, resembled her in character, except that she had more reserve. I should hardly dare to attempt a description of *him*, except in

the most general terms. His appearance is magnificent in an unusual degree, and everything he does exhibits a moral grandeur, in perfect conformity to that appearance. There is something so imposing in his look, that you feel it to be a condescension, if he pays you any attention.

At Ballstown we had the satisfaction of looking at Joseph Bonaparte, who calls himself Count Servillier; his appearance is that of a John Bull much more than of a Frenchman,—very fat, and easy, with a most benevolent expression of face: his suite requires twelve rooms.

*To Mrs. Greene, Sept. 1, 1821.*

. . . Miss Bancroft has just returned from the Springs. I have been so constantly engaged in sewing, in order to prepare Sam for his departure, that I have scarcely had time to think of anything that did not relate to that particular operation, except when I was interrupted by some of those thousands of travellers which traverse the earth in the fruitless search after happiness. Some of them I have been pleased to see; others have wearied me. I believe I described Mr. Wirt (the Attorney-General) to you in my last, and his very interesting family. Since I met them at the Springs they have been here, and young John Lowell, the brother of Edward. He received his early education under Mrs. Grant, in one of the first seminaries for boys in Scotland, and I have rarely met with so fine a young man. James Robbins has just left me, after a visit of a fortnight, which was very delightful to

me; for I rarely meet with any one who has so uniformly the power to be agreeable and rationally entertaining, and, at the same time, has so much fun in their composition. . . .

You are daily our subject of thought and conversation, amid all the variety which surrounds us. Mary has read a good deal this summer aloud to me. The last number of the "North American" was very good, but I do not think you had better have it until the next volume commences, which will be in the winter. Mary has just been reading to me "The Judgment,"—a poem by Hillhouse. It is really very good for American poetry. It is a vision; describing our Saviour sitting in judgment on old patriarchs first, and then upon the world in general. It certainly is venturing on sacred ground to attempt such a thing; and it is deserving of some praise that the author did not make himself ridiculous. The same author wrote "Percy's Masque," which I never have read. Anne Robbins is now making me a visit which, of course, engrosses much of my time. . . .

*To Miss Forbes, Nov. 17, 1821.*

MY DEAR EMMA,—This you know is a busy season for heads of families, who wish to see their children warmly clad for the approaching season. You can have, my dear Emma, but a weak impression of the subjects which must occupy the minds of such everyday people as myself. It is altogether probable that when I am contemplating the figure of a garment, and considering its construction as it regards warmth

and convenience, you are making some bold flight into the regions of imagination, and wondering how people can suffer their minds to remain under the thraldom of circumstances, and enslaved by such mean realities. But every different stage of existence has its appropriate duties and pleasures; and though it is delightful to witness the free and elastic spirit of youth in the full enjoyment of all that buoyancy which results from exemption from care and trouble, and which leads it to the anticipation of meeting with many flowers in life's path, which Providence never designed they should realize,—it is equally satisfactory to a contemplative or a reasoning mind, to behold the contrast of the elderly matron (whose enthusiasm has been evaporated by the powerful influence of time) giving her exclusive attention to those apparently grovelling concerns of life, which do not, however, contribute less to the general augmentation of human happiness; and to increase that sum ought to make a principal part of our own.

You do not know how much you made me desire to listen personally to the eloquence of Mr. Everett; but as I could not hear him myself, I am much obliged to you for your account of the matter, which was highly entertaining.

I hear some reading every day; but there is nothing so truly delightful to me as the accounts I have from my living friends, in the form of letters. I am chiefly indebted to my dear Catherine and Abby for the pleasure I obtain in this way, as my other correspondents are somewhat uncertain.

I have received and read all I could relish (not to say understand) of the last "North American Review." I think the same observation will apply to it, which was applied in Peter's "Letters" to the "Edinburgh Review," "that if there was sense in it, there was no *point*, no *wit*, no *joke*, no *spirit*, and nothing of the glee of young existence about it;" and Peter, after making use of some very unjustifiable censures, ends his comment with adding, "there is no infusion of fresh blood into the veins of the 'Review.'" Wise as it is, I must think just so of our "North American;" I did not like the undiscriminating and unqualified praise bestowed on my favorite Cullen Bryant. But as it is all out of my depth, I feel that I do wrong to entertain any opinion about it.

Mary, who is my only companion and comfort at this time, has lately read me "Percy's Masque," Miss Aikin's "Memoir of Queen Elizabeth's Court," and Southey's "Life of Wesley." I have been much engaged in the latter; you know I have a great zest for such kind of things. Though much of what is there related of his feelings I am very familiar with, as the same cant phrases are now in use among our Orthodox acquaintance; and they have the same unsettled purpose of mind which characterizes Methodism, and the same extravagant enthusiasm which Wesley carried through life with him. Although this is an entertaining book, I must own that it is necessary to wade through a great deal of folly to get at the history of Methodism. Southey has certainly made it as pleasing as the truth will justify;

he appears to be very candid, and proves everything he says as he goes along, by Wesley's own letters or those of his friends. Notwithstanding which I am told the Methodists are not satisfied with it, and do not think they have had justice done them; and are determined to have another Life of him published which shall do more credit to their system. I never knew, till I read this book, how much the Calvinists had borrowed from this sect; but I find bright-lights, and spiritual agues, and revivals, all had their origin with the Methodists. It certainly is a system which tends to produce more of the *appearance* than the *reality* of religion. It dealt too much in sensations (as Mr. Southey remarks), and in outward manifestations. It made religion too much a thing of display, an effort of sympathy and confederation; it led people too much from their homes and their closets; it imposed too many forms; it required too many professions; it exacted too many exposures. And the necessary consequence was, that when their enthusiasm abated they became mere formalists, and kept up a pharisaical appearance of holiness, when the real feeling had evaporated entirely.

I think you have had enough of John Wesley; which, however, I know you will excuse when you reflect how little there is in this place to engage one's interest,—and my motto and my rule is, “out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.” We are all well and happy, except the prospect of losing Miss Bancroft; besides losing a valuable instructor, I lose a very affectionate friend in whom I

have taken much pleasure for four years,— a pleasure that has never been interrupted by a single bitter feeling on the part of either of us. It opens another wound too, caused by the separation from my beloved child Abby. But my paper will not allow me to make reflections on the various changes incident to this sublunary state, and believe me very affectionately yours.

P. S.— I cannot help adding a postscript just to say, that when Mrs. Cary passed half-a-day in Northampton, which was a week ago to-day, I went to see her; and I never saw her half so charming. She is as large as ever her mother was, and her beauty has increased in proportion to her size—for flesh is very becoming to her; and she has as handsome a baby as I ever beheld, and appeared very happy in the prospect of living in New York. I am sure I am glad for her, for I always thought her situation must be a very uncongenial one to one of her habits and way of thinking.

My mother's letters to Abby are full to overflowing of affectionate details of her own family life and news of Abby's invalid father, and of the little sisters, who for so many years formed a part of the household in Northampton. Their improvement in knowledge and virtue, and all their interesting traits, are constantly recorded for the absent sister's perusal; and all sorts of questions asked about the Cincinnati home, which seemed always present to her imagination.

*To Mrs. Greene, Jan. 6, 1822.*

I am delighted with every augmentation of social enjoyment you are *promised* with, as well as what you actually experience; and I choose to believe that you will find both Mrs.—, and Miss —, a great acquisition to you. At any rate, if they have any hearts to feel, there will be some points of sympathy between you and them; they will, like yourself, feel the distance which separates them from everything endeared by early association; they will, like yourself, feel the want of seeing friends that are far distant. And all this similarity of feeling will be a strong and sympathetic tie (as the case may be). But if they are cold, inanimate worldlings, who never felt the kindling glow of friendship warm their hearts, they will prove little but an aggravation to you. This want of congeniality no one ever felt, I believe, more keenly in their daily associates and neighbors, than I have done at certain periods of my life. But I think domestic union, and affection in the small family circle, is a substitute for it in some measure; and perhaps wanting those external sources over which to expand the surplus affection of the heart may induce us to be more careful to preserve and cultivate the love of those with whom we live. If it has that effect, it must not be regretted; as nothing is more desirable, of an earthly nature, than to strengthen those ties which Nature has formed, and by that means second the plans of the Almighty, who undoubtedly had a wise design in planning the tender ties which constitute the various social relations of the human family.

I always read your letters, or such parts as I know will interest them, to your father and mother, when I see them ; and I have kept up a correspondence with Sally since she left me, so that they hear from you as often as I do. I expect to have Sally in town again to go to school when Mr. Tyng begins, as he will take girls next quarter.

I have been reading two delightful books : "Valerius," a Roman story ; and "Geraldine; or, Modes of Faith and Practice," in which nothing is wanting but originality. I read "Anacharsis" four years ago with Catherine, and enjoyed it as much, I think, as you can. Sir William Jones's "Life," too, I have read, I hope with some improvement ; for I shall never forget the impression left on my mind by the careful attention shown him by his mother, during his early youth, on which it appeared to me was founded all his future eminence as a good, useful, and literary man. If I recollect right he acquired twenty-eight languages ; but that acquisition, together with his poetry, I could dispense with in my son, if he could dictate such prayers, and propose to himself the attainments of knowledge only as a means of doing good and becoming extensively useful to his fellow-creatures. Perhaps the annals of the world do not furnish an instance of so short a life, in which so much real good was accomplished, and so much evil prevented, by the various plans he formed and executed for enlightening the benighted people, amongst whom he went to live. I think he was but forty-seven years old when he died. To contemplate such a life must be useful to any one.

It is calculated to exalt our standard of human excellence; and everything which has that effect is profitable to the heart as well as understanding.

*To Mrs. Greene, Feb. 28, 1822.*

MY DEAR ABBY,—I have just returned from Boston, after having spent a month there most delightfully; not in dissipation, but in that heart-warming interchange with friends that is so refreshing to the best affections of the human heart. It was a great addition to my comfort to find my sister Mary so agreeably situated, with a husband who has every quality that is essential to the happiness of an amiable and refined woman, together with a heart filled with tenderness for her.

Mrs. Balestier, the sister of Mr. Revere, informed me, on hearing me make inquiry after Miss Baity, that she was well acquainted with her; and offered to go to Charlestown with me and call on her. Miss B.'s brother is Mr. Balestier's partner in business, which has given Mrs. Balestier an opportunity of being well acquainted with her, as I before observed; and she says she will be a great acquisition to you, and that she is an uncommonly intelligent, well-educated woman. I was as much pleased with her as I should choose to be with any one on so short an interview. I found her expectations were much more sanguine in regard to the place of her future residence, than yours ever were. But I do not think she will be disappointed, for I have an idea that Cincinnati is a much more agreeable place to live in, than Charlestown. I am delighted with

every addition to your happiness, if it is only in prospect; and must flatter myself that it will be promoted in proportion as good and agreeable people from New England become the inhabitants of the place in which you reside. I say New England people, because the more we are assimilated to those amongst whom we live, by habit, the more we enjoy their society.

I am glad that you have a physician that you think so well of, and who is likewise so much your friend. I am not certain that Edward will be in Boston at the time Dr. Smith will be there; but Mrs. Balestier will see him, and will let me know in season to get the things I wish to send,—and I will not forget the Webster's "Oration." I was afraid you would not get the "North American Review," as you never mentioned the receipt of it; and I got Mr. Revere to call and leave a five dollar bill, and take a receipt for it from Mr. O. Everett, which I was told was a necessary form, when it went out of the State.

It may be interesting to Mr. Greene as well as yourself to know who the authors of the "Review" in the last number were. The first two were by the editor, Mr. Edward Everett; "Encke's Comet," by Mr. Bowditch; Dr. Webster's "Azores," by Cogswell; Stuart's "Dis," by Sidney Willard; "Life of Algernon Sidney," by Edward Brooks; "Fairfax's Tasso," by John C. Gray; Madame de Staël's "Works," by Alex. Everett; Hale's "Dissertations," by Dr. Ware; Adelung's "Survey," by John Pickering; "Life of Pitt," by Theo. Lyman;

"Weights and Measures," by Professor Farrar; "New York Canals," by Mr. Patterson. It is a great while since Professor Everett has written any thing so much to my liking as the "Comment on Percival's Poems;" there is some wit in it, as well as good sense.

Mary is at a party this evening at Harriet Clapp's, or I dare say she would have some message for you. Love to Mr. Greene. Yours with much affection.

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

*To Mrs. Greene, April 11, 1822.*

MY DEAR ABBY,— Since my return from Boston, Mary has been reading to me in Hume's "England," — which I have heard so often, that it has not a very exciting influence on my mind. We have suffered an agreeable interruption from the "Pirate" and "Spy." There is much said by the reviewers in favor of the "Pirate;" but, in my estimation, it is very inferior to the most of the same author's productions. It does not inspire one with at all the same kind of interest that "Guy Mannering," or "The Antiquary," or "Waverley" did; because you find only the same style of character, modified by difference of circumstances, which has only the effect of meeting old acquaintances, dressed in a new garb, but produces none of the excitement of novelty for which the earliest works of that author were so peculiar. By the time you get through the Yellowleys' journey to the feast, you feel as much wearied as if you had taken it yourself. The "Spy" is an American production, as I presume you know,

by the author of "Precaution;" and has no claim to any kind of excellence. It is a very humble imitation of some of Scott's novels; and though it makes some pretensions to truth in the facts related, I believe the reality will not justify a reliance on them.

As the year has nearly expired since the line of separation was drawn between you and me, I cannot help making a good many reflections on my present resources of happiness, in comparison with what I enjoyed previous to that time. And it is a great pleasure to me to believe that your pleasures are increased in as great a degree as mine are diminished. But I have too many blessings left to justify a word of complaint. Notwithstanding our blessings, we are prone to overestimate our troubles; and I must say I have had peculiar trials of feeling, of a nature not to admit much alleviation from sympathy.

*To Mrs. Greene, May 20, 1822.*

MY DEAR ABBY,—It is very good in you to write to an old aunt,\* whose letters, I am aware, are but a poor compensation for any effort you may be pleased to make in the writing way. And besides, your continuing to write indicates to me a healthful state of your affections; and that, much as you *are* and ought to be engaged in present objects, you do not cease to *think* and *feel* for distant ones. These matters of the heart, my dear Abby, depend much on our care and cultivation. If we neglect to cherish kind recollections, and the only interchange

\* The "old aunt" here mentioned was just thirty-four years of age.

provided for those separated by distance from us, our affections become withered and blasted for want of nutriment; but if we are principled to keep them alive by proper attention to them, they will administer much towards cheering our path through this valley of tears. A desire for the esteem and love of those around us, or of those with whom we are connected, is not an ignoble passion of the human heart, but may be founded on the purest and most exalted principles; and is generally accompanied by a great expansion of regard towards those from whom we wish it reciprocated; and is altogether a different sentiment from that of wishing for popular favor or admiration, to increase our distinction among our fellow-creatures when no corresponding sentiment is entertained.

This subject reminds me to inform you that Jane has been one of the most constant and improved correspondents you can conceive of; she will return to us in another month.

I don't know that I could communicate any news of a very interesting kind to you, for there is nothing stirring here more than I mentioned in my last. Mrs. Dwight and Betsy have been passing a fortnight with me very pleasantly; we have done a good deal of visiting. Betsy still stands on the single list,—a proof of the want of discrimination in her male acquaintance; for, to me she is possessed of every qualification, both external and intrinsic, which is essential to the happiness of a man's life, as far as a woman has any control over it. I suppose by this time you have received the

last "North American Review;" I have not yet learned who the authors are. The piece on "Essay Writing" was the most interesting to me, and I thought it probable Mr. Everett wrote it.

Justin Clark, whom you recollect as one of our *beaux*, has just returned from Washington, where he has passed the last six months,—being employed for one of the newspapers to report the proceedings of Congress,—and I assure you he is very much improved. There is an intelligent young man, by the name of Baker, studying with Mr. Mills, who is now about to take Mr. Tyng's school. And now I believe you have had a statement of the *beaux* establishment. The *belles* are Miss Catherine and Miss Emeline Shepherd, and Miss Mills.

*To Miss Forbes, June 10, 1822.*

. . . I feel as if your cousin N. P.'s removal to Worcester had brought you considerably nearer to me; for you will undoubtedly visit her, and it will be nothing to get from there here,—particularly if you select a time when one of Judge Howe's courts sit there, and return with him. But I should like to have you and C. come together, as I think you would both enjoy yourselves better for each other's company.

Mr. Theodore Sedgwick has been here for a few days, which has made a little variety for us; and Mr. B. and his two boys. I presume you have read Miss S.'s book. There is no danger of such books being multiplied to too great a degree, as they are suited to the majority of readers, who, if they cannot

get good trifles, read trash, and are injured by it. I have not heard whether Mr. Inches and family have gone out to Milton yet, but I presume they have not. I conclude you have E. D. near you.

In the account of the packet "Albion," I presume you saw the death of one of Judge P.'s daughters, of Upper Canada. I should like very much to know which of them it was. There was also the death of Professor F—, of New Haven, in whose death much unhappiness is involved. He was engaged to Miss C. B—, a young lady possessed of a great deal of good sense and genius; but who had, under very interesting circumstances, left her father's house last autumn to find another home. She went to see a friend in New Haven, preparatory to getting a school; and while she was there became acquainted with and was engaged to this worthy young man, which brightened her earthly prospects very much,—for they were in midnight gloom when she left her home. Since then she has been teaching a school in New London, with the hope of leaving it in another year to become the happy wife of a young man as much distinguished in the region where he is known, as Mr. Everett is in Boston and its neighborhood; distinguished not only for science, but for the most exemplary goodness. I have mentioned this to you, not because you could take any interest in the parties, but because I wish you to know some of the misery there is in the world, from which you are exempt; and I dare say the same circumstances would interest you in a fictitious tale.

*To Mrs. Greene, Northampton, July 1, 1822.*

MY DEAR ABBY,—I shall be called day after to morrow to keep the anniversary of your departure from us. I need not say how many regrets and how many agonizing thoughts are revived by this reflection, though mingled with them is much satisfaction. It is not the least pleasing reflection to me that our intercourse was never interrupted by dissensions, or even temporary heart-burnings, which tend so powerfully to weaken the influence of affection; for where reproof was couched in too strong terms on my part, it always found a proportionate measure of patience on yours, by which the equipoise of good feeling was preserved. But all these recollections only tend to aggravate the loss I have sustained. However, had you always lived with me, perhaps I should have become insensible to the comfort I was enjoying, and have thought no more of it, than we are prone to of a good night's rest,—which you know we do not value until we are deprived of it; which proves to us that misery is essential to happiness, and that

“The hues of bliss more brightly glow,  
Chastised by sable tints of woe.”

Jane returned to us last Monday; she appears very well, and very happy. As it regards the acquisitions she made in Troy, I think they are much more of the nature of “*sail* than *ballast*.” But she is not injured, and has gained some confidence and some independence, which may be of essential service to her; and her experience has, on the whole, been favorably extended.

There have been several very exciting causes which have tended to disturb the monotony of a

Northampton existence very much. . . .

Then follow many village annals; and she closes with a recipe for curing hams, which she is sure Abby must want.

*To Miss Forbes, Northampton, Aug. 6, 1822.*

You do not know what a heart-cheering effect your letter had upon me, my dear Emma. But the intelligence I heard immediately afterwards was a great damper to my spirits; for I knew that your uncle's death would be a great affliction to yourself, to your mother, and to — perhaps more than to either of you. But so good a man has left a delightful retrospect to his friends; they must console themselves with thinking of the good actions which filled up his earthly career, of the wounds to which his kindness and assistance were a healing balm, of the afflictions to which his warm and accessible sympathies were so comforting and so readily yielded. The first effect of all these reflections is to widen the breach made; but when time has mitigated the first impulse of sorrow, it must be delightful to associate with the memory of a departed friend those virtues which we believe insure everlasting happiness.

We are enjoying a great deal from the society of Eliza Cabot at this time; she is very well, in fine spirits, and of course very agreeable. I am going to carry her to Stockbridge to-morrow, to spend a

few days with Miss Sedgwick. I expect so much from this little excursion, that it will be a strange thing if disappointment does not ensue.

I think you and C. must have some very interesting interviews after such a long separation, wherein so much variety has occurred. If C.'s health had not been benefited at all, I should never regret her having made the excursion she did to the Springs. It has extended her experience of mankind, so favorably, and left so much new imagery in her mind to reflect on hereafter; and all too of a very animating character. . . .

In her next letter to Mrs. Greene, dated Aug. 29, 1822, she speaks of having felt ill for some months, but says: "It has not prevented our having company continually, and kept up such an agitation of spirits, that I did not feel willing under them to write to anybody. Mr. Edmund Dwight and his wife have made us a visit. Miss Eliza Cabot has been here a month on a visit to my sister Howe; and Robert Sedgwick spent a few days here with his new wife, Miss Elizabeth Ellery, from Newport.

"I went three weeks ago to Stockbridge with Miss Cabot; we passed a night at your father's on our way there, had a pleasant ride, and were well pleased with a visit of two days after we got there. Charles Sedgwick's is one of the most crowded houses you can conceive of. Every room in the house has several beds in it, except one parlor. Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Sedgwick, with Mrs. S.'s aunt and two children, Mrs. Watson and two children, and two of

Mrs. Dwight's children, added to Charles's own family, consisting of seven. Harry's family board in the neighborhood. Elizabeth necessarily keeps very much in her nursery, taking care of the children; and Catherine is the mainspring of the machinery, by which the family is kept together and provided for.

"I think the Sedgwick family unite as much moral and intellectual greatness as I have seen combined in one family; and their society is a rare pleasure to me. Mrs. Jane Sedgwick has an uncommonly brilliant and discriminating mind, with a good share of imagination. Mrs. Theodore Sedgwick has one of those perfectly subdued and disciplined minds, which makes her a truly practical woman; and if she excites less of your love than Mrs. Jane, you cannot help yielding her your unqualified admiration and respect. In my estimation, Catherine Sedgwick is beyond all praise, and I should not think of describing even the outline of her character; but in no branch is she more strikingly excellent than in the domestic department, producing comfort by every motion she makes.

"I suppose you have received the last 'North American Review.' I like it better than I usually do, inasmuch as it is not entirely out of the circle of my narrow information, as those 'Reviews' usually are. The comment on the 'Spy' is very good, and was written by Wm. Gardiner of Boston; that on 'Bracebridge Hall' is rather testy, though it is not devoid of merit. The 'Foreigner's Opinion of England,' which I have read this summer, was by Ed-

ward Brooks, and is very just. ‘Europe,’ a book written by Mr. Alexander Everett, was reviewed by one of the Grays.”

*To Miss Forbes, Northampton, March 2, 1823.*

MY DEAR EMMA,—When I first received your letter, which is nearly a month since, I felt inspired by gratitude to sit immediately down and answer it; but I then had some imperious claims in the epistolary way, which forbade the indulgence of my inclination; and since then I have experienced considerable variety for me, such as some sickness, a ride to Deerfield, and another to Springfield. The latter I should have enjoyed exceedingly, but I was sick every moment of the time, and it was an effort to keep off the bed. But when I did, I was compensated by the society of Mr. Peabody, and your acquaintance, Margaret Emery. I always liked Miss Emery very much, but never so well as now. Without the least affectation of eccentricity, she is a little odd, and situated as she is it is a misfortune to her; but it only makes her the more interesting to me, and she certainly has an excellent mind. She happened to be spending a week with Mrs O., with whom I passed the most of my time, and where Mr. Peabody spends much of his.

I was glad to hear of Mrs. P.’s safety and happiness in having a son; her situation is so retired a one, that the care (irksome as it appears) will be a comfort to her, and one that brings its reward daily. It is a comfort that no one can form an idea of but those who have realized it. I have experienced no

source of joy so *pure*, or so fruitful, as that derived from my children; it has been more than a counterpoise for all the labor and care incident to such blessings. Joseph has been rather poorly all winter; some of the time quite sick. But it makes him very tame and interesting. He has now got as well as usual, and within the last ten days has read the "Pioneers," and "Valerius," a Roman story, to me. I was entertained with the "Pioneers," but it appears to me it is one of those ephemeral productions which cannot outlive the present day. The object of this work is in itself very small, and the effect produced seems to be exactly in proportion to it. In *reading*, nothing is more fatiguing to me than minute details of low people, with which I think this book, like the "Spy," is very much encumbered. I found "Valerius" a delightful antidote to the effect of that old, prosing, tedious "Richard Jones," and was interested and delighted with every word of it. In short, I think, my dear Emma, that it is one of the pleasures of *reading*, to carry the imagination a little out of the track of the dull realities of life, in which there is not enough to exalt our thoughts, and produce a high tone of mind. Not that I undervalue that happy pliability of mental temperament that enables people without effort to descend to the lowest and most minute duties of life. And human life consists of constant transitions, of the most varied and complicated series of events, requiring the exercise of the highest and lowest efforts of our reason, with every intermediate stage or ability of which it is susceptible.

Ever since I heard it, the departure of our dear friend, Mrs. Inches, has been interwoven with almost all my reflections. How few could join the world of spirits, with such spotless purity of soul as she has done! When I compare myself with her, I feel ashamed of the disparity between us. I believe she never formed or executed a plan that did not involve the comfort of others, in some way or other. She had that exuberance of disinterested kindness that led her continually to a forgetfulness of her own convenience or pleasure. In future, if I make new friends, they cannot be substitutes for my old ones, and I feel that a dreadful breach is made in what I have always considered a very narrow circle. And you know, Emma, that a great many acquaintances are not worth *one friend*. Mrs. Inches' children will probably never know what they have lost; their associations will always be blended with her infirmities of mind and body, as they have witnessed them for two years past. This is deeply to be regretted; for the influence of *strong* as well as right impressions upon the minds of young people, of the age of the four oldest at least, is very important in giving a bias to their future character. I cannot help wishing that I could be nearer to the bereaved husband and children of this excellent woman, that I might contribute my mite towards comforting or consoling them in their affliction.

When you write again, tell me who is to be settled at Summer Street, and if any one can approve Mr. Sparks leaving Baltimore.

In answer to a remark you made in your last let-

ter, I will inform you that none of the communications you make to me, if it is a description of the inmost recesses of your own heart, shall ever in future cause you any trouble; and I do not wish you to write shackled by the expectation that any of the W. people are going to hear what you say to me, or any other people.

P. S. The union of —— and —— was one of those unaccountable matches, that everybody on earth wonders at, and which we must conclude are made in Heaven. The children are all around me, and wishing to send different messages to you. I do not trust myself generally to write a word about them, for fear of betraying the folly which a too partial mother is liable to; if I did, I should probably say they were the handsomest, wisest, and best that ever were, and you very properly would not believe a word of it.

*To Mrs. Greene, March 10, 1823.*

. . . You often have heard me speak of my friend Mrs. Inches. I have recently been called to lament her departure, and a great breach it has made in my small circle of real friends; for she was the most *uniform*, most *kind*, and most affectionate being, where she was enlisted, that I ever knew. And I always felt a certainty that the pleasure I was to have in seeing her would be fully reciprocated by her when we met. I had experienced from her, for sixteen years,

“That constant flow of love that knows no fall.”

She had a mind that never was disturbed by

“ Those cataracts and breaks,  
Which humor interposed too often makes.”

All these traits of character made her an interesting acquaintance and a most desirable friend. And I rejoice that I knew her, when her example was likely to sink deep into my heart. Such a prevailing influence has this circumstance had on my mind, that I find it difficult to dismiss it; though I know it has no other interest for you than an event which affects me.

Notwithstanding our numerous trials this winter, we have enjoyed reading Bradford's “History of Massachusetts,” Sismondi's “Switzerland,” the “Pioneers,” the “Voice from St. Helena,” “Valerius,” and various periodical publications in the form of Reviews; all of which I presume you have seen, unless it is Bradford's “History.” . . .

*To Mrs. Greene, May 15, 1823.*

MY DEAR ABBY,—Your uncle wrote you of the happy termination of a sorrowful winter; but I will not make any complaint, for I never saw a finer child than mine, as it regards health, as well as good looks. But within one week, my dear Abby, I was called to experience the extremes of joy and grief. No one could have more reason to rejoice and be gratified for the circumstance which immediately restored me to health and usefulness, than I had. But while my heart was dilated with the most highly-excited emotions on that account, I was called to

mourn the departure of that truly interesting and excellent youth, George Tyng. As you saw him, you could form but an inadequate idea of what he afterwards became. I never saw any one more subdued by the circumstances which occurred to him, than he was. Yes! his spirit was fitted by the discipline of life for the more exalted enjoyments of the world of spirits,— where we are told of the good, that “God will wipe all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more sorrow, nor death, neither shall there be any more pain.”

But in the first deprivation caused by the death of a friend, these reflections are but a partial antidote; and we do not allow ourselves at once to reason on the moral uses of affliction, but involuntarily give way to the sensations of sorrow, so naturally produced by the loss of our friends. . . . Sorrow is a wholesome regimen for us, and weans us from the vanities of the world, and induces us to think of the relation we sustain, not only to our fellow-creatures but to our Heavenly Father, who gives and who takes away, as he sees fit. How often those adverse circumstances which we most deeply deplore prove themselves to be our greatest blessings, by sowing the seeds of virtues in our hearts, which we were destitute of before, and by the exercise of which we may gain so much self-respect, and benefit those within the sphere of our influence so much! How many compassionate dispositions have filled the place of overbearing pride and selfishness! But this is rarely the case, where the chastening hand of Providence has not been laid upon us.

If you receive the "North American Review" now, you will perceive by a comment there is in it that there recently has been published a valuable historical sketch entitled "Tudor's Life of Otis." The comment was written by Mr. F. C. Gray. The work is a credit to American literature, and embraces the same period that Bradford's "History" did. Mr. Everett has attempted something like a defence of Lord Bacon's character, that pleases me, —in the same number.

My little baby doesn't allow me to do a great deal of writing, and I believe I must get you to make an apology to Sally for me; I shall write to her before long. Charlotte and Anne Jean go to dancing-school and Miss Upham's school, and appear to be very happy together. Your father's family have not yet left Norwich, nor do I know how long their stay may be protracted. I saw him to-day, and he told me that they were all at home. We had our little girl christened on Sunday; her name is Susan Inches,—after my dear friend who died this winter.

I find a great accumulation of cares growing out of my new acquisition, and I do not find proportionate increase of talents for the demand; but I shall do all I can.

"And while the busy means are plied,  
Even if the wished end's denied,  
They bring their own reward."

And there is a good deal of pleasure and some dignity in the occupation annexed to bringing up a family of children, notwithstanding the many interruptions incident to it.

*To Miss Forbes, Aug. 3, 1823.*

Your letters, my dear Emma, have the same effect on my mind that animated conversation has on subjects that are interesting to me, and always inspire me with the desire to make an immediate reply; but, as my ability and inclination do not always go hand-in-hand, I am frequently obliged to deny myself the pleasure I so much covet, until the inspiration goes off entirely.

I think I can imagine C. and yourself comparing your travelling experiences, and enjoying the retrospect they afford you, much more than you could have done the reality; and that I consider the principal benefit of journeying. The enjoyment is not *present*, but *past*, or *future*. There is much satisfaction in the new imagery with which our mind is supplied by making tours such as you ladies have done, and nearly as much, perhaps, in anticipating them before they occur. But in the actual experience there is always some great drawback to comfort; it is either too warm, or cold, or too dusty, or too rainy, or the public houses miserable. And we are all such sensualists, that such things diminish present enjoyment very much, though in contemplating them they do not weigh so heavily.

I have, after much urging, been drawn in to consent to go to Lebanon for a few days; but I had much rather stay at home, as there are no conveniences for babies in such places, and I cannot go without mine very well.

You know we have a prospect of a new literary institution here; but I have not been very sanguine

in my expectations in regard to it, and therefore shall not be disappointed. I dare say the young gentlemen engaged in the enterprise will be very much disappointed. I never knew the most active and resolute parent succeed entirely to his or her own wishes in regard to their own families, when guided by the best wishes as well as judgment that falls to the lot of humanity, added to that strongest principle in human nature, parental love; and therefore I do not expect *this* will be exempt from defects. I know of no human institutions that are. I shall think myself singularly happy, if the proposed plan is no more defective than those of a similar kind which have been so long in use.

In regard to my own children, I mean to save myself from the self-reproach of neglecting them. Indeed, I have ever found a most ready alacrity in their service; if I am unsuccessful, it will be from an inability over which I have no control, and the cause of much sorrow. But I will not add the anticipation of misery to the reality.

Don't you intend to come and see us? You remember Miss F.; she is a pretty, interesting creature, full of energy and activity. But if — doesn't speak quick, he may forever after hold his peace; for she soon will be picked up here. Don't you admire the sensible choice Mr. Peabody of Springfield has made? You probably know that he is really going to marry Amelia White. Young Sturgis has just left here; he seems to be a nice young man, but not extraordinary as I expected. There is another young man from his class here, who is a fair match for him, by the name of L. But it would take

half-a-dozen such to make up the loss of the good and wise little Bradford, who has recently left us.

You have heard, I dare say, that Mr. Harding left his wife here; she seems to be a good little woman, and everybody likes her. Some people are very anxious for her improvement. I am *not* particularly, for I think she stands a very good comparison with the majority of her sex; and any thing that would destroy the simplicity of her character would take from her her most interesting possession. And it is too late, and her habits, as well as objects of interest, are too strongly opposed to any new impulse of mind, to make it reasonable to expect any great change in her.

I suppose you are a reader of the "North American Review," and I am habitually, from the avarice of not being willing to pay for a thing without deriving some profit; but the last number is so entirely out of the channel of my apprehension that I could have but little enjoyment in it. I was, however, pleased with Dr. Bradford's notions of materialism. He believes as much in craniology as I do.

I hope —— has exhausted the seven vials of his wrath against the judges of the Supreme Court. I am astonished that the editors of the "North American" should allow that work to be the vehicle for its diffusion. But what with the political and the theological controversy, which has become very stale and tedious, our periodical works are amazingly tasteless and wearisome; and I cannot but hope they will meet with a change.

With love to all friends, your affectionate friend,  
ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

## CHAPTER X.

It is sounded through the land, from the pulpit and the press, that Unitarianism is an easy religion, that says little about sin, and less about holiness, and lulls its disciple in a dream of carnal security; while from first to last, in its doctrines, and its precepts, and its spirit, it enjoins the acquisition of a holy character as the one thing needful.

This is Unitarian Christianity as I understand it. A faith whose topics are the mercy of God, the love of Christ, the duty and immortality of man; a faith which beholds a ladder reaching from earth to heaven, as in the patriarch's dream, along which the influences of the Divine compassion and the prayers of human hearts are continually ascending and descending; a faith which links time to eternity by a chain of moral causes and effects; a faith which utters its woe against impenitence with a heart-thrilling pity, which wins souls to Christ with a melting tenderness; a faith which sanctifies and blesses the relations of daily life, which takes from death its terror and its power, and supports the soul on the arms of its hope, till it is borne into the society of the angels.—EZRA STILES GANNETT.

WHEN my mother first came to Northampton, she found but one church there; and the whole village united in their interest, or lack of interest, in the spiritual food that was meted out to them from Sunday to Sunday. The whole atmosphere of the place was strictly Calvinistic,—and the Calvinism of that day was different from any that prevails in our time in New England. She had been accustomed from her childhood to a similar style of preaching in the old church at Milton; but

then her wide culture and reading of liberal books, her occasional Sundays in Boston, where she had listened with enthusiasm to Buckminster and Channing; and, above all, her association with pious and devout persons, to whom "the spirit was more than the letter," together with her constant, devoted, and intelligent study of the Scriptures,—had inclined her to a liberal interpretation of those doctrines, which as she now saw them enforced in Northampton were dry as dust to her, hard and repelling; not what her New Testament taught her, and not what she wanted to have taught to her children.

When she talked with my father on this subject of vital importance, both before and after her marriage, she found in him a singular agreement of thought and feeling and conviction. But neither of them dreamed of quitting the Church of their forefathers. Moreover, my father explained to her, that in the positions of public trust which he held in the country, and the varied relations to a wide circle in which he stood, it would be most unwise for them to express dissatisfaction with the prevailing belief of their neighborhood; that they must content themselves with getting what good they could from the Sunday ministrations, and where their convictions differed from their neighbors', they could at least be patient and silent.

And besides, every tie of affection and gratitude bound my dear father to the old minister of the town,—Parson Williams, as he was always familiarly called. When my father was a little boy of eight years, he one day climbed to the top of a tall tree

to witness a skirmish that was going on, towards the close of the Revolutionary War. But when he saw blood flowing he became giddy, and fell from his height. He was taken up insensible, and it was found that his skull was fractured. A long and anxious time followed, when he was nursed by his good parents with devoted care, and his vigorous constitution finally triumphed. But he recovered to great delicacy of health, and sensitiveness of brain; and Parson Williams, who had been devoted in his attentions to the family during this period of anxiety, told his parents that it would never do for Joseph to go to the village-school and be mixed with rough boys; and that, if they would send him to his study for a few hours every day, he would teach him all he was strong enough to learn. So the little boy became the daily inmate of the good pastor's study, and his rapid advancement astonished his teacher. One day, Parson Williams astonished the parents also, by appearing before them to say that Joseph, though only eleven years of age, was perfectly fitted to enter Yale College; and they must let him go. The parents demurred,—they were poor, and it was an expense they could not meet, they thought. But the faithful friend, feeling sure that the fine boy would not fail to repay them a thousand-fold for all their sacrifices, did not leave them till he had exacted a promise from them that Joseph should be entered at Yale College a few weeks later. And so his mother set herself to work, and spun him the entire suit in which he entered college. But she had not time to knit him stockings, and so he went barefoot.

Mr. Ellis, in his beautiful portrait of my father's life, in the sermon preached the Sunday after his death, says of him, "That the little barefooted boy, being found prepared, was despatched on horseback, under the charge of an elder brother, to the scene of his literary labors. The miniature collegian, whose head as he sat upon his horse hardly appeared above the portmanteau, was kindly received, and went through the prescribed course under the especial care of one of the tutors,—Joel Barlow, it is believed."

My father was through life one of the firmest believers in an over-ruling Providence; and, in his old age, I recall his laying his hand on the scar in his forehead, where the fractured skull had been trepanned, and saying: "I owe to that fall, under the providence of God, all the success and good fortune of my life. It was that fall that attracted the notice of our good Parson Williams; and to his efforts with me, and persuasions with my parents, I owe the fact of my education, which fitted me for all that followed."

My mother realized all my father's reasons for personal friendship for Parson Williams, and she shared them. But none the less did she feel the cloud of Calvinism that enwrapped the whole valley of the Connecticut in spiritual gloom. The phraseology of the pious was especially distasteful to her. In revival times, the evidences of conversion were discussed, much as the symptoms of a fever would be; and the deep things of God,—the soul's union with Christ, the "obtaining a hope," as it was called,—were

bandied about without reserve, and without joy. In infant schools, babies wept over their "wicked hearts;" and the children in older schools were separated into "sheep and goats," and sat on "anxious seats." If they died early, the little prigs had their memoirs written, in which they implored good old people, who had borne the burden and heat of the day in faith and patience, "*to come to Christ.*"

These things have passed by; the Orthodox of to-day would feel about them as the early liberal Christian did then. But looking at my mother as she was, and knowing how keenly she felt them all, I can only wonder at the patience with which she bore this spiritual regimen for fourteen long years.

Had she lived at this day, her far-seeing mind would have recognized the deep debt of gratitude which all New England owes to this old-fashioned Calvinism; and how, stern though it was, it was like New England's rocky soil,—an excellent region to be born in and to have come out from.

As it was, she really believed — and events have proved her in the right — that the doctrines of the Church, as then taught, often made infidels, materialists, and scoffers, through reaction. And so she fell back on the simple teachings of the New Testament, the words of Christ; and her open mind and untrammelled spirit experienced an untold joy in that liberty wherewith Christ makes his people free. And, though tenacious of her own interpretation of Scripture, she was never unjust towards those who differed from her, or slow to do full honor to the religious character, wherever she saw it exemplified.

I suppose she may be forgiven for having smiled during one of Parson Williams's sermons on the increasing luxury of the times, when he said in his broken voice, "Some attend to the *tylet* [toilette] and others to the *piny forty*," and for taking it off afterwards; the fact being that our own old English piano, and Madam Henshaw's spinet, were the only musical instruments in the town.

It is told of her that in the Sunday-school class which she faithfully taught, during the years that she remained in the Old Church, she was asked by one of the little people, "Mrs. Lyman, where is Heaven?" She put on her most solemn aspect, remained silent for a moment, then in impressive tones, with long pauses between, answered, "It is neither *before* you — nor *behind* you — nor *above* you — nor yet under your feet." Then with a rapid transition to a lighter tone, so characteristic of her, she said, inclining her head in his direction, "Parson Williams can tell you *the exact spot*, I can't."

In the year 1824 commenced the first open dissatisfaction in the Old Church at Northampton. The liberal families, few in number, were yet persons of high character and influence,—my father and Uncle Howe being prominent among them. All they asked for, was the privilege of hearing some ministers of the more liberal school for six Sundays out of every year, and this privilege the vote of the town gave them; and, at the settlement of the Rev. Mark Tucker as colleague to Parson Williams, it was well understood that this would be the case. But Mr. Tucker declined to exchange with Mr. Peabody, of

Springfield, and other liberal preachers, for the allotted six Sundays; and my father and Uncle Howe, finding remonstrance of no avail, at last "signed off" from the Old Church, and with a few families who shared their convictions they worshipped for some months in the town hall, hiring a liberal preacher to minister to them. That it cost them something to part company with old friends and neighbors on a question of such vital importance, who can doubt? Or that the stigma attaching to their views was not hard to bear? But my father and Uncle Howe knew what they had undertaken and why; and, having put their hands to the plough, they did not turn back. I do not suppose that women of the ardent temperament of my mother and Aunt Howe were always wise and judicious in their course at this time, although I never heard that they were not. But their piety was as strong as their convictions, and no personal bitterness ever mingled with the sorrows of the change. A friend who was at our house during this period recalls the glow of my mother's face on those beautiful Sunday mornings, when, having finished breakfast with the large family, she called on Hiram to take the horses and carriage, and go to the outskirts and gather up a few liberals who had no means of getting into town; then busied herself to collect the children's silver cups and her old tankards, which she gathered into her large apron, and carried to the town hall, to prepare the communion table; how she dusted the table, and then tucked her apron under the seat, and looked round thankfully on the little audience col-

lected to listen to Mr. Hall, and to receive the broken bread of life,—a real upper chamber, where “two or three were gathered in Christ’s name.”

It was during this year that she wrote the following letter to Mrs. Murray, which shows that her Unitarian views were not the result of fancy, or love of change, but grew out of an earnest study of the Scriptures :—

*To Mrs. Murray, July 1, 1824.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have received your kind letter by my husband, and am gratified to find that, notwithstanding the lapse of time since we saw each other, your feelings remain unchanged. I have thought it probable that as your sons advanced you might think it best to bring them here for education, as the most approved means at this time is among us. Mr. Lyman says you have some fears that it is a Unitarian institution. Let me inform you that there is nothing of the nature of sectarianism belonging to the school.

Unitarian parents prefer their children should accompany Mr. Bancroft to the Unitarian church, but nearly half the school go with Mr. Cogswell to the Orthodox church. This subject has insensibly led me to make some remarks to you on controversial topics. In my opinion, Christianity does not belong to one sect more than another; but equally to all those who imbibe the spirit of Christ, and adorn their lives with the virtues of his religion, whether it be Baptist, Methodist, Unitarian, or Calvinist. As it regards myself, I think speculative

belief has but little to do with the religion of the heart. We are told that the devils *believe* and tremble. But *their* belief was never assigned to them as a virtue. I always shall concede to my friends what I claim for myself, the right of interpreting the Scriptures with my own understanding, and seeing with my own eyes, instead of allowing others to see for me and interpret for me. It appears to me that Jesus Christ declared himself to be a being distinct from God, when he said, "This is Life Eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." Again it is asserted that, "Jesus lifted up his eyes to heaven and said, Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee: as thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him. And this is eternal life, that they should know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent. I have glorified thee on the earth; I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do: and now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self, with the glory I had with thee before the world was." Now it does appear to me that beings so represented must be distinct; that the one imploring a favor must be inferior to the being who is to grant it. What does our Saviour say when accused by the Jews of blasphemy, who alleged that being a man he made himself God? In his answer does he claim the attributes of Deity? I think he defends himself from the charge of making himself equal with God, when he said, "Say ye

of him whom the Father hath sanctified and sent into the world, ‘Thou blasphemest,’ because I said I am the Son of God?” To my apprehension Christ disclaims underived power; he says, “Of myself I can do nothing.” In his last address to his disciples he says, “All power is given unto me, in heaven and on earth.” When one asked him, “Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life?” Jesus said unto him, “Why callest thou me good? There is none good but One, that is God.” In this expression, I think he meant to disclaim that perfection which is the peculiar attribute of Deity. I think our Saviour disclaimed omniscience likewise, when, directing the minds of his disciples to the Day of Judgment, he declares, “Of that day and that hour knoweth no man, neither the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son; but the Father.” I think he means here to express that he was ignorant of the Day of Judgment, and that God only knew the precise time when the predicted judgments would be inflicted. Our Saviour has said, “My Father is greater than I.” He was at the time of this declaration showing his disciples the sources of comfort which opened to them from the prospect of his resurrection, and at the same time exhibits to them that the moral purposes of his reign would be consummated by the assistance of God; and closes his subject with saying, “If ye loved me, ye would rejoice because I said, I go unto the Father; for my Father is greater than I.” “I love the Father, and as the Father gave me commandment even so

I do." Christ evidently here speaks of himself in his most exalted character, and absolutely disclaims an equality with the Father. Christ asserts that he is the messenger of God, that he preached not his own doctrines, but those of his Father who sent him. "I am come in my Father's name. I am not come of myself, but he that sent me is true. I proceeded forth and came from God; neither came I of myself, but he sent me. My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me." Again he says, "When ye have lifted up the Son of Man, then shall ye know that I am he, and that I can do nothing of myself; but as my Father taught me, I speak these things. I have not spoken of myself, but the Father who sent me, he gave me a commandment what I should say, and what I should speak." In a prayer addressed to his Father, our Saviour makes use of these expressions: "I have given unto them the words which thou gavest me: and they have received them, and have known surely that I came out from thee, and they have believed that thou didst send me."

Jesus Christ directed his disciples to offer their prayers to God through him as the one mediator. He likewise shows himself a subordinate being by the manner in which he addresses his God and our God. "Jesus lifted up his eyes and said, Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me; and I knew that thou hearest me always; but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me." When oppressed by personal suffering, he says: "O my Father, if it

be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." "He went away a second time, and prayed saying, O my Father, if this cup may not pass from me except I drink it, thy will be done." When crucified, he said of his persecutors: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." "And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, he said, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit; and gave up the ghost." These are the expressions, not of Supreme Divinity, but of a being dependent and actually suffering. The prayer which our Saviour taught the disciples is addressed to God the Father in heaven.

You will, my dear friend, perceive that in this letter I have aimed to prove by quotations from Scripture: First, the very words of our Saviour himself, that Jesus declared himself to be a being distinct from God; secondly, that he disclaimed the essential attributes of Supreme Divinity, undervived power, omniscience, and absolute goodness; thirdly, that he appeared in our world as the messenger of God, and preached to men, not his own doctrines, but the doctrines of God, who sent him; fourthly, that Christ prayed to God as the only proper object of worship, and directed his disciples to offer their prayers to God through him as the mediator; fifthly, that, having completed the business of his mission on earth, Jesus ascended to his God in heaven, and there received the reward of his obedience to the Divine Will unto death, even the death of the cross.

You may think I wish to convert you; but my

wishes are far otherwise. I wish to convince you that a Unitarian derives his belief from the Scriptures, as you do; and thinks reason and religion are on his side, as you do. I have never discovered that Trinitarians were any more virtuous for *their* belief, or that Unitarians were any less so for *theirs*. Hence I draw the inference I commenced with in the beginning of my letter, that speculative belief has little to do with real religion.

Your affectionate friend,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

It is doubtful if the habit so common at that time among both Calvinists and Unitarians, of quoting proof texts on either side, ever convinced any one. The advance in thought among the most intelligent and liberal in all denominations is very marked. The issues of to-day are also changed, and we can but hope that hour is coming, when the "letter which killeth," will be absorbed by the spirit which giveth life, and the true believers in God and immortality, and the leadership of the blessed Master, will forsake all minor differences, and join hands for the diffusion of these inspiring ideas, without hostility or condemnation for those who cannot accept them.

*Mrs. Howe to Mrs. Cabot, Feb. 23, 1823.*

MY DEAR ELIZA,— . . . I am sorry that our friends at the eastward consider us cold and dilatory on the subject of our society; at the same time I know they cannot be aware of the peculiar difficulties by which

we are surrounded. We ourselves understood them when we commenced, and we think our success has been beyond our most sanguine expectations. Our friends from the eastward have always written as if they thought there was a large number of Unitarians in this town; if that had been the case, we never should have consented to the arrangement made at the time of Mr. Tucker's ordination; but, in fact, we could not then count more than four or five males who were heads of families. When we determined to secede, we were less than twenty; and when Mr. Peabody preached for us in December, it seemed doubtful to us if we could procure an audience of fifty persons. It must be very obvious to any body who understands pecuniary affairs, that such a handful of persons could not have built a church and settled a minister, unless they were very rich, which we are not; or else very willing to beg, which we are not. We procured Mr. Hall; he has preached for us seven Sundays, and three Thursday lectures, to our universal acception and admiration. His preaching has been highly appreciated, and his character as a man has secured our respect and regard. In the meanwhile, the Calvinists have done everything to plague and thwart us that they could. They have *not* scared us, but they have tried to; and I dare say they have sent word to Boston they have succeeded. But no matter, facts speak. Yesterday we organized our society; about fifty persons associated themselves. Of these persons not more than six or seven can be said to be in easy circumstances; the others are persons who supply the

wants of every day by the toil of every day. It will be obvious that the principal burden of expense must rest on the six or seven first mentioned, but they are prepared for the work ; and *all*, even the *poorest*, have manifested the disposition to do what they can. A committee was chosen to build a meeting-house, and the money is to be paid for it by seven individuals. Another committee is chosen to make arrangements with Mr. Hall to remain with us permanently. Of our success in this we are not certain, because we know that his talents and attainments are such as entitle him to a better situation ; but we intend to make him the very best offer in our power, and it will be such a one as will enable him to live comfortably in this place,—and it is a situation in which he will be able to do a great deal of good ; and as he seems devoted to this object, it may be a powerful inducement with him to stay among us. I should like to have you state these facts to Dr. Channing, whose opinion we greatly reverence, and whose approbation we would gladly deserve. We hope to have him preach for us whenever we get a meeting-house. With respect to “all the world,” we intend to have a notice put in the paper for their information and satisfaction.

On the subject of the *Calvinistic* *zeal* which you advocate, I must say I greatly differ from you. I have lived among Calvinists twelve years, and I often have had them inmates of my house ; the recollections of this period of my life would furnish me well-authenticated anecdotes of them, which would fill a volume. I have sometimes thought to

record them, but I feel that it would be an unworthy office, and that it is far better to forgive their injuries, and remember their extravagances only to avoid them. I know that their zeal has carried them to distant lands and to the isles of the sea to make converts, and that it has enabled them to endow their theological institutions munificently; but I know, too, that it has in most instances failed to teach them the more difficult duty of subduing their own hearts, and eradicating their own bad passions. And I know, too, that much of the money bestowed on their favorite objects is procured by foolish and nefarious means. They do not hesitate to beg first in the parlor, and then in the kitchen,—first of the parent and then of the child; not only from the wealthy, but they will urge the pittance from the “hard hand of poverty.” They will do what is worse than *all*; they will go to the bed of death, and seize in God’s name the trifle which affection would bestow on needy relatives. This is nothing figurative,—facts bear me out in every assertion. This, and more also, the Calvinists have done for the Amherst Institution. They have hired beggars by the day, and taken subscriptions of twelve and a half cents from those who had not the change to give. If Cambridge would do this for its institution, they could get double the money they want in a few weeks. But would the end sanctify the means? I scorn to see such conduct under the mantle of religion. Our Saviour, when on earth, was indeed poor, but did he beg?

I have always thought it a great privilege of true

religion that it united so readily with common duties, and I will not allow that Unitarians are inferior to others in discovering its effects in their lives; but we will treat especially of their *zeal*. Surely, you have distinguished individuals among you, who have lent their whole intellectual existence to the cause of true religion; and I turn with pleasure to my good friend and minister, Mr. Willard, who has stood at an out-post for a course of years — rejected by his brethren, exposed to slander and malignity — and has exhibited a firmness of purpose and a strength of principle which convinces me he would not shrink from the fagot and the stake in supporting his Christian integrity; and the young minister whom we hope to call our own gives strong indications of the same character. He has not yet been tried, but I trust he will be able to pass the furnace of Calvinism without blenching. I hope you will not think me impetuous on this subject; but I have dwelt so long exposed to these unholy fires, I have seen them so often consuming all gentle and sweet affections, all noble and lovely virtues, all holy and heavenly principles, that they are the objects of my peculiar aversion: no crime named in the Decalogue brings more unpleasant association to my mind than *Calvinistic zeal*. I pray that we may kindle a purer flame, that it may burn with a more equal lustre, that it may enlighten many understandings and purify many hearts, making them fit inhabitants of that heavenly kingdom which is the object of all our aspirations. Do not think I mean to be indiscriminating in my censure of Calvinists. I

know that there are those among them who fear God and regard man; but these are not the persons who are continually thrusting themselves forward to relate their religious experiences, and publish their religious donations. True piety with them, as with sincere and devout Unitarians, takes a more quiet but a more useful and honorable course. I do believe that there are some sanctified hearts among all persuasions, but the general character of Calvinism seems to me to have few touches of the spirit manifested by our Lord and master. If you know any Calvinists who are distinguished alike for a true zeal and an enlightened Christian morality, I would thank you to let me know who they are, for I should be as willing to respect and admire them as you are. I feel that I ought not to tax your patience with them any longer.

Mrs. Mills has always manifested some impressions that the Calvinists here conducted improperly, though she has said but little about it. She attended a Thursday lecture here before she went to Boston, and I think hearing Dr. Channing and Mr. Gannett did her good. Nevertheless, she is so shackled here, I think it will be difficult for her to come over to us. Mrs. —— has for the most part observed silence; the Dwights, too, have been very silent, and have been at our meeting at an evening lecture. I think Charles Sedgwick's practical illustration of Unitarianism has been very serviceable to them. Betsey Chester is at Weathersfield. These are all the Calvinists here that you care anything about. We feel as though our worst

trials were over, and every one manifests great pleasure that they are so. If we only can get Mr. Hall, we shall be secure of a respectable society as well as a good minister. He came this afternoon, after I had half written my letter, and made us a social visit, and was very easy and agreeable; in this respect he has improved very much since he first came,—among entire strangers he appeared diffident and embarrassed. But that has passed away; though he is a truly modest man, he seems to possess the social turn which is so desirable in a minister. You do not know how attentive all the law-students have been to the preaching. I think it quite an object that young persons just entering life should exhibit such a disposition, as I do believe it will have a valuable effect on their future conduct.

As you may receive my letter at a time when you are not at leisure to read a volume, I think I had better say farewell. With love to your family circle, ever affectionately yours,

S. L. HOWE.

It will of course naturally be seen that no difference in the forms of their religious belief ever affected, in the smallest degree, my mother's feelings towards her Orthodox neighbors, or theirs to her. One whom she reverenced has said, "A saint should be as dear as the apple of an eye." And so they were to her, in all times and places. One lovely Christian woman in the Old Church, who distributed tracts every six months through certain

districts, was wont to call at these regular intervals on my mother, some years after our church was formed, with her package. She would make a long call, talking delightfully on many topics of common interest, and, just as she left, would drop the tracts in my mother's lap; who thanked her, laid them quietly in her mending-basket, and cordially urged her to come again. It was somewhat of a surprise to me, as soon as Mrs. E. had gone, to see her gather up the tracts in her apron, and drop them one by one into the fire; watching with a peculiarly beaming countenance the destruction of such cheerful titles as "Can these Dry Bones Live?" "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," &c., &c.

Why my straightforward mother should never have told Mrs. E. she did not want the tracts, and would not have them, I could not see; and I told her so. "Why, my dear," she exclaimed, "that woman is a saint. If I were to tell her *that*, she would stop coming to see me, and I should lose a visit I enjoy. *She* thinks she is doing God service in bringing me these tracts. Let her think so. I am sure there is nothing easier than for me to burn them up, so that they may never 'pison the fountains' in this house."

The establishment of the Round-Hill School in 1823, and of the Law School soon after, of which Judge Howe was the head, and its most inspiring influence, made an era in the life of my parents, from which they dated many of their highest social privileges. The coming of my Uncle and Aunt

Howe to Northampton in the year 1820 had been a source of unmixed satisfaction to both of them. At last, those retired and admirable lives that had been gathering strength and resource among the quiet hills of Worthington were to be brought into closer intercourse with a more extended circle, and to taste the delights of wider influence and more appreciative society. Ah! it is the destiny that *grows* as life wears on, that is the fine one! And yet in these latter days of luxury and over-refinement, we grudge those years in the lives of young people, when comparative retirement and privation and exertion are really fitting them for a middle age of highest usefulness and enjoyment. We want *them* to begin with all the gathered store of appliances with which *we* end. How grave a mistake!

The two schools brought to Northampton a corps of professors and teachers, such as few colleges have ever seen. Messrs. Cogswell and Bancroft, who were the first teachers in the Round-Hill School, were the first in this country to exemplify the system of the German Gymnasium; and all their arrangements were made on a scale of magnificence for that day, which soon attracted the sons of the wealthy from all parts of the country. In the summer-time, families from Virginia and the Carolinas would take boarding-places in the neighborhood, to be near their sons who were in the school; and my father delighted in his rare opportunities for intercourse with some of the choicest spirits of the South. For the Hamiltons and Middletons and Draytons and Waynes, with many others, found

themselves soon at home in the hospitable house whose front-door always stood open; and from the Law School came daily incursions of professors and scholars, whom Mrs. Burt would always designate to my mother (when she asked from the nursery who had come in) as "only the every-day gentlemen." Among these were Hooker Ashmun, George S. Hillard, George Tyng, Timothy Walker, Wm. Meredith, Russell Sturgis, and others. What a constant and pleasurable excitement for the grown-up sisters and cousins this society made, and what an entertaining time for my mother's little children, who were pets and companions always! How rarely we ever felt that we were put to bed to be got out of the way, although our hours were early and regular!

## CHAPTER XI.

Happy will that house be in which the relations are formed from character, after the highest and not after the lowest order; the house in which character marries, and not confusion and a miscellany of unavowable motives. . . . The ornament of ■ house is the friends who frequent it.—EMERSON.

HOW full to overflowing were my mother's days at this period of her life! It was the hey-day of her existence, in which little thought of self came to mar her absolute enjoyment of Nature, of her family, of society, and of choicest friends. Her perfect health made her life of activity a pleasure as well as a duty, and to this health there were few interruptions. During the months preceding the births of her children she suffered a great deal, and as her strength and vigor prevented her from claiming any immunity from care or exertion, she had not the rest she should have taken. But the births of her children were the slightest possible causes of retirement or anxiety in her case. She had never a physician at any time,—the faithful Burty carrying her through these occasions with excellent care and skill; and she able the very next day to sit up in her large easy-chair, with her mending-basket and book beside her, making first one and then the other her pastime for some hours of each day. One week was all the time that Burty ever could succeed

in keeping her in her room ; in the second week, she had resumed all the duties of the house, and was driving all over the country with my father. But, in all her cares and duties, she was seldom without the invaluable aid of my father's grown-up daughters and nieces.

Doubtless a nature so vivacious, and a life so active, experienced reaction enough to call up reflective sentiment whenever she wrote letters ; for these occasions were really among her few periods of comparative rest.

*To Miss Forbes, June 20, 1823.*

I have been expecting you every day for more than a fortnight ; in the mean time, Dr. and Mrs. Gorham have passed a day with me, and were disappointed that they could not meet you here. I was pleased with Mrs. Gorham, but the doctor is superlative ; I liked him amazingly. And I was glad to find that the unfortunate occurrences of his family did not prevent him from taking his wife to Niagara, as well as to the other curiosities of that part of the country ; though I think there was rather a cloud hanging over their prospects after they got to Canandaigua, but it had passed over before they got here, and they were in good spirits. I was sorry that the doctor did not let his wife go to the mountain, which they ought to have done in the morning before they came to visit me,—for you know the afternoon is no time to look on the western view. But I took her upon Round Hill, and rode around the town with them in the afternoon, and did all I

could to prevent their losing time while they stayed. Old Mrs. Lee came here a few days since, with her grand-daughters, from New York; and I could not help hoping, that by some accident you would hear of them and come at the same time; but now I despair of seeing you at all. I was much pleased to receive a note from you by Mrs. W., because it gave some encouragement to my hopes that you would not return to Boston without seeing us. I have feasted my eyes on the beautiful Mrs. Eliot, and think she is the queen of beauty,—in our hemisphere, at least. I never liked her husband as well as I did this time. He was exceedingly condescending and attentive to those around him. She appeared desirous to please, but her countenance indicated the melancholy reflections that had so lately had possession of her mind; you know she was the only daughter of her mother, and the subject of her idolatry.

I saw John a few days ago, and told him that you would be here soon. He is very well, and I always hear is doing well. The gentlemen on Round Hill have certainly made very great efforts, and they have been accompanied by the most wonderful success; which is not only fortunate for them, but very much so for the town. The instructors, too, all that I have known, have been of the highest order; and I think their method is greatly calculated to raise the standard of education in our country. I have enclosed an account of it, which I think exceedingly clear and intelligible, and which I believe was penned by Mr. Bancroft.

To Mrs. Greene, Sept. 10, 1823.

MY DEAR ABBY,— You know, nothing is so unusual in my family as solitude, or, in other words, as tranquillity; and in proportion to the rareness of our blessings we prize them. I hail this hour then with peculiar gratitude, for it is a temporary exemption from *care*, from *bustle*, and from *company*,—such a one as I cannot recollect to have experienced for more than three months. But much as present objects occupy me, I always find time and occasion to think of my dear Abby. Your last kind letter, together with Sally's, gave us much pleasure,—as do all your letters, inasmuch as they convince us of your continued health and happiness. Happiness in an unusual degree I always knew you must be in the enjoyment of, for you were always in the possession of a well-spring that cannot fail you altogether, though it may be subject to temporary checks. *Disciplined feelings*, with the determination to benefit others in all we do, must insure a measure of happiness.

I could get no further when an interruption stayed my hand, and my letter will have to wait another mail before it goes.

Charlotte left me some weeks ago, and Harriet came in to go to dancing-school and writing-school. I was very sorry to part with Charlotte. I believe I told you my baby was named Susan Inches; and a lovelier creature I never saw. Did I tell you in my last, that on the first of October Mr. Cogswell and Mr. George Bancroft — two professors from Cambridge — were going to open a school on the plan of

a German Gymnasium ; of course Joseph is to be an alumnus of the institution. It proposes to teach all that is taught in any college in the United States. I do not feel quite so much enthusiasm as to the success of their plan as many others do ; but, at any rate, they will be an immense accession to our society, as they are distinguished for their learning, piety, and wisdom. If I get an opportunity, I will send you their prospectus.

Emma Forbes is staying with me, and has just observed that she wished you made one of our circle. I never can cease to deplore those I am separated from by distance and by death, however I may appear reconciled to it. Present enjoyment will always depend much on our retrospect of the past, as well as our contemplation of the future. In the former —

“The few we liked, the one we loved,  
A sacred band ! come stealing on ;  
And many a form far hence removed,  
And many a pleasure gone,”

must, to the thoughtful, impair the enjoyment of the present. But hope — that anchor to the soul — is a partial antidote, and enlightens the gloom of melancholy reflections. For “fancy, delusive most where warmest wishes are,” arrays the future in the colors of the rainbow ; and we are deceived by it so gradually, that it is imperceptible to our dull senses, except it relates to some particular object, — such as a favorite child becoming profligate, or a near friend deceiving us. Perhaps the enthusiast enjoys most ; for enthusiasm adds an imaginary value to every object of our

pursuit, and of course brightens our anticipations in regard to it, be it what it may. . . .

*To Miss Forbes, Oct. 19, 1823.*

I have written this much concerning the Gymnasium, because I knew you were interested in its progress, as well as in John. We have a clergyman now preaching for us, who has been two years in Scotland, studying with Dr. Chalmers, but I hope he is not the best specimen of that kind of education, for it was the whirlwind in comparison with the "sigh of evening gales that breathe and die." . . . Mr. Hentz has dined with us once since you left us; he made particular inquiries after you; he is just in that state when youth,

"Adds bloom to health, o'er every virtue sheds  
A gay, humane, a sweet and generous grace,  
And brightens all the ornaments of man,"

and in every respect makes him the most interesting youth that ever was. Thinks Northampton a little heaven below, and wishes for nothing so much as to make it his future residence, which, if all things go well, no doubt he will do. . . .

*To Mrs. Greene, Dec. 14, 1823.*

It is unnecessary, my dear Abby, for me to inform you with what unmixed sentiments of pleasure and gratitude I heard of the safe arrival of your little daughter, for you must have observed by my last letter that I had given up all anticipations of such a gratification. I have a realizing sense of the joy

and gratitude which reign in your heart on this occasion. I think *that* produced by the birth of a first child is something of a more elevated and exciting cast than anything we ever experience afterwards. We feel ourselves called upon in a new capacity which we never realized the possession of, and combined with it such a new set of affections, sensations, and anticipations, that it in fact creates a new mental existence. But beware of the indulgence of these feelings to too great a degree; discipline your heart, and fortify your mind for all the inequalities which are incident to human enjoyment. And perhaps the enjoyment to be derived from our children is as susceptible of interruption as any we have. But uncertain as it may be, I can attest to this truth after twelve years of ordinary experience on the subject, there is no pleasure or satisfaction in human life which is equal to that afforded to us by our children. There is a constant compensation for all the care and sorrow they bring, either in their innocent playfulness, or their intellectual progress. And there is a pleasure, too (if a selfish one), in the idea that they, being of so exalted a nature, made but little lower than the angels, belong to us; we derive from it a new importance, a new self-estimation which rewards us for the increase of duties and responsibility that it brings. We that have families may look around us and say to ourselves, In the existence of all these dear objects we are identified; and in them we shall leave a representation of our efforts and, if we *have* any, of our excellences.

In the case of your parents, my dear Abby, they

appear to have but one thing left them, and that is or ought to be a rich and fruitful source of comfort to them. For I know of no people more blessed in their children. I presume Mary mentioned to you in her letter that Harriet had gone to Litchfield, where she will have the benefit of Mr. Brace's instruction for a year, unless she goes to you in the spring. The school there is much better than any we have here; the situation otherwise may not be as good. . . .

Martha is quite a favorite here; she has strength of mind with great originality, and much more improvement than you could anticipate with the disadvantages she has had to encounter. She reads to me every day, assists Anne Jean in getting her lessons, and explains them to her in a very lucid manner. Charlotte has a fair mind, and is perfectly innocent and pure in all her thoughts; and, if I were going to choose a friend and companion for Anne Jean, I do not know where I could find one so near her own age that I should prefer to Charlotte; for, at the same time she is without Anne Jean's levity of character, she is divested of her vivid fancy. But they mingle with great interest and harmony in each other's enjoyments. . . . I spent the time I was in Westfield at James Fowler's. He and his wife had just returned from a long journey, and found their youngest child dead, and were very melancholy; but that did not make them the less interesting to me; for they are good people and sensible people, and lead pious lives, and envy nobody. . . .

*To Miss Forbes, Northampton, March 21, 1824.*

“ Sae I gat paper in a blink,  
And down gaed stumpie in the ink,  
Quoth I before I sleep a wink,  
I vow I'll close it.”

Now, my dear Emma, nothing short of a resolution equal to that of my friend Burns, when he uttered these lines, could tempt me so far to absent myself from thoughts of present emergencies (of which there are a never-ending succession that claim my unwearied attention) as to undertake to write a letter. I shall never again wonder at people who give up writing. The circumstances which, to the head of a family, rise in opposition to it, are sufficiently formidable to justify a conscientious person in abandoning it altogether; but I am too selfish for that. I cannot give up the pleasure I derive from an intercourse with my absent friends; and, as I cannot purchase letters with any other coin, I will sometimes tear myself from the imperious duties of my family, and get up a scrawl. I should have answered your earnest inquiries about the Round-Hillers, but thought as Mrs. —— was going to Boston she could tell you about them; and as my account would not be exactly like hers, I thought you had better hear her first. I do not wonder that she feels as she does; yet at the same time that I can sympathize in her feelings, I cannot think with her about the gentlemen who keep the school. It is obvious to me that they are conscientiously bent on bringing their scheme to the highest perfection, and that all their efforts and all their time are now occupied to that

effect. They say that no boy in the school has been more assiduous, or has improved more the last quarter, than John has; he attends principally to Latin and French. Joseph does the same, with the addition of Greek and English,—the latter at my earnest entreaty. Mr. Bancroft told me that as the days became longer, and the children got more advanced in the languages, they should pay more particular attention to English studies,—which is the only objection that ever could be raised against the school. From what I know of other schools, there is no doubt in my mind it is far superior to any in our country. And I believe with such materials they will make John both a good man and a scholar.

Miss C—— passed an evening with me a short time since; she said she thought, with the exception of four or five, the boys were uncommonly stupid and ignorant; and I think her opinion to be relied on as unprejudiced. But when I reflect on the aggregate of society, there is not a larger proportion of intelligent people, if as many, as four to sixteen!

Are you not glad that Mary Pickard is going to England? She will be a loss to her friends here, but she will more than compensate them on her return for a temporary deprivation. But suppose her friends in England should tempt her to remain with them? I am sure I should think they would.

I feel very glad that Edward and Ann are going; if he were perfectly well, I see no reason why they should not go: they have seen but little of the world, and as they are divested of its cares, it will enlarge their minds, and do them a great deal of

good. I wish I were going myself, but I believe I shall have to content myself with remaining stationary. I suppose you have read "Saint Ronan's Well." I think it the poorest thing that has appeared in print for many years,—that I have read, I should add. The evil always has been a serious one to encounter such people as prevail in that book, but to be called on to contemplate them in books is an unnecessary evil, and therefore more intolerable than our actual experience of them; for they do not seem designed to contribute to any moral views. In short, the author does not appear to have any end in view, but to string together the shreds and patches of his imagination that nothing may be lost; and there is an avarice in it that I don't like. I have lived among the Indians lately. I have been reading Heckwelder's account of them. He found a great many Yamoydens among them during his forty years' residence in their society. I am now reading what you must get and read — Mr. Bancroft's translation.

*To Mrs. Greene, April 27, 1824.*

Three years have elapsed since we parted; in that time I have had much satisfaction from contemplating you in the enjoyment of a great many calm and rational pleasures, such as only the well-balanced and rational mind can enjoy. And the pain of separation has been much mitigated to me by the belief that you have been withdrawn from sorrows which would have pierced your heart had you been here,—though your presence could not have had the effect to remove them. . . .

You know —— is peculiarly susceptible of the influence of those around her, and if she could always live with good people she would always be good; and the reverse is equally true. . . . Now, you know no one more cordially approves of matrimony than I do. I think it is the effect of an interest in domestic duties to strengthen our virtues, to enlarge our benevolence, and to concentrate our good affections; it helps to a sound judgment and right-balancing of things, and assists in giving integrity and propriety to the whole character. But this cannot be the case unless there is something to engraft upon, and unless the union consists of materials calculated to foster the growth of such principles. . . .

My sister C. divided the winter between Mrs. Howe and myself; and I am just now quite afflicted to be obliged to part with her, but it is unavoidable. She diffuses most salutary influences on all those who come within her sphere. She is always happy herself to a certain degree, because she lives in the cultivation of unfailing resources of a purely intellectual character, such as have no dependence on artificial excitements or dissipation of time for their basis.

I have been reading lately such trash as "Adam Blair," "Reginald Dalton," and "The Spae Wife," and got a little entertainment, if not instruction, from them; and, for better aliment, Mr. Sparks's Tracts and "The Christian Examiner." Adieu!

*To Miss Forbes, Oct. 23, 1824.*

I am perfectly astonished that Mr. H. should have made so wise a choice. Mrs. H. certainly ap-

pears like an uncommonly rational woman, is very interesting in her manners, and I should judge would prove every thing such a thriftless man would want in regard to economy. She dresses herself with great neatness and good taste, contrary to my expectations ; and all who have seen her are much pleased with her.

I have had a short but delightful visit from Miss Sedgwick. She is indeed a most excellent character, and has all the requisites for making herself agreeable to every class of society, and seems to be equally beloved by all the different ranks with whom she mingles. I am sure I wish there were *more* like her in the world ; but they are so rare that she may be said almost to be a unique. It is really wonderful that two such women as herself and Mrs. Theodore Sedgwick should have fallen to the lot of *one* family. If Mr. Minot had not lost his house by fire, Miss Sedgwick would have made a long visit in Boston this autumn. I am sure I am very sorry she did not. I think she would be a more operative leaven in that society, than in New York.

*To Mrs. Greene, Nov. 24, 1824.*

I have neglected to describe my New Bedford friend, Miss Rotch, to you ; though I intended to do it at length, when I commenced, hoping to communicate to you some of the pleasure she afforded me by her society. But now I could not do her justice, and will not attempt it, more than to say she was born and educated in England as an enlightened Quaker ; is a speaker of great and distin-

guished eloquence among her adherents, and is rendered peculiarly interesting by great personal beauty.

*To Miss Forbes, Jan. 12, 1824.*

You recollect my old favorite among the young men, —. He settled in Springfield on purpose to court —, whom he fell in love with at first sight, at a Fourth of July party in this town. The sequel is, that, after being engaged to him a year, she has gone to New York, seen somebody she likes better, and turned poor — adrift. So much for being a *butterfly* instead of a woman. What do you think of such pliable affections, as well as morality? At any rate, such things have the sanction of fashion to authorize them. I presume it will not injure the lady in anybody's estimation but *mine* and two or three such antiquated lovers of constancy.

The foregoing letter was discovered by my father on the afternoon of the next day, the 12th; and he hastened to announce with pious gratitude the birth of his eleventh and last child, Catherine Robbins.

January 12th. I found the foregoing letter in its present state this afternoon. I now have the pleasure to announce to you the birth of a beautiful daughter. Rejoice with me, my dear Emma, and render praise to the Author of every good and perfect gift. And let all our friends unite with us.

In haste, I am truly your friend,

JOSEPH LYMAN.

How sure were all the family friends to write to Cousin Emma of every event that occurred, whether of joy or sorrow, certain that she would feel them all in her heart of hearts. Madame Récamier's biographer says of her that she had "the genius of sympathy." And so had this dear friend, in an almost unequalled degree. Can we ever forget the glow of her expression, the glistening of her eye, the pressure of her hand? Will any one, who was a little child then, ever forget the tone in which she said "*My love*"? Our dear Lizzie Ware used to say of her, that she was equally at home in a palace or a hovel. And so she was, for the depth and warmth of her sympathy led her for the moment to put herself wholly in the place of each.

In February of 1825, Cousin Emma decided to go to Europe,—a trip far less frequently taken than now; and the cousins joyfully gave her a God-speed over the wide waters.

*Mrs. Howe to Miss Forbes, Northampton, Feb. 25, 1825.*

MY DEAR EMMA,—As I hear you are going over the great water, I must write a few words to bid you God-speed. A thousand interesting objects present themselves to my mind when I think of such a voyage; if I were young and without care, it were the thing of all others that I should delight in; as it is, I have neither the wish nor the hope of ever undertaking it. But when you are in the far, foreign land, I wish you would now and then look at things with my eyes, so as to bring me home pictures of them. I mean the eyes of my under-

standing. Many things would delight me, but of all God's works there is nothing I love like his human creatures. You will see Walter Scott — the person who has given me more pleasure than any one living whom I never have seen. Leave not a hair of his head unscanned, and if you can get his barber to save a hair that he combs out, for me, I will put it up with the single one I have of General Washington.

I hope you will see Mrs. Grant; I should like to know if she retains the warm affections of her youth, now that she is in the vale of years. If you go to Dumfries, you will see Burns's monument, and that living monument of him, his Jean. You will see other people, I dare say, whom the literary annals of the last twenty or thirty years have made familiar; and I would set down in my journal the impressions they make, as you go along, lest hurrying from place to place should drive valuable ideas from your mind. It requires great industry and effort to keep a journal when travelling; but you will do it, because it will be a treasure when the cares of the world have blotted some interesting recollections from your memory. What a store you will lay up for future entertainment for your friends; and how much you will enlarge the compass of your own thoughts! Next to celebrated human beings, beautiful natural scenery is the most interesting thing to see in foreign lands; you will feel this beauty in a high degree. Milton Hill is a fair school for the cultivation of taste in that department. Our own favored land is rich in natural

beauty, but we have not the wonders of art, the beautiful buildings, the rich paintings, the curious machinery, which you will visit. Pray be all eye and all ear, for there will be hungry expectants on this side of the water for the treasures your senses are to collect for you.

You will see Mary Pickard; how welcome you will be to her! But, perhaps, unlucky chances may prevent this meeting. You will carry friends with you, so that you cannot be desolate; and may your voyage cheer drooping spirits, and give all the satisfaction which you hope for from it! I give the warning Mary Revere gave to Mary Pickard: do not let any foreign knight-errant detain you from your country and your friends; this is the land of liberty and of plenty; it gave you birth, and I hope it may crown your gray hairs with countless blessings.

Susan joins me in affectionate wishes. I never see John. Round Hill is a monastery, and the inhabitants never mingle with others. I dare say he has written to you, to bless your path over the waves.

We are all pleased and happy that our new society is formed, and that we are to have a new meeting-house; this is the only news I have for you.

Fare you well! If the prayer of friendship will guide you in safety, it shall be yours.

S. L. HOWE.

*Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes, Northampton, Feb. 23, 1825.*

MY DEAR EMMA,—How truly in the spirit of a heroine it is for you to go to England; and yet

I never heard of your imagining such a thing in your most romantic visions of the future. I am glad it is so, and half envy you the privilege. It will furnish your mind with a great deal of new imagery, and you will ever after find your views enlarged both of people and things, as well as your imagination enriched. To a well-balanced mind every thing turns to account, because all the variety of circumstances which occur to it receives a right direction, and teaches us to draw from them a moral influence. Then you are favored, my dear Emma, in this means of doing yourself and friends good.

I have had nothing peculiarly pleasurable in the events of the past winter. But now that the time is consumed, I have much to contemplate which excites gratitude and affords satisfaction, and the result of which I believe would compensate for a great deal more trouble than I have had. Don't you wish you could see little Catherine, whom everybody acknowledges to be the prettiest creature that ever was seen, for six weeks old? Susan, too, is a good little kitten, and moreover looks well; Mrs. Burt is spoiling her as fast as she possibly can. I shall try one of these days to rescue her; but at present let her entirely alone, not thinking it worth while to spend my strength governing a child of her age,—though I dare say Mr. Everett's and Mr. Norton's children (of the same age) are little philosophers at this time.

Mr. Bancroft is a very frequent visitor here; but Mr. Cogswell I never see. I believe he thinks I had

some hand in a lampoon which Mrs. Howe wrote, and which I think has been of vast service to him, or rather to the school.

There are but two or three children equal to John in the school. Mr. G. says he never saw so many ordinary children collected in one institution, and he should not have thought it possible.

I do not allow myself to be much excited by our religious affairs. The town meeting is over, and a division has taken place, and a meeting-house is to be built.

[The remainder of this letter is lost.]

*Mrs. Howe to Miss Forbes, Northampton, Nov. 16, 1825.*

MY DEAR EMMA,—With heartfelt pleasure I welcome you to your native land, and sympathize in the pleasure and gratitude you must feel in once more finding yourself safe on *terra firma*. I heard of your arrival by a gentleman from New York, before you reached Boston, and it was a real relief to me; for I had begun to be a little fidgety about you, having heard that you sailed the last of September. I conjectured you must have blown off to the West Indies, in a south gale we had the last of October, or some such unexpected and undesired cause of detention; but here you are once more among us, and with a mind and imagination stored with a thousand delightful things that will remain with you as long as you live, while the inconveniences you have suffered will soon be forgotten, or remembered only for their moral uses. I thank you for your letter; it is a treasure to me. It reached me in one

of those unhappy hours, when I was trembling for the life of my dear Catherine. I will not dwell on the scenes past at Milton; the recollection is yet so fresh and so painful, that I would gladly find a more cheerful subject. But I know they should be remembered with gratitude, that those dear to us were spared and restored after all their sufferings and danger. Your mother was the greatest assistance and comfort to us,—indeed, I believe she was, under God, the means of preserving Catherine's life, when in the greatest peril.

I have a great deal of pleasure in Mrs. Hentz; she is more like some of my old friends than any new acquaintance I have made since I came to the Connecticut River. She has always lived near me, until to-day they have removed into a house Mr. Hentz has lately purchased in King Street. It is very snug and in good repair, and I think they will enjoy a house of their own very much. Mrs. Hentz has met with quite a trial, in being obliged to put her baby out to nurse. He was too feeble to remain with her, and she could not accommodate him with a healthy nurse nearer than the top of Chesterfield Hill, which seems, at least, as formidable to her as you found any of the Welsh mountains. You have enough baby-enthusiasm to realize this privation.

Mrs. Lyman's children have been ill all summer, but are now well. C. is just the beautiful creature you saw S. two years ago; and S. is beautiful as an angel, and goes to school and learns her letters.

I long to see you and "hear your cracks;" but it must be here, I believe, for I am stationary for the

winter, at least. When can you come? I saw John on Sunday, and told him of your arrival. Mr. Howe is away holding court, or he would send his love to you. Susan is well, and sends her love. My young folks are all fat and saucy. I go to my new house in a fortnight, and am busy making preparation. Remember me affectionately to your mother and the little girls.

Yours ever, with true affection,

S. L. HOWE.

*Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes, Northampton, Dec. 8, 1825.*

MY DEAR EMMA,—Ever since your return, I have had it in my heart to congratulate you on having crossed and recrossed the Atlantic, but I have had no kind of control of my time. My baby has occupied me day and night since Sally Woodard left me, and Mrs. Burt fell into her place; added to that, I have been a great sufferer with the teeth-ache. I am sure nothing could give me a more lively sensation of pleasure than beholding you. At the same time that I should see my dear Emma, with the same heart and feelings she used to have, I should find her head arrayed in a great deal of new furniture, and her conversation adorned with a great deal of new imagery, which would be very delightful to me. I would not allow you to say one word of present subjects, except as comparing them with your past experience. I am happy to say that I have not one unpleasant sensation in hearing people say, "When I was in Europe." Having my friends go there, and communicate to me what they have

seen, is the only compensation I have for the absolute certainty that I shall never see it myself. Your letter, written in Scotland, I can never sufficiently thank you for. It came at a time when I most needed something to withdraw my attention from present suffering.

The last year has been the most trying one of my life, as it respects sickness, care, and anxiety. Until within a month, I never have known a single night of unbroken rest for a year,—a circumstance which tends very much to shatter both the nerves and the understanding. For more than two months, I was in the daily anticipation of the death of one of our family at a distance, besides contemplating sick children at home; and I think it has all combined to make me about sixty years old. Now, I don't know of any thing that can make me younger but having Catherine and you jump into the stage, and come up here and make me a visit; and perhaps you can get your mother to come, too. As it regards the children's coming at some future time, the prospect has brightened very much.

Only think of my having such a saint in the house ten days as Henry Ware! Should you not have thought it would have converted us, and that we should now be as good as he is himself? I most devoutly wish it were so.

An interruption warns me to bid you adieu.  
With much affection,

A. J. LYMAN.

## CHAPTER XII.

The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die, and their departure is taken for misery, and their going from us to be utter destruction: but they are in peace. For though they be punished in the sight of men, yet is their hope full of immortality. For the memorial of virtue is immortal: because it is known with God and with men. When it is present, men take example at it; and when it is gone, they desire it: it weareth a crown, and triumpheth for ever, having gotten the victory.—WISDOM OF SOLOMON.

IN the summer of 1825, a severe form of typhoid-fever appeared in the family at Brush Hill, and several members of the family were stricken with it. It was a very sad summer. My Uncle, Edward H. Robbins, was very ill with it in Boston, and recovered; but his devoted friend, Mr. Marshall Spring, who was much with him during his illness, took the disease from him, and died,—a life-long grief to my uncle. My Aunt Howe, on hearing of her brother's illness, went directly to assist in the care of him, although her heart and hands were always full of her own home cares. After three weeks of great anxiety, she returned to Northampton, but had been at home only a few days when the news came that her sisters Mary and Catherine were taken ill, directly after she left them, with the same disease. With characteristic solicitude and

disinterestedness, my Aunt Howe immediately made arrangements to quit her family again and return to Brush Hill, to nurse her sick sisters; and her husband did every thing to aid her to get off. In a private memoir of my Uncle Howe, which my Cousin Mary has kindly permitted me to use, my Aunt writes: "I received the letter announcing that my sisters were more ill, on Friday evening. I did not feel willing to wait until the next week, and I told my husband I wished to take the morning stage. He said he would carry me to Belchertown that night, that I might not have the fatigue of going through in a day. I felt that this necessity to part with me so soon again was a great sacrifice to him, and I highly appreciated the generosity with which he made it."

My two aunts recovered, although they seemed long to hover between life and death; and when she had seen them so far restored that they could do without her unwearied devotion, my Aunt Howe returned to Northampton. Only a few days after her return, she received news of the death of a faithful and attached domestic at Brush Hill, whom she had left, as she supposed, also convalescent.

*Mrs. Lyman to her Mother, Northampton, Aug. 24, 1825.*

DEAR MOTHER,—I little thought to have experienced so sudden a check upon the joy and gratitude that filled my heart last week, as the sickness of Catherine has produced. I was contemplating a tour to see you, with the little baby and Edward, who is a confirmed dyspeptic. He has got pretty

well; but nothing seems to agree with his stomach, and he looks very feeble, though he is uncomplaining. I don't know that I ever had so much cause for anxiety about any of my children. I should be so much occupied with my children that I should only be in your way if you have sickness, without having any opportunity to relieve you; and I shall, of course, give it up. We have enjoyed Abby's visit highly; though her person is extremely thin and changed, the excellent qualities of her heart remain untarnished; she is the same interesting, good creature that she was when she left us; and her husband seems to have a just sense of her worth, which he proves by a most devoted kindness and attention to her. She has a very delicate child, but it appears healthy.

I dare say you have heard of our disappointment in relation to Mr. Hall, who is too unwell to determine when he can be ordained. Give my love to Catherine. I am sure I wish I could be with her; but the claims of little children are not to be resisted, and she is aware that the most important station for me is in the midst of them. What with the conflicting claims of society and of children, I cannot compare my life this summer to any thing but living on the top of a high tree, in a great gale of wind, in which all one's efforts are bent to holding on. Sally has got home without sustaining any ill effect from her journey, or the children from her absence. I don't know that Judge Howe regrets it, but we think it a great pity that he has got his house so small; there are a sufficient num-

ber of rooms, but they are all too small. The parlors that open together are the size of our library, and those are the largest rooms in the house. But I believe I have an unreasonable dislike of small rooms for a large family. We have parted with Abby, who has gone to Providence; she was afraid she should not go to Boston, but I think Mr. G. will.

Tell Catherine, as soon as she gets well enough, I shall have her transported up here. I thought I would send her a copy of Mrs. Hentz's hymn, written for our ordination. Sally's little James is rather sick, but I hope not seriously.

In the year 1826 came off a famous dramatic entertainment at our house, in which the most beautiful girls in our village (so famed for beauty) took part, and the finest young men in the Law School were also actors. The "Lady of the Lake" was dramatized with wonderful effect; my father and Uncle Howe declaring that they had never seen any such acting on any stage in Boston or New York. The beautiful Martha Strong, the pride of our village, dressed in a suit of Lincoln green, took the part of James Fitz-James; and for many years after the tears would come to my mother's eyes as she described the scene where he was found alone, mourning over the loss of his steed. My mother allowed the house to be turned inside-out and upside-down, to arrange for this elegant theatrical display; and she was rewarded by the enthusiastic pleasure of the young actors and of the neighborhood,—who were wont to tell of it for years. For a scene of this

kind was of rare occurrence in those days. The children were moved up-stairs, and the nursery converted into a green-room; a stage was erected at the end of the long hall, and one of the corridor windows was removed. So that when the lovely Ellen pushed "her light shallop from the shore," the boat glided off the stage by invisible ways and pulleys, past a wooded shore of evergreens, directly into the corridor, which was dark. The beautiful Anne Jean took the part of Allan Bane; and with her white wig and bending figure, touched her harp with most mournful and effective strains. My cousin Martha was Lord Douglass; and other parts were equally well chosen and sustained. What acting is so fine as the private acting of a band of enthusiastic young persons of culture and refinement?

*To Mrs. Greene, March 22, 1826.*

MY DEAR ABBY,—Mr. Eben Hunt's illness has cast a gloom over our neighborhood, together with the illness and death of a young man by the name of Wilder, whom, I dare say, Mr. Greene will remember to have seen at the Cambridge Commencement, where he had the first part. He was altogether the finest young man of his age that I ever knew, and his being removed from this world was one of the most inscrutable and mysterious Providences that I have ever experienced. He had aged and respectable parents depending on his efforts. He was the professor of mathematics on Round Hill, though a member of Judge Howe's Law School. He was one of those delightful characters that insure

the unqualified regard and admiration of all who know them, and I can hardly contemplate his death with composure. He had those warm, social feelings which gave him peculiar power to diffuse pleasure wherever he visited, which he did here frequently.

Our neighbor, Mrs. Pomeroy, died this winter with a lung fever. Our clergyman, Mr. Hall, was so unwell as to go to Baltimore immediately after the dedication, and pass the winter. So that you see we have had abundant cause for gloom. . . .

I was sorry to find that you were going to be disappointed about Mr. Willis's residence, but hope there will be some compensating circumstance annexed to it, such as will reconcile you in some measure to the evil.

My sister Catherine has passed the last few weeks with me, and we have had so few interruptions from society that we have become quite literary, and begin to think ourselves quite of the "blue-stocking order." We have read, amongst other things, Scott's "Lives of the Novelists,"—a most delightful book, particularly to one who has read the old-fashioned novels, as you and I have,—such as "Clarissa Harlowe," "Sir Charles Grandison," and others of the same stamp and age. We have read also Moore's "Life of Sheridan," and Prior's "Life of Burke," which books afford one a most lively contemplation of the great men and the state of the different parties which existed *before* and *at* the period of the American and French revolutions. As I am in my old age increasing my interest in political affairs,

and have a satisfaction in tracing to their causes the most recent events in the history of the world, as having a more immediate bearing on the present state of things, all this is very agreeable to me.

Nov. 2, 1826.

MY DEAR ABBY,— Judge W. has returned to Savannah. Mrs. W. is a very beautiful and accomplished woman, but not of natural fine abilities. I think less and less of fine accomplishments every day. If they are the ornaments of a very fine character, it is very well; but if they decorate a coarse material, they only illustrate more powerfully the defect of the original fabric, and, instead of being a cover, they render it more conspicuous to any but a superficial observer.

*Mrs. Lyman to Caroline Lee Hentz, Dec. 25, 1826.*

MY DEAR MRS. HENTZ,— I have read your letters with so much pleasure, and so warmly reciprocate the feelings expressed in them, that I cannot withhold my pen. We thought of you with a good deal of anxiety, I assure you, until we heard from your own pen that you had reached your journey's end, without any other disasters than might have been reasonably expected. Our temporal journeys are very apt to be like the journey of life,— made up of pleasures and pains, of hopes and fears, and promises of sunny days which are soon overcast by the clouds of disappointment. But that true philosophy which supplies an invariable antidote to all the troubles we are subject to, short of sickness and

death or vice, is a just estimate of the realities of life, connected with the never-failing trust which is awakened by correct views of religion, or confidence in an overruling Providence, which has for its end the "good of mankind." There is much to cheer us in this belief. If we value our own deserts only as we should, we shall not form too bright anticipations for our fate. If we appreciate poor human nature to be the imperfect thing it is, we shall not be surprised in our intercourse with our fellow mortals at the imperfect pleasures which result from such interchange, but shall be fortified by these just conceptions to meet all the casualties of which life is made up.

But you do not want to hear me prosing to you about what you know as well as I do; you want to know how much the people of Northampton had their happiness lessened by your absence, and whether their love was worth having. Then let me tell you mine was. For if I did not see you often, I had a pleasure in contemplating my vicinity to you. I think of all good people in my neighborhood as the beings who contribute to purifying the moral atmosphere. My pride, too, is gratified in the belief that they are improving the credit of our *kind*, and helping it to a better *name*: and, in short, that they give a character to our society. I am truly glad to find that you are favorably impressed with your new situation, and that you are convinced that *happiness* is not *local*, but everywhere. The well-balanced mind and truly disciplined heart will find it in places much less pleasant than our beautiful

valley, and, I am sure, will often realize the absence of it here in those deficient of the above-mentioned qualities.

Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Beck will not be married for six or eight weeks. Mr. Hall and his wife are pleasantly situated at our son Sam's; they have half the house, and Mr. Ware's two children live with them. They are a perfectly congenial couple, and I think have laid their foundation deep for happiness; she is every thing a good woman and a minister's wife should be, and he is constantly increasing the love of his people towards him.

Mrs. Howe sent your letter to the Miss Seegers for their gratification, and they have read it with delight. Mary is going there this evening to a dance. Jane is passing the winter in Boston.

Mr. Mills went away, accompanied by Mrs. Mills, in quite an invalid state. I very much doubt if he ever recovers. Helen is engaged to Charles Huntington, and Sally remains as when you were here. Mrs. Howe has the pleasure of having my sister Catherine with her, and they both desire their love. With much love to Mr. Hentz, believe me, your sincere friend.

*To Mrs. Greene, Jan. 9, 1827.*

MY DEAR ABBY,—I continue to use my old recipe for opening my heart; you will recollect that Lord Bacon said there was nothing like a true friend for that purpose, “to whom we may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatever lieth on the heart to oppress it.” He likewise says, “It

is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness ; and whoever is in his nature and affections unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast, and not from humanity." After dilating the subject to its true extent without magnifying its influence, he closes with observing, "Friendship indeed maketh a fair day in the affections from storms and tempests ; it likewise maketh daylight in the understanding out of darkness and confusion of thoughts." I am a believer in its power, for I have always indulged myself in all its privileges, though it has been my fortune to live widely separated from some of those I love best, and feel most confidence in, as the repository of my feelings.

JUNE 15, 1827.

I have been reading Wordsworth's "Excursion" of late ; I could read it again and again with renewed pleasure. It is not a popular book at all, but I am not astonished at that. The light-minded and frivolous part of the community should not understand it, and those who read poetry merely for amusement would not. But I do wonder that it is not more read and admired by thinking people ! There is little in it to gratify the appetite for narrative and adventure ; it is sometimes dull, even to tediousness ; notwithstanding which, I consider it the most splendid monument of thought, of deep reflection, and beautiful sentiment that has been reared in many generations. It has to do with the mind altogether, its capacities, its pleasures, its abuses, and its dis-

eases; and to understand it you must read it with all your faculties as much concentrated as to read Locke. It contains the truest philosophy, the soundest views of life, the purest devotion, and the most eloquent poetry; and if these are not more than enough to compensate for its defects, then indeed it deserves the neglect it has met with. To my apprehension, Wordsworth has excelled in the highest order of poetry,—in the moral sublime. I wish you would read it. I believe in some of my letters I have described our minister, and the state of our parochial affairs. I am glad you saw Edward Lowell; he is called the finest young man of his age that there is in Boston. Quite a prodigy of learning, premature in everything.

JULY 12, 1827.

Have you read "Woodstock"? I think it altogether the best of Scott's late productions, and may be considered a fine historical sketch calculated to strengthen and confirm the impressions of Cromwell's character and times. The works of Mrs. Barbauld have lately been published, and should make a part of every lady's library. Her life and writings have done much to elevate the standard of female character, and I feel a pride in them that I am sure is not sinful; though I am humbled to think such people are so rare, and that there is only such a constellation as Mrs. Barbauld and Miss Edgeworth and Miss More and Mrs. Hemans about once in a century, though there are some I have not mentioned, who certainly are not inferior to them,—Mrs. Ham-

ilton and Mrs. Radcliffe for instance. I am drawing near the end of my paper without having said much; I wish to know every thing about little C. I pray and hope you will get her through the summer without sickness. . . .

I long to look in upon you, and see the dear children. I hope you will be so fortunate as to raise them, for I consider children a great blessing; although they are a blessing accompanied by great care. But 'tis care that, like ballast in a ship, helps to preserve the mind's balance by checking its buoyancy; and, as that is good for us and necessary for us we ought not to consider it an evil.

I hope you have seen Miss Sedgwick's "Hope Leslie." It is a most exquisitely beautiful thing.

In the autumn of 1827, our minister, Mr. Edward B. Hall, being in ill health, the pulpit was supplied by ministers from Boston and the neighborhood; most of the preachers being young men. My mother was warmly attached to Mrs. Hall, and felt the anxieties and cares that this excellent and high-minded woman was subject to very sensibly. All the more that Mrs. Hall was one of those cheerful, sustained Christians who never looked on her cares as hardships, but who bore all burdens in the happiest frame of mind. During this autumn my mother heard that Mrs. Hall was expecting one of the preachers to stay at her house for a fortnight. She did not even know the name of the expected guest; but she knew Mrs. Hall was not well: so she sent her word that when the preacher came she would like to have him transferred to her house.

It was Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, then a young man, who took up his abode for a fortnight under her friendly roof. I have no power to convey in words the impression she used to give me of this visit, or its effect upon her appreciative mind. To her sister she mirthfully quoted an expression sometimes used by her Orthodox neighbors about certain students at Amherst, and wrote: "O Sally! I thought to entertain 'a pious indigent,' but lo! an angel unawares!" Not long after this visit my brother Joseph became intimate with Charles Emerson at Cambridge; a friendship which my mother hailed as one of the highest and holiest influences in the life of her beloved son. She rarely saw Mr. Emerson in her later life; a few letters passed between them. Once (in 1849) he spent a few days at her house, while lecturing in Northampton; and, after her removal to Cambridge he called to see her. The personal feelings towards him thus engendered burned henceforth with a flame that threw light upon every passage of his writings, gilded the gloom of many a weary day, and made her fine face shine with responsive sympathy for the author, as she read aloud. She was wont to feel a sort of property in him and his works; and I have seen her ready to shed tears when she could not see any appreciation of his thought in her listener. To one I have heard her say "Well! you call that *transcendental*, and *that's all* you have to say about it. I call it the profoundest common sense." To another, "You think it very arrogant of me to pretend to understand Mr. Emerson. Well, I tell you I have the

key to him ; and I am not going to pretend I have *not*, whatever any one thinks."

And so as the years went by, and volume after volume appeared of the "Essays," she hailed them with delight, and read them till they became a part of herself.

In December of 1827 fell the heaviest shadow on the social life of my dear father and mother that they had yet known. My Uncle and Aunt Howe (who had moved into the new house they had just built at the foot of Round Hill) were full of delight in their home, and enjoyed it all the more from having been subjected to many changes and inconveniences, which, however, they had always borne with their accustomed patience and cheerfulness. My Uncle Howe had been very successful in building up the Law School, and his hopes of the future were high and sound. His health, never firm, was seldom a serious drawback to his efforts. But in this year it sensibly declined. Mr. Rufus Ellis, in his admirable little memoir of him, writes :—

"Through life he had been afflicted with most exhausting headaches ; indeed, almost every effort at the bar was followed by suffering of this sort,—and this year began with violent attacks, from which he did not recover so thoroughly as at former times. During this year a slight difficulty of breathing first showed itself, originating in a cartilaginous formation in the windpipe, which from the first was beyond the reach of human skill. These last days in his earthly home were not without their premonitions to Judge Howe, and he seems to have been

persuaded that his end was at hand. The current of many of his thoughts is apparent from a dream, which made a very deep impression upon him.

"He seemed to stand upon the piazza of his dwelling, his new home but lately erected, as he had hoped, for a pleasant and permanent abiding-place, where the hearth-fire might be kept burning, and into which his children might be gathered about him, for many happy years. This beautiful residence, a monument to his elegant taste, quietly reposes at the foot of the shapely eminence which crowns the village. He looked out upon the glories which from that spot meet the eye at every turn. The sun shone out resplendent, and poured his beams aslant upon mountain and meadow and the modest village, almost buried under its gigantic elms. The shadows stretched out in huge lengths before him, for the day was far spent. Presently, as often happens in that valley, there rose a heavy mist which obscured the whole landscape, and sent a chill to his heart. But the darkness and the cold were only for a moment. Soon the mist disappeared, and the sun sank to rest in that wondrous glory, which, like the bow in the clouds, the kind Father seems to have appointed to cheer and reassure our hearts in this world where so many must be afflicted, and where all must die. He awoke, and behold! it was a dream; but his inmost prophetic soul said to him, 'So shall it be with thee!' And so it was.

"In the month of December, Judge Howe left his home, in company with his wife and their infant child, to hold a court in Worcester. This proved

to be his last labor. An unusual pressure of business detained the court until Thursday of the third week. During the following night, Judge Howe was completely prostrated by a profuse hemorrhage, but rallied sufficiently to travel a part of the distance to Boston, on Wednesday of the succeeding week; and, after his arrival in Boston, remained tolerably comfortable during the remainder of the week. On Monday he was much more ill, and continued in a condition of great suffering for twelve days, almost without power for continuous thought or attention; and it was soon but too evident that his case was hopeless, though affection clung to hope, almost to the last."

My Uncle Howe died in Boston, at the house of his brother-in-law, Dr. Edward H. Robbins, on the twentieth day of January, 1828. Of the closing scene, Mr. Ellis goes on to write:—

"About nine o'clock, of Saturday evening, he was aroused from a state of partial stupor by the arrival of Judge Lyman. Then the mist cleared away, and the light of his soul shone out most gloriously during the closing hours. . . . We are rather inclined to dwell on the hour of his death, because the spirit which adorned and ennobled it animated the whole life, because it did not stand out as an exception, but entirely corresponded with all the rest of his days.

"He began with prayer to God that he might have strength to meet the duties and trials of the hour; and then, taking the hand of Judge Lyman, whom he called 'the best friend any man ever had,'

his soul seemed to overflow with gratitude, and he numbered up his mercies with thankful acknowledgment. ‘There seems,’ he said, ‘to be a most happy combination of circumstances at this hour,—the coming of my friend, Mr. Lyman, the sight of my dear son, the best medical advice, and the comforts of a devoted brother’s home all lavished upon me; these last especially move my heart to gratitude. God’s blessing rest upon him who has been more than a brother to me in my feebleness! And then he passed to some sober words of religious trust, and to some thoughtful and kind suggestions with reference to his worldly affairs. ‘My confidence,’ he said, ‘is in the mercy of God, as revealed in the Gospel. Oh, my confidence in God at this hour is worth more to me than riches, or honor, or any thing else that this world has!’ He said that he had not been without a deep sense of the responsibilities which pressed upon him; and that he had been surprised at his success, at the clearness of his decisions, and the absence of mental wavering. This power he regarded as an answer to prayer. He trusted that he had been conscientious in the discharge of his public duties; but he added, ‘Thou God, knowest!’ Heaven, he said, had ever been regarded by him as the abode of those who cultivated their moral and intellectual powers to the greatest advantage; and to do this had been his aim. ‘I consider human happiness as exactly measured by the amount of happiness which we are able to confer upon others.’ With the greatest collectedness of manner, and the method which had ever

characterized him, he gave a few simple directions about his worldly affairs, and commended his household to the God of the fatherless and the widow. He hoped to have made full provision for them in pecuniary matters, but God had otherwise ordered it. To each of his friends who were present, he addressed words of affection or of disinterested counsel, pouring out, for the last time on earth, the tide of his full, warm heart. And then praying again, partly in the words which our Lord has taught us, and expressing again his faith in the religion of Jesus, he passed away.

"We have given many of the last thoughts, and some few of the last words of this good man; but it was the spirit that pervaded all, and even beamed out from his calm face, that made the chamber of death holy and blessed and peaceful. His friends felt, as for more than an hour he thus uttered himself to them, that the heart spake,—spake because it could not be silent. The throbings of anguish ceased as the sweet, eloquent words fell from his lips, and tears ceased to flow. Those who were gathered about the bed of death seemed to be translated for the moment with one whose soul, just ready to take its flight, brought heaven and earth together. It was a spontaneous outpouring from the heart, and it could heal the wounds of the heart. Thankfulness and hope for the moment prevailed over deep grief, and, in dying as in living, the departing spirit blessed and strengthened his friends.

"Judge Howe was buried where he died, in the city of Boston, with every fitting honor: the mem-

bers of the Suffolk Bar, to whom Chief Justice Parker addressed a very eloquent discourse upon the services and character of the departed, following him to the grave. And so, after an all too brief sojourn of forty-three years, the wise and faithful man passed from our sight."

Directly after the funeral services were over, my father accompanied my Aunt Howe to her now desolated home. The grief of my mother for her sister's loss, and her mourning for one who had been a real brother to her and my father for many years, made a profound impression on me, young as I was. I recall the sad expression of their bowed heads every Sunday in church for many months, and the almost constant weeping of my mother, whenever an interval from her active duties left her time to weep. As for my dear aunt, who was the one most deeply afflicted, she was left with the care of six young children; but also with that high sense of duty, and that consoling exaltation of spirit, that is the portion of those who have enjoyed the highest companionship, and to whom the will of God is conclusive and satisfying. During the winter succeeding to her husband's death, she wrote out in her solitary hours all her most precious reminiscences of his life. In it she speaks with thankful emotion of the seven quiet years she had passed with her husband in Worthington. There, comparative isolation had drawn their hearts closer together in those first years of married life, and had given them time for that intellectual sympathy which the cares of a more extended social circle would have prevented.

A home where her sisters and Eliza Cabot and Catherine Sedgwick were occasional guests, where the good and learned Dr. Bryant loved to frequent, and where his poet-son had a temporary home; where, when alone, the husband and wife regaled themselves with evening readings of Tacitus and Virgil and Mather's *Magnalia*,—such a home, even on the bleak hills of Worthington, was one to remember with peaceful gratitude. In one of my Uncle Howe's letters to my aunt before their marriage, I find a passage which I insert here; for the anticipation it contains was fully realized:—

"I anticipate great pleasure in reading to you, and hearing you read. In this way, we can in some measure supply the want of society, which you must necessarily feel as a great privation. While we improve our minds individually, we shall also increase the similarity in our feelings, opinions, and tastes; and this will certainly increase the pleasure of our intercourse with each other. The desire of being useful to each other will stimulate our exertions for the improvement of our minds; and the habit of reading and conversing together on literary subjects will prove highly useful to our children. I hope we shall not be inclined to complain of solitude, while we can enjoy together the society of Shakspeare and Milton, Johnson and Burke."

My aunt's memoir of Judge Howe is an exquisitely simple and touching record of a wholly faithful career. My own limits will only allow me to make a few extracts from it; but they will serve to show you, my dear girls, what this life and death were to

your grandparents, and how noble must have been the friendship that subsisted between these four noble souls.

*Extracts from Mrs. Howe's memoir of her husband.*

"With the perfect sincerity of his conversation, and the entire simplicity of his manners, I was impressed when I first saw him. He was then nearly eight-and-twenty, and, although he never in any degree lost his natural frankness, I think he afterwards greatly improved in his power and ease in conversation; his mind became more enlarged, and his range of thought more varied. This was the effect of a life industriously devoted to the cultivation of his intellectual powers, the welfare of his fellow-creatures, and the happiness of his family. The mind which is unceasing in research, the affections which are daily supplied, must increase in strength continually.

"It was my privilege, from the very beginning of our acquaintance, to become the companion to his mind. I remember he told me that his friend Hayden said to him, 'You are going to marry again: speak not of your former wife; it will be an unwelcome subject.' His reply was, 'I shall have no interdicted subject with my wife.'

"It was my happiness to inspire a confidence never for a moment withdrawn, manifested in death as well as in life. This is a lasting enjoyment, not merely in recollection, but in possession. . . . He who knew me best knew that I was above poor and selfish motives of conduct; and the feeling that he did so strengthened my self-respect.

"The time he spent with us at Brush Hill, previous to our marriage, was employed in cultivating an acquaintance with me and with all my friends. With my father he was immediately intimate. He had for him the respect of a son, with the companionship of a brother. They never met without renewed pleasure in each other's society. To every member of my family he made himself interesting, and likewise to the whole circle of our friends. This interest was never in any measure withdrawn; for it had no false pretence, no showy attraction for its foundation. No human creature could be more superior to everything like address or subterfuge. He had no vanity to gratify, and he never did anything, great or small, for display. This makes the vain parade which some persons make of accomplishments and intellectual attainments seem contemptible to me; but I try to overlook it, because he always forgave it. The extravagant claims of others never seemed to interfere with him; he never flattered others, and never expected praise. He was, indeed, too good and wise and kind to make it necessary to convince others of his excellence, or conceal from them his motives: they might be read in his countenance, heard in every word he uttered; and no one had need to say, 'Why do you so?' The activity of his mind was very uncommon. I do not think he had what men call genius; he was never imaginative, but his powers were always in use. To reason and compare, to think, to read, and converse, were his constant occupations.

"When conversation ceased, he had always a book

at hand, and reading with him was not a selfish enjoyment. I believe that I may safely say that he has read hundreds of volumes aloud to me. He discontinued, in some measure, after he began delivering lectures, because he had then so much use for his voice, but never entirely. He read to me every thing that was interesting in the newspapers and reviews, and some other things, as long as he lived; and always told me about what he read, when he could do no more. His peculiar preference in books was for those which contained facts,— history, biography and travels. He read all the ‘Waverley Novels’ with much delight, and Miss Sedgwick’s with a heartfelt and affectionate interest; but not many others, while I knew him. He was fond of Shakspeare and Milton, but was indifferent to most modern poetry, and to metaphysics. He had so much professional reading to do, that he preferred things that taxed the mind less.

“I think he had ambition,—the ambition that aspires to true excellence, and proposes to itself honorable rewards. It was not grasping in its nature, however, nor did it interfere with his other habits. I remember that Judge Jackson told him, when he was about two-and-thirty, that he might come to Boston and live without any risk, and he would be sure of the best kind of business; but he loved the tranquillity of the country, and did not court a city life.”

My aunt, in another portion of her memoir, relates the fact of her husband’s close intimacy with the Sedgwick family, and the deep enjoyment they both

had in it through life. She thus describes the change in her husband's religious views:—

"Previous to my marriage, I had never conversed with my husband on religious *opinions*, although I knew that he was sincerely religious, both in principle and feeling. The controversial questions since agitated were not then much talked of. I had been often to hear Dr. Channing, Mr. Buckminster, Mr. Thacher and others preach. Their faith seemed to me that which was delivered to the saints; and I never liked the Calvinist preaching, which I heard enough of at Milton.

"One Sunday evening, not long after my marriage, I expressed my views of religion very fully. Your father seemed to think me in great error, and reprimanded me with a good deal of decision. I was rather hurt, perhaps more so than the occasion warranted. I made an internal resolution not to introduce the subject again. I knew I could agree to differ about mere opinion. About two years after, your father met Henry D. Sedgwick at the Berkshire Court. Sedgwick was fond of argument, and a zealous Unitarian. They talked together on the subject. Sedgwick lent your father 'Yates's Answer to Wardlaw.' This book and the New Testament he read with care, after his return home, comparing it with Scripture; and was entirely convinced of the truth and reasonableness of the Unitarian faith, which he afterwards held through life. He was much interested, and read a great deal upon the subject. It was a most sincere delight to me that the only difference of opinion of any importance

between us was removed. I told him how glad I was, and glad likewise that it was effected without my influence. He had the kindness to say, ‘ You do not know how much your conduct has influenced me.’ If I had controverted with him in my imperfect manner he might have refuted me, and never, or not for a long period, have investigated the subject; for we lived away from what I considered religious privileges. But I had the happiness to prove to him that I feared God and regarded man; and he was interested in the foundation of my faith, and felt that it would be a privilege to think with me on a subject of so much importance. I bless God for the result: our religious sympathy was a new bond between us.’’

In another portion of this memoir, my aunt makes a long quotation from a letter of Miss Sedgwick to herself; one of the sentences seems to have been left incomplete in the original; it is printed just as it stands:—

“ He always seemed to me more highly gifted in his social powers than almost any one I ever have known. He set a high value on the social relations, affections, and enjoyments. He made them a distinct object of attention. They were not to him incidental and subordinate, as to most professional, active, and busy men. They were not means, but ends; he gave his time and talents to them. His character was fitted for friendship and the tenderest relations. His sound judgment, his rational views, the equanimity and forbearance of his temper, and his pleasant vein of humor, which, if it seldom rose

to wit, was as superior to it for domestic purposes as the ready and benignant smile is to the loud and boisterous laugh. He had a decided love and preference for female society, and that indulgence for us which has marked all the men of noble spirit that I have known."

To Miss Sedgwick's testimony, my aunt adds: "This love of female society I have often heard him dwell upon. He said he did not like to hear women claim equality of talent; they had no need of it. Women were more disinterested, more single-hearted than men (that was his experience among his associates); and they ought to be satisfied with being *better*, without contesting the question of intellectual equality."

It is hard to take only *passages* from a biography so perfect; but I close them, as my dear aunt did her memoir, with these lines,—

" And is he dead, whose glorious mind  
Lifts thine on high?  
To live in hearts we leave behind  
Is not to die."

## CHAPTER XIII.

Let us be patient! these severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;  
Amid these early damps,  
What seem to us but dim, funereal tapers,  
May be Heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death! what seems so is transition!  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call death.

We will be patient! and assuage the feeling  
We cannot wholly stay;  
By silence sanctifying, not concealing  
The grief that must have way.

LONGFELLOW.

AFTER my Uncle Howe's death, my mother received many letters from friends who had loved and appreciated him. She kept one from Mr. Emerson, with peculiar care.

To Abby she wrote a long letter, pouring all her sorrow into this faithful and sympathizing heart. But I will only extract one passage. After speaking of the loss to those nearest, and to the community, she says: "For our own family I can say that death has taken such a friend and counsellor as the world cannot furnish us with, and left in its place a

deep-rooted sorrow, which I hope may lay the foundation of many virtues. But it is a hard exchange. It is sorrow which marks with strongest impression our experience in this life, much more than any of the joyful occurrences in it. Some author I have lately read observes, ‘It is sorrow which teaches us to feel properly for ourselves and for others.’ We must feel deeply before we can think rightly. It is not in the tempest and storm of passions that we can *reflect*, but *afterwards*, when the waters have gone over the soul; and like the precious gems and the rich merchandise which the wild wave casts upon the shore out of the wreck it has made,—such are the thoughts left by retiring passions. Reflection is the result of feeling. It is from an all-absorbing, heart-rending compassion for one’s self, that springs a deeper sympathy for others; and from the sense of our own weakness, and our own self-upbraiding, arises a disposition to be indulgent, to forbear and to forgive. At least, such I believe to be the intention of Providence in permitting sorrow to exist in the world.”

*Mr. R. W. Emerson to Mrs. Lyman, Divinity Hall, Cambridge,  
Feb. 11, 1828.*

MY DEAR MADAM,—It was very kind of you to think of me again. I have thought of little else lately than the irreparable loss which yourself and your friends and your town have sustained. It will not be the least of the many alleviations of this grievous affliction that it is felt as it should be throughout the community. The world is not so

selfish but that such a bereavement as this is felt as their own by society at large. I do not surely allude to this sympathy as if it yielded a gratification to vanity in the general attention our own calamities excite; but from a far higher reason, that it is grateful to us as justifying our own grief in giving us the testimony of mankind, that our partial affections have not misled our judgments, but that the object on which we have spent our affections, was worthy of them. This makes the value of the unanimous tribute of respect and sorrow that has been paid to the memory of your friend.

To me, if it is not idle to speak of myself, his death was a most unexpected disappointment. I had rejoiced in my good fortune in making his acquaintance, and looked forward with earnestness to its continuance. His acquaintance was a privilege, which I think no young man of correct feelings could enjoy without being excited to an ambition that he might deserve his friendship. But it has pleased God to remove him.

I cannot but think there is the highest consolation in the occasion of his sickness, and the manner of his death, which have filled up the beauty of his life, and have left nothing to be amended, if they have left much to be desired. In such a death of such a man, if there must be to his family and friends the deepest grief, there must be also to them a feeling of deep and holy joy. There is something in his character which seems to make excessive sorrow unseasonable and unjust to his memory; and all who have heard of his death have

derived from it new force to virtue and new confidence to faith.

You will have the goodness to offer my respectful condolence to Mrs. Howe; I was denied, by accidents, even the melancholy satisfaction of attending the funeral of Judge Howe. The following day I was in town, and learned at Mrs. Revere's that Judge Lyman and Mrs. Howe had returned home.

I am very sorry to hear that your children have been so sick. I trust they are wholly well. I have the greatest regard for my little friends, though it is probable they have forgotten their ancient admirer before this time. I want to become acquainted with Joseph, but Charles thinks the air of Divinity Hall altogether too musty to suit his youthful friend. I read to my brother your kind remembrances. He is very fond of your son, and very happy to second his own ambition, in giving him his just place in college.

Please to make my respects to Judge Lyman, whom I hope to see when he is in town again.

With great regard, madam, your faithful friend and servant,

R. WALDO EMERSON.

*Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes, Northampton, March 14, 1828.*

MY DEAR EMMA,—I have fallen 'on you of late as the fittest subject for neglect. But in doing so I deserve great credit, let me tell you. For in no instance could I make a greater sacrifice amongst my correspondents than in giving up your letters.

I should have a great deal to say about my disappointment in not seeing yourself and Bennet this winter, but you know that a bitterer feeling has filled the place of all minor considerations; and all disappointments appear insignificant to me when I think of the chasm made in our social circle, which can never be contemplated by me except with a feeling of the most poignant regret. It is true, our religion furnishes us with the delightful hope of a reunion with those we love, and with a perfect confidence in the goodness of an all-wise Judge, who has ordered these things for our good. But there is an earthly feeling which will accompany us through this terrene abode, and the wants of our gross nature, whether of a corporeal or of an intellectual kind, will be listened to. We shall as naturally seek for sympathy in the confiding bosom we have made the repository of our kindest and best affections and inmost thoughts, when we have realized a reciprocation of the same, as we shall seek food when oppressed with hunger. And we shall as naturally deplore our inability to indulge the one as the other, notwithstanding our religion and our reason instruct us to be patient, and go on with the duties of life with renewed vigor, and if possible make up to the world by our efforts for the excellence it has lost. I feel how necessary the chastisements of Providence are to extract vanity and folly from our hearts, and convince us of the *real* blessings of life. When we see the main pillars, the strongest props of virtue laid low, we must feel that earth has been a loser unless it strengthens the virtues of those who remain.

I have just been called to listen to the complaints of the widow and the orphan, who close with saying, "It would not be so, if Judge Howe was living." There are a kind of people who are kept straight by fear of the inspection of the wise and good of their neighborhood, and the want of that restraint we shall feel more and more every day.

Sally has been wonderfully carried along thus far, but I think she has only begun a new existence in (to her) a new world, the difficulties of which will be every day developing themselves; and I trust they will find her endowed with new power to meet them. She is fortunate in being able to have Catherine with her, for her spirits would not admit of her giving much direction to the children, and C. is of the greatest importance to the comfort of the family.

NORTHAMPTON, Oct. 6, 1828.

MY DEAR EMMA,—I suppose you received by John a very ungrateful message from me, which was, that I did not write to you because I had written to everybody else. Now, the compliment you must extract from this apparent unkindness, after all you have done and suffered for me and mine, is, that I expected more patient forbearance from you than any one else.

Miss Sedgwick got here Saturday evening, and I was greatly disappointed that she did not, as she had promised to, come directly here; but she explained it to my satisfaction,—though I could not help feeling very much grieved to see so little of her. But according to the admirable system of com-

pensation which marks the kind Hand that administers our portion, there was still a great indulgence in store for me, though it was to endure but for a short time. Miss S. had in her company a lady who joined her and spent much of the day with me. Mrs. Griffith I will not pretend to describe to you, for she is of that nonpareil cast that baffles my skill altogether; but I can refer you to a characteristic of her mind in a production of hers to be found in the last "North American" "On Bees." Last evening H. sat deeply engaged in your favorite occupation — biting his nails — which it seems she had admonished him for before. She took her pencil, and wrote on the blank leaf of a small volume of poems with which she had presented him, and which lay near her, the following impromptu:—

"In France, where the grape luxuriant grows,  
A Frenchman feeds on snails;  
But here, where a feast of reason flows,  
No need of a feast of nails."

You will not wonder at my introducing you to a person of such striking quickness and aptness of thought and expression. Her occupation has been for many years the cultivation of the most remarkable nursery of trees in this country; and the object of her visit to Boston was to see agricultural gentlemen, with whom she wishes to hold correspondence. She was left a widow many years since, with seven children, and no other property than an estate in New Jersey, on the Raritan, called Charley's Hope. It was then unproductive; but, by her great energy

and management, she has for many years obtained an income of six thousand dollars from it, and maintained her family in splendor, as well as great comfort.

We felt very sorry to have the ladies leave us this morning, and H. is quite dejected about it; but he has consoled himself as well as he could with going to the mountain this morning,—and a brighter and more beautiful day never shone in October. It rained all last evening, which prevented my taking my heroine up to see Mrs. Howe, but which has improved all external appearances indescribably. The verdure is everywhere as perfect as it was in June, and the trees have not yet assumed their autumnal garb. Miss Sedgwick spent the evening with Sally, and gave her the particulars of the Cabot experiences.

I wish you would make application to Dr. Harris for the best account of the natural history of the aphis, or aphidea; and either copy it for me, or point me to the place where I can find it. You know he is a distinguished entomologist, and has made communications on this subject to the public by means of the "New England Farmer." Give my love to your mother and Mary, and tell the former that we shall long remember and be grateful for her kind attentions to Anne Jean, who is continually talking of and enjoying her past experiences.

Your affectionate

A. J. LYMAN.

In 1829 my sister Mary was married to Mr. Thomas Jones, of Enfield. She was of a most lovely and affectionate nature; and her departure was a serious loss to the family circle. She had always been specially devoted to our father's comfort; and once, in a moment of confidence, told my Cousin Martha that she had never in her life wanted to do any thing that he did not wish. Though I was but six years old at the time of her marriage, I recall vividly the bitterness of the parting from her, and the homesick longing for her I experienced for many months. For I had slept with her from the time of my infancy, and her care and love had been boundless. A vision of her always rises to my memory, as she sat at her window in the room above the office, bending over a neat little board covered with flannel, on which she laid the linen cambric ruffles of our father's shirts in the most exquisitely fine plaits. She had large and beautiful eyes, and a most tender and loving heart.

My Uncle Howe's death had been the beginning of a series of changes which deeply affected both my parents. In 1829, my Grandfather Robbins died; and in 1830, the sudden death of little Annie Jean Greene, my Cousin Abby's beautiful little daughter (to whom she had given my mother's name), called out all the deepest sympathies of my mother's heart.

*Mr. R. W. Emerson to Mrs. Lyman, Boston, Aug. 25, 1829.*

MY DEAR MADAM,— My friend, Mr. George P. Bradford, has promised to give Mr. Hall a “labor

of love" next Sunday, on his return through Northampton from New York, whither he has gone with his sisters,—a victim of the travelling passion. And as Mr. Bradford is a man of mark among his friends, I want him to have the happiness—which I shall grudge him, too—of spending half an hour at your house. But who is Mr. Bradford? He is Mrs. Ripley's brother, and a fine classical and biblical scholar, and a botanist, and a lover of truth, and "an Israelite, in whom is no guile," and a kind of Cowper, and a great admirer of all admirable things; and so I want him to go to your house, where his eyes and his ears shall be enriched with what he loves.

I went yesterday to Cambridge, and saw your friend, Professor Ashmun, inaugurated. . . . As far as I can guess, the appointment of him is a very judicious one. It was a fine assembly, free of all crowd and fatigue, and contained some of the finest people in America. I sat (as it is always expedient to do on public occasions) next to Mr. Upham, of Salem, and got him to point me out the lions,—for he is a man having the organ of society in very large development, and knows all men in the United States; and one could not desire a more eloquent expounder of their various merits.

I hope yourself and Judge Lyman are well. I am truly sorry that the distresses of the time should have come so near your friends. God seems to make some of his children for prosperity, they bear it so gracefully, and with such good will of society; and it is always painful when such suffer. But

I suppose it is always dangerous, and especially to the very young. In college, I used to echo a frequent ejaculation of my wise Aunt's: "Oh, blessed, blessed poverty!" when I saw young men of fine capabilities whose only and fatal disadvantage was wealth. It is sad to see it taken from those who know how to use it; but children whose prospects are changed may hereafter rejoice at the event.

We get no good news from Mr. Ware, except that he is no worse; but he now writes that he is really no better than when he left home. We had so many flattering rumors, that this sounds worse. It is really good ground to hope that he has no seated consumption, I think, if after so long an interval he remains as well; and a winter in Italy may do much.

Charles has just been in to see me, much rejoicing in having turned the key for the last time in his school-house, and in the prospect of living again with Joseph Lyman, at Cambridge. . . .

I am, with respectful remembrances to Judge Lyman, and to the family,

Dear madam, yours affectionately,

R. WALDO EMERSON.

In the autumn of 1829, my mother decided to send our dear Annie to Boston, to Mr. George B. Emerson's school. When I recall how close and tender the tie was that bound her to her children, and what a delight to her their perpetual presence, I realize fully the sacrifice she so often made in the long separations from them which she cheerfully

endured. It was a part of that large, generous, and broad outlook she took of life, that she could never feel she had done her whole duty to children, if she had only given them *herself*. I have often heard her say, that she did not think young people who had lived *always* in the bosom of their families were as well fitted to cope with the after-trials of life, or to understand the various characters they would be sure to come in contact with, as those who had a wider experience. She thought that family peculiarities were rubbed off or lessened by attrition with other families; and that young people became more liberal and enlarged by finding out that there were a great many roads to the same place.

My mother had the greatest satisfaction in Mr. Emerson's school.

*To her daughter, Northampton, Nov. 15, 1829.*

MY DEAR ANNE JEAN,—I was sorry the cloak did not suit you any better, but it was made like one from New York which we supposed to be the height of the fashion, as was the size of the cord. I have sent you some money to pay for the dyeing of the gown. If there should be an opportunity to send it by Maria Hunt's bundle for me to make, you had better. Your cloak was made, with my assistance, for forty cents, which could not have been done in Boston under five dollars. It is the multiplication of such little expenses that in the aggregate make large sums. Now, the dyeing and fixing of your merino will be all the expense of a new dress,

if you carry it to a mantua-maker in Boston; but if you will describe how you wish it to differ from your other gowns, I will attend strictly to your orders. You said nothing about the worked collar, but I hope you have got it, and that it suited you better than the cloak did. I moreover hope you will live to see what I probably shall not,—a millennial existence, one in which there will be no sorrow about *clothes*; where the only anxiety people will have will be how they will do the most good with their time and talents. I do not care how much anxiety you expend on these objects. Clothe your mind, for that will never wear out, if you take care of it; and it is an inexhaustible fund of usefulness to others, as well as one's self. The ability to instruct those who want for intellectual light is vastly better than the ability to give money (as the case may be); and it is an independent resource that we can control without the interference of third persons. Give my love to your grandmother; and, whenever you have any time, take your work and go and sit with her. I am very sorry to hear of your grandfather's lameness; when you write, you must mention how he is. . . .

The fringe will do very well. Give my love to your Aunt Revere; I want to hear how she gets along weaning the babies. I hope the crowd has passed by, so that she will have a little time left to herself; for it appears to me her life is a good deal like mine,—broken up by innumerable casualties, leaving us but little control of our time or thoughts. John is a good boy, but I cannot get him to write

very elegant epistles ; but I hope his mother won't think the fault is in me. The fact is, he don't love to write,—nor does any little boy of his age,—and he will not take the pains to do nearly as well as he could. Tell Joseph the man has gone away that engaged to do his chair.

Your affectionate                           MOTHER.

Now, there was not the smallest occasion for desiring "a millennial existence," as far as the dress of the dear Anne was concerned. She was a pattern of the most exquisite neatness and the strictest economy. Oh, I can imagine that cloak that was "in the height of the fashion," made up for forty cents, after "a pattern from New York;" and I know well why it caused sorrow! What would my dear mother say *now*, if she could come back and see the overskirts and trimmings of the present day? Surely, not that the millennium of dress is near at hand!

NORTHAMPTON, Dec. 30, 1829.

MY DEAR MRS. BARNARD,—I received your last letter yesterday evening. I feel much obliged to you for writing, for it must be a trial to Mr. Lyman to have to write the same thing so many times as he has. My father's illness, considering its cause, has been wonderfully protracted. It must have been many weeks since he could have derived any nutriment from any thing he has taken. But we must recollect that his disease attacked him in the full vigor of an unimpaired constitution. It is not there-

fore strange that there should be a powerful resistance at the close.

It seems, perhaps, to you, as if it would be difficult for me to realize (without being on the spot and witnessing the whole scene) the departure of my father, whom I have had so few interviews with for eighteen years. But imagination is a powerful agent in presenting the images of our friends, and enforcing by irresistible associations upon our minds their presence, their thoughts, their views on all subjects, as similar ones occur. And, perhaps, no one was ever led more frequently to recur to and quote the opinions of another, than I have been to those of my father,— believing his mind (as children are prone to) to be a fountain of wisdom and inflexible virtue, founded in *genuine* and sincere religious feeling. If I did not think so, I should have been forced to the belief that he was a hypocrite, for no one ever had more constantly on their lips the sense of dependence on God, and more frequently expressed their confidence in the provisions of his providence and grace. His conduct in relation to the divisions in the town of Milton have been peculiarly illustrative of his love of peace. I speak of this as an incontrovertible proof of his true love of practical religion. Mr. Bigelow, a clergyman now staying with me, who knew my father in the eastern country, thinks there are few men in our country, if any, who have done so much for religious institutions as he has, and that the imperishable monuments of his influence will be felt in that country to remotest generations. Here I will stop; for no

one doubts he was an active supporter of the principle and practice of virtue in all its forms, and that he has been in the hands of Providence an instrument of much good in his day and generation.

I feel grateful that my father should have come to the close of life, without having experienced the torpor and uselessness of old age; and that his mind, with all its sensibility and sympathy, should have remained till the close. It is ever to be regretted, when friends survive their usefulness long enough to consider themselves cumberers of the ground, or to have their friends consider them in that light. And still our regret must always be deeper, and the loss of our friends more to be deplored, when they are taken from a sphere of eminent usefulness, as is the case with my beloved father. At the period he was taken ill, his connection with the world was as strong as it had been at any period of his life, and the duties he was engaged in as important to its interests. But the Disposer of all events has ordered this in wisdom, and it is not for us to say that we can imagine a better way, or a better time. It would have been an unspeakable satisfaction to me to have seen my father again; but if I had been there, Mr. Lyman could not have been away at this time, and I view his presence of so much more importance than mine could have been, that I have reconciled my mind to the deprivation. I take much pleasure in contemplating the revelations concerning the future to the good. "Behold I make all things new." May we not expect a renovation of the *moral* as well as the vital

principle, and at the same time that there is an end to pain, sickness, and death?

*Mr. R. W. Emerson to Mrs. Lyman, Boston, Jan. 6, 1830.*

MY DEAR MADAM,—I cannot help offering you my condolence on the new loss you have been called to bear, which, with all its alleviations, cannot but be a painful one. I never have had the happiness of any acquaintance with your father, but he appears to have enjoyed in an eminent degree, what is much more rare than public applause, the *confidence* of the community. He has lived long and usefully, beloved and honored. He has not been taken from you till every office of parent and friend had been discharged, and till he had reached that period of life, when you could not reasonably expect for any long time the continuance of his powers of action and enjoyment. Still, I know very well that these circumstances, whilst they qualify, do not yet remove the grief which the loss of a good parent awakens; and I doubt not you find your best relief in those consolations which never grow old, which spring from the *hopes* which our Saviour has imparted to us. Take away those hopes, and death is more ghastly to the soul than the corpse to the eye. Receive them, and the riddle of the universe is explained; an account given of events perfectly consistent with what we feel in ourselves, when we are best.

My wife unites with me in expressions of particular regard to yourself and Judge Lyman, and to your family. Give me leave to say a word to him for a friend on the other page.

Respectfully, dear madam, your friend and servant,

R. WALDO EMERSON.

BOSTON, Jan. 21, 1830.

MY DEAR MADAM,—I had mislaid the enclosed letter, till it was so old that I hesitated at sending it at all, until I met Mr. Palfrey who told me he was going presently to Northampton. I should be unwilling to let the event pass, to which it refers, without offering you any expression of condolence. Since writing it, I have seen your sister, and heard at large such a character of your father, and such accounts of his life and death, that I feel acquainted with him; and could almost offer a solemn congratulation, rather than condolence, at a life so well conducted and ended,—or, as our faith has taught us to say, begun.

Yours affectionately and respectfully,

R. WALDO EMERSON.

*Mr. George B. Emerson to Judge Lyman, Boston, June, 1830.*

DEAR SIR,—Your daughter has never been doing better than she is doing at present. She had not made a perfectly good beginning in the languages, and therefore found it more difficult to learn accurately than she otherwise would have done. She has succeeded, and is succeeding, in conquering the difficulty, and daily becomes more accurate and discriminating in her language and, I have every reason to believe, in her perceptions and thoughts. This I consider the most important part of her work.

She is inquisitive,—acquires and retains well. Her taste is beyond her power of execution, and she is much oftener dissatisfied with herself than I am with her. Her feelings are nice and delicate, and her deportment, without a single exception, has been always exemplary. Perhaps there is a slight tendency to undue severity in her judgments. Not more, however, than seems to be incident to a quick perception of what is ridiculous; and the forgiving spirit of our religion will probably eradicate it in its application to others, especially as she applies it first to herself. On the whole, she is such as I should wish my daughter to be at her age. And it has been a subject of regret to me and to Mrs. Emerson, that we could not have so pleasant a pupil a member of our own family.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant and friend,

GEORGE B. EMERSON.

*To Mrs. Greene, Sept. 26, 1830.*

You see Boston papers enough to know who dies and who is married. You will recollect a very fine youth who was with Dr. Willard, at Mr. Peabody's ordination — Edward Lowell; he matured into almost unparalleled excellence and fine talent, and had completely redeemed the pledge given by the striking characteristics of his early youth, when he was called to join the world of spirits. One can form no calculations upon the loss the world sustains by such an event. The diffusion of the influence of a correct and highly-gifted mind through society

cannot be appreciated by any data our experience furnishes us with. But if we cannot estimate its value, we can sincerely deplore its loss. Every thing and everybody who assists to elevate the standard of human perfection, and exemplify the power of virtue, gives incalculable strength and efficacy to it. . . .

During the year 1830, my mother was delighted to hear news of her old friend, Miss Debby Barker, at Hingham, whom my Uncle and Aunt Revere visited. In the course of the visit, my Uncle Revere said to her, "We have met with a sad loss, Miss Barker, in the death of Chief Justice Parker." Miss Debby applied her handkerchief to her eyes and remarked, "We, too, have met with a heavy loss, Mr. Revere, in the death of George the Fourth." And on looking at her again, my Uncle observed that she was dressed in purple,—which was then the mourning of the Court. These old ladies always spoke of themselves as "eating the King's bread," because they received a small pension from the British Government, on account of their father having been an officer. His sword always hung over their fireplace in Hingham as long as they lived.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Thy mercy bids all nature bloom:  
The sun shines bright, and man is gay.  
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom  
That darkens o'er his little way.

NORTON.

IN the first letter in this chapter, written by my mother to my Aunt Catherine, is an allusion to a young law student who was then leaving the town. Of her own devoted kindness to him she said never a word,—I doubt if she remembered it. Every young man was “somebody’s son” to her; and when she found that this youth was some one’s natural son,—she knew not *whose* till long after his death,—all the more was she under the necessity to make her house a home to him; and to soothe, so far as might be, that craving for kindred ties that is apt to become morbid in young persons so circumstanced.

I have never found it easy to speak of my mother’s beneficences. They were a part of her nature; she could not help them, they were the great luxuries of her life. She had no set plan of doing good, she belonged to no organization, was president of no society. Not that she did not honor all good organizations, but they were not needed in Northampton, and scarcely existed there. And it ac-

corded far better with her temperament and habits to do exactly as she did. She simply kept her eyes, ears, and heart open all the time; and they were always finding enough to do. It was the occasional strong word spoken in season, the always-helping hand. And it was the feeling that every one must have had in that village, that it gave her heartfelt pleasure to share their joys and sorrows, and aid them where she could, that gave her such constant opportunity. In her daily rounds through the lovely village, how many things met her eye that escaped common observation. One day, a few years later than this period, she came in from a walk greatly afflicted because she had seen a small boy tormenting a chicken. He was an orphan, and, though tenderly cared for by the excellent women who had him in charge, she felt he needed a man's hand to direct his future course. She lay awake at night, unable to get him out of her mind; then rose at four o'clock to write in secret a letter that brought, a few weeks later, a distant male relative to the village, who took away the boy, and educated him for a good and useful man. I recall her air of apparent grave abstraction as one neighbor after another spoke of the boy's disappearance as "a special Providence." "Susanna," said she, looking over her spectacles, when they had all gone out, "I have observed that the Lord works through *human instruments sometimes*; but this is none the less a special Providence." "Do I see the human instrument before me?" said I. A nod, with her finger on her lip, was the only answer.

Not long before my Aunt Howe left Northampton, she wrote this letter to Cousin Emma :—

*Mrs. Howe to Miss Forbes, Northampton, June 25, 1830.*

I fear you think me negligent before this ; but I often think of writing and then delay it, because I have so little to communicate. Mother and I have spent most of the time together in my little library since you left us. There has been so much rain that we have been rarely tempted abroad. Mamma's health and spirits are greatly improved ; she looks quite like herself again. She reads a great deal ; we have just had "Clarence." Mother and I were delighted with it ; we sat up one night till after midnight, reading it. Now, this girlish interest in me is not so remarkable, because I know and love Catherine, but to mother she is a stranger ; and, in the last three generations, mother has witnessed more romance in real life than any person, except Sir Walter Scott, our noble cousin, could describe.

I was amused by hearing a remark of Mr. James Savage, upon the birth of Mr. Henry Ware's Roman daughter. "Well," said he, on hearing of the event, "when people are in Rome, they must do as Romans do."

*Mrs. Lyman to Miss Forbes, Nov. 20, 1831.*

MY DEAR EMMA,—One thing I do, I always answer letters the first moment I can get after receiving them. But I have lived under unusually high pressure for the last two months. It would

be idle for me to attempt to give you any account in detail. But such coming and going you can scarcely conceive of, and the train of thought under such circumstances is altogether indescribable. A friend, a short time since, asked me what I had been *reading*, and I could not help answering that I did not know, for it was a great while since I had done any *thinking*. And reading is not of much value, unless one has *some* opportunity for reflection. There is no doubt but in the midst of this whirl of matter my mind has had a great rest, and it is not certain but I may come out quite brilliant after all the refreshing is over.

After writing the above, Mrs. Mills sent for me to go up to her; and, after passing all the day, except while eating dinner, in such a high state of excitement, it seems hardly right for me, in my exhausted state of feeling, to try to afford you any pleasure by my pen. Oh, Emma! how hard it is to be reconciled to these dark dispensations! And yet we need not go farther than Salem and New Bedford to discover that there are much greater trials and sorrows than can be produced by the death of *good* and *dear* children. You and your mother know, without my telling you, how intense the sufferings of poor Mrs. Mills are, as well as her family. Elijah, had he lived, might have discovered great frailties. But I only knew him as pre-eminently gifted in grace of manners, rare wit and genius, which made him highly interesting as a companion, and gave fair promise of usefulness and distinction. He was the only youth who has

grown up in this place, within the last twenty years, at all distinguished for genius or talent; though Mrs. J. H. Lyman's sons are very fine young men! I must say, I consider him as a loss to our town, and to me in particular, as he often visited us. If there was anything new in the papers, he would come down into my parlor to read it to me, and make his comments, while I minded my work. And having Mr. Ashmun removed and Elijah taken away, in addition to the removal of Mrs. Howe's family, is rather more than I know how to bear. . . .

I am inexpressibly sorry to hear of Mary Ware's being so much of an invalid. I trust she is not going to follow in the steps of her mother, who was prevented by ill health from any enjoyment nearly twenty years. We have a young clergyman from Cambridge, who thinks Mr. Ware is doing an immeasurable quantity of good in the Divinity School.

Since I have been writing this letter, I have heard of the death of little Robert Ware. I feel as if this blow would penetrate the inmost recesses of Mary's heart. He was the first object who had awakened in her the feelings of a parent, and with that feeling made this earthly sphere a new world to her,—one of new interest and new hopes, unlike any she could have felt before, and such as no one knows who has not experienced them. To have all these cut off and crushed will tax the whole panoply with which Mary is armed. But it is not in human nature to resist unharmed the stroke which severs these tender ties. I feel much for her, and hope she will be sustained, as I have no doubt she will be.

Mary mentions that you heard Dr. Channing's discourse on the death of Miss Adams and Mrs. Codman. It must have been a highly profitable one. Mrs. Codman's was a remarkably useful life, as well as Miss Adams', though in a very different way.

I dare say you have heard of the death of Henry Sedgwick. . . . Few of my acquaintance, if any, have had their virtues so tested as Jane Sedgwick, and I never knew any one who had given such a practical exemplification of their power. If the riding continues as good as it has been, I mean to try to ride up and pass Sunday with her; but may be I shall not accomplish it.

Dr. Flint has just returned from Stockbridge. He was sent for to make an examination; . . . and he wonders how H. has lived for years.

Give my love to your mother and all friends. Write me a history of your life the past year. Tell Margaret it would have been a good idea for you and her to have returned this way from New York.

*To Mr. John M. Forbes, Jan. 1, 1832.*

MY DEAR JOHN,—. . . I had not much belief when I wrote, that you would attach much value to the letters of such an antiquated lady as your cousin. But since they find favor in your sight, and lest you should forget the many social ties which bind you to your race (in spite of your expatriated condition), I will occasionally emit a little of my habitual dulness. I was pleased to get your letter of the 29th, and am sorry to find that the want of all those privileges which are peculiar to Christian countries makes you

unhappy ; and yet I am glad to find that you realize the want of such rational and salutary means of enjoyment, as are common to all who inhabit this favored land. There is none that would be a greater deprivation to me, than not being able to go to church, and feel that myself and household had one day in seven for rest as well as worship. We require (particularly men of business) the relaxation as well as mental refreshing, which this exercise furnishes. The analogy between the mind and body is very striking. They both require to be nourished and stimulated by food adapted to them ; and if we don't have much time for reading and reflection, owing to the occupations we are engaged in during the week,—if we go to church on Sunday and renew our good resolutions, and feel our moral and religious views strengthened and invigorated by the arguments contained in the discourse, our gratitude and devotional feeling stimulated,—we are made happier and better for it. 'Tis a favorable exercise for the mind, to abstract it occasionally from the harassing pursuits of business, and allow it to take an upward flight into the regions of intellectual space, and to the abode of Deity, of angels, and the spirits of the just :—

“ Mind, mind alone, without whose quick’ning ray,  
The world’s a wilderness, and man but clay ;  
Mind, mind alone, in barren, still repose,  
Nor blooms, nor rises, nor expands, nor flows.”

Then, my dear John, do not forget to take care of the *mind*, as well as the body. Become an intellectual being, and it will prevent your being a sen-

sual being, and prevent you from feeling the little inconveniences which affect the senses only,— by constant attention to which, we bring a blight over all disinterested and generous purposes. You will begin to think that I mean to give you a sermon instead of a letter, and that my New Year's reflections are to supersede the congratulations of the season, and the history of the times, which will be, I am sure, much the most interesting to you. It is now more than a year since Joseph left college and entered the Law School. I have just parted with him after a few weeks' visit. He is thinking of going to live with the Rev. Mr. Emerson, and study law in Mr. Charles G. Loring's office, in Boston.

. . . Charles Mills is fast acquiring the confidence of his employers, and I believe he has a good prospect before him. Anne Jean sits by me and sends her love to you, and hopes you do not forget her. When you see Cousin Benpet, give my love to him ; I hope he will soon be on his way here. . . .

Your old friend, Miss —, has taken her flight to future worlds ; she was sick only one week. She took it into her head, it was so cold, that she would sit up nights (it has been uncommonly cold ; we had a month of very severe weather before Christmas) ; and the consequence was, she took a violent cold, which settled on her lungs, and withdrew her from this sublunary abode. The next morning, I looked out of the window and saw a double sleigh passing, with a long trunk in it, covered over with a bed-quilt ; and was told it was "sister," going to Ipswich to be buried.

I feel much obliged to Dr. Jennison for an excellent letter, and shall soon write to him. Mr. Lyman and Joseph send you much love. I wish you to economize all you can, and lay by a little money, and then get yourself translated to a pretty cottage in Northampton, and sit down and lead a calm and pastoral life, with some nice, agreeable young woman.

*To Mrs. Greene, Northampton, Feb. 28, 1832.*

MY DEAR ABBY,— My employments are always of a very engrossing nature when the children are at home. In the morning and evening I instruct them, with the assistance of Anne Jean,— who returned sooner than I intended she should from Boston, owing to indisposition. She has improved her time well since she has been at Mr. Emerson's school (the last year and a half); and, though she is still attending to her studies under Mr. Peirce,— one of the teachers on Round Hill,— she has furnished me with a great deal of entertainment (being very good company) this winter. She now has a friend making her a visit,— Miss Wilson, of Keene, New Hampshire, who is a remarkable young person for fifteen. She is as much engaged as Anne Jean in the study of algebra, Latin, and history; and we have had Mr. Rush Bryant giving lectures in chemistry all winter; he is a brother of the poet. I dare say you wonder that I should retain an enthusiastic zeal in regard to education, when I tell you that those brought up under my care have exhibited striking marks of imperfection. But, so far from its being a reason for lessening my care and my zeal, it only increases it.

If, with all the pains my children have had, they are no better, what would they have been without it? Possibly, the weeds of error might have overgrown and rooted out the few virtues they now possess; at least might have so far overshadowed them, as to have checked their growth. There are a few immutable principles in education that will never be controverted openly in any theory, and that furnish a fair groundwork for a cultivated understanding. Let example and surrounding influences, as much as they can be controlled, tend to cherish a love of truth and perfect sincerity. Let all those petty interests and vanities be excluded which take such strong hold of the minds of young people, which tend so little to make them happy or tranquil, and which so entirely pre-occupy the mind as to prevent any thing good from entering into it permanently. How can children love knowledge when their daily experience teaches them that their most attractive grace and best distinction is the beauty of their clothes, or something exclusively external and adventitious? They must perceive that what creates the highest happiness is the acquisition of something intellectual, or the power to contribute to the good of their fellow-creatures; and early be taught the superior worth of the soul, with its various capacities, over the body,— which is a mere tenement of clay for an inhabitant destined to remain in it but a short time, and then return to its Maker unspeakably enlarged and qualified for eternal, as well as celestial, occupations and joys, such as never entered into the heart of man to conceive. It is rare to find

well-educated women who have grown up in great prosperity. If their minds are tolerably cultivated, their hearts are perverted, their objects of pursuit are shadows.

Martha is very fortunate in living with people who educate their children exclusively with the purpose "to produce a certain state of mind," rather than to accumulate a great catalogue of accomplishments. Martha has, I presume, told you that Mr. Cary's children are the finest that ever lived. They were never in a school. They never viewed themselves in competition with any other children in their lives,—to think who had the prettiest clothes, or who was the head of a class most frequently. But their minds, being divested of all such vain competitions are like a sheet of white paper, on which you may write what you please; and there are, she says, no impurities there to mar the impression. I have seen children so educated, and, I must say, that the best people I have known have had a private education. People can study mankind to better advantage after they come to maturity than while they are children. I believe you are tired of so much prosing, and I should think you might be. Mr. Hall will want to know who we have had preaching for us; Mr. Julian Abbot, the first of the winter, and Mr. Pierre Irving the last six weeks; that is, he has read to us, and gives us a very fine selection of sermons and prayers. Mrs. Henry Ware is still a very great invalid, and many think will never recover. Tell your sister Sally I was much obliged to her for her letter, and shall answer it. Your

mother is a good deal of an invalid, but your father enjoys comfortable health. Harriet has a small school, and I think it very improving to her, and hope something better will offer for her.

*To Miss Forbes, March 5, 1832.*

If you observe any discrepancies in this letter, all I can say is, it has been written in haste, with Mr. Lyman reading Clay's speech as loud as he well could. Give my love to your mother, Margaret, and the young ladies; and remember me to Miss Martha Stearns, whom I was much pleased with. Tell her her brother is well, and preaches finely.

*To Mrs. Greene, March 22, 1832.*

Anne Jean and I have had a good opportunity to read this winter, and to improve the children in various ways. Indeed, I think winter is the season of mental improvement, and summer the time to study in the great book of Nature, and apply our knowledge. If we make friends with Nature, she will never fail us; but wherever we go, the intimacy, like the Masonic tie, will be acknowledged, and we shall find her good company. Not so with artificial tastes; you may look in vain abroad for the forms of society and means of amusement to which you have been used in the world; but if you have loved the grass and clouds, go where you will, they are indigenous in every climate, and are always to be enjoyed.

I was very glad to get your last letter, but have seen accounts in the paper of still greater distress than you said any thing about. . . .

*To Miss C. Robbins, April 8, 1832.*

I wish you could come up and see what comfort we have in our Sundays. Mr. Stearns hardly ever exchanges, and always preaches well. And I have a charming set of scholars at the Sunday-school, which gives me a sort of foretaste of the millennium. If you are ever well enough, and go to one meeting long enough at a time, I recommend to you to take a class in a Sunday-school, that are old enough to study Paley's "Evidences," and Miss Adams's "History of the Jews," and "Josephus," and such kind of works, as well as the Scriptures; and if they are intelligent, there is real pleasure in it. . . .

How perfectly I recall my mother's delight in my Aunt Mary's twin babies! It was during this year, I think, that General Moseley, our only military hero, was thrown from his horse during a review, and broke his leg. He was carried into Warner's tavern, and spent many weeks in a room on the upper floor. I recall my mother's insisting, as soon as she heard the limb was set, that she must go and see him, and take the twins with her. She had them dressed in pink, and seated on the foot of his bed. "The sight of these twins can't mend his broken leg, but would mend a broken heart any time," she said.

My mother suffered severely from the ill health of both Joseph and Anne Jean. All her plans of life were formed for health, and the sight of severe suffering always distressed her immeasurably. Then, as she was apt at times to exaggerate symptoms,

through her intensity of sympathy, and was rarely judicious in the use of remedies, her children avoided the mention of disease, whenever it was possible to do so.

In a letter to Cousin Abby, dated December 3, 1832, she pours out her sorrow for the sufferings of these two beautiful and noble young people. Speaking of Joseph, she says:—

“The idea of so young a person being under the necessity of acting the part of an invalid, and carrying about him a local infirmity which may last him through life, I sometimes feel to be almost insupportable.”

Speaking in the same letter of the cholera, which had prevailed during the previous season, she adds:—

“We have had a great deal of anxiety on your account, ever since the cholera was known to be in your city. I am rejoiced to hear it has abated. It is a new form of trouble to me. In the summer season, there were a great number of people here from the cities, and all wondered that we did not conform our mode of living to the prospect of cholera, as they did in New York and other places. But your uncle and I both thought that we had better continue to do exactly what we had done, as that had preserved us in health so far; and we never made the slightest difference about eating or drinking, and you know we never were very luxurious livers. But a kind Providence has preserved us.”

*To Mrs. Greene, March 22, 1833.*

P. S. I think your father has been remarkably well and happy this winter. They have in every respect appeared comfortable. I see your father every day. He talks of his happiness as something that he realizes; and says, "Don't you see how much better off I am than Major Taylor?" I enjoyed seeing a great deal of M. when I was in Boston. She is the most improved young person I know of, and has secured herself the best of friends in Mr. and Mrs. Cary,—who say they never shall be willing to do without her till their children are all grown up. Mary Jones is going to Boston for a visit soon, and Jane, after she is married.

*To Miss C. Robbins, March 28, 1833.*

MY DEAR CATHERINE,—When I first got home I was, of course, very much occupied,—I need not say how. And soon Mr. ——'s folks got aground, and came after me to pay them some attention, but they are now getting along nicely. They have not much resolution to meet difficulties in the onset, but they have patience and perseverance, and that always carries people along. I hope mamma got a letter I wrote rather more than a week ago. The badness of the travelling has prevented Joseph from going back as soon as he intended. He has been a constant source of entertainment to all of us, and produced the exercise of a great deal of laughing. I have sent you Mrs. Cushing's "Travels," and wish mother and you may derive as much entertainment from them as I did. I believe I have

not read any thing since my return but Mr. Ware's book,—which I am delighted with as another specimen of his beautiful mind,—and "Lord Collingwood's Letters," and "Cousin Marshall." I hope Miss Martineau will continue to write; I don't know of any kind of writing calculated to do so much good to common readers. I wonder if you have read the last "Christian Examiner;" if you have not, you must see what malignity and ill-will can suggest against that faultless work of Mr. Ware's, "The Formation of the Christian Character." I am glad you are able to hear Dr. Follen. I am sure he must be an interesting lecturer, though I do not care so much about the German literature as many people do. I think, if I were young and able to, I should not learn the language, but should devote much more time and attention to the best works in the English than is common for the young people of the present day.

I do not hear how Susan Howe is getting along with her school, but I hope well. I am very glad to hear Mary is enjoying so much at Philadelphia. The weather has been very fine here for a week past, and of course it is much warmer there. The travelling is still horrid, and I dread to have Joseph take this journey; but he thinks it won't do for him to stay any longer from the office. You must tell Emma I do not expect to be any thing but a drudge till after Jane is married, though I shall try and answer her kind letter one of these days. And tell her, if I had not heard her say she never meant to do any more work with her hands, I should beg she

would come up and help me till next June. Margaret Emery was coming up to make me a visit from Springfield; but I shan't let her come till you are here, or Emma, or somebody that has time to enjoy her fine intellect, which, in the present state of my interests, would be lost on me. Give my love to Sally and her family. I hope she will get up here this summer. Give my love to mother and all friends.

Your affectionate sister,

A. J. LYMAN.

*To Mrs. Greene, July 14, 1833.*

MY DEAR ABBY,—I was much pleased to receive your letter of the 4th. Your repeated invitations to Anne Jean have not been unheeded, or passed over without much speculation. The chance to go with Mr. and Mrs. Peabody I consider a good one; or with Mrs. Cutter. But though we have thought much of it, both in connection with her health and likewise in connection with our desire to have her in your society, enlarging as well as increasing the fountain of good affections, still it requires an effort of resolution that I do not feel equal to at present. Her father says she may go if I think best. I cannot help remembering that it must be a long separation, and that her health is very indifferent, and that I should have great anxiety on her account, and great deprivation. For she is every thing to me in the way of a companion, as well as an assistant, and it would come hard to me to do without her. I have not the least doubt you would be satisfied with her, and find much sympathy and pleasure in

her society. She has a serious and reflecting mind, and I know she would be much improved by enlarging her experience in such a tour. . . . This proves that I am wanting in a heart full of gratitude for the blessings I have; and I am induced to utter this portion of Pope's prayer:—

“ Save me alike from foolish pride,  
Or impious discontent  
At aught thy wisdom has denied,  
Or aught thy goodness lent.”

We feel very much delighted to hear that Sally is getting along, and that her baby was doing well. You did not say who she called her baby for; it is a very pretty name. I told Anne to write and say we hoped it would either be called Abby Greene or Anne Jean. But I think on such occasions people are right to follow their own judgment.

I am very glad you are pleased with Dr. Bancroft. There is no member of his family who is half as interesting as he is, and, notwithstanding his cracked voice and shaking head, there are few who in the vigor of youth can write so well. I am glad too that you realize the promise of her youth in Miss Beecher; I always thought she must be a most intelligent companion. Her “Essay on Education,” which was published a few years since, was highly creditable to her, and gave me a high idea of her mind.

My sister Catherine is staying with me, and says nothing but the entire impossibility of her leaving an aged mother prevents her from accepting your

kind invitation ; for she has a great deal of enterprise about moving and journeying, besides in this case a great desire to see her friends. She sends her love to you, and says she shall lay up her invitation for a more convenient season, and that she is much obliged to you for it.

If Anne Jean gets the resolution to think she can undertake this journey before the opportunity passes by, we shall promote it, with all our hearts. . . .

A. J. LYMAN.

In the spring of 1833, our dear sister Jane was married to Stephen Brewer, and this marriage probably added more positive enjoyment to our family circle than any that ever occurred in it. For this sister was not, like most of the others, to be removed far from our vicinity. The village known as "Leeds," in later years, was then simply called the "Factory Village," and Mr. Brewer was the agent for the woollen manufactories there. He was a man of the finest feelings, and most reliable judgment in his dealings with men. And this made him the personal friend and care-taker of the whole little village under his charge. During the years that he was there, no justice of the peace was ever employed to settle difficulties in that place. His private influence was all they needed to keep them in order. His house stood at the top of the hill overlooking the village, with a charming grove of pines in front and at the side of it, where the winds made constant music. It was a most picturesque situation, and only a drive of four and a half miles from our door

in Northampton. To go with father or mother in the chaise or carriage to see "Sister Jane," and have a frolic with our kind and genial brother-in-law, made one of the prime enjoyments of our childhood, and we were often left to pass the night, or stay a few days,—which was one of the most delicious treats to school children. And as we grew older, and had young friends and visitors, our dear sister and her husband made them also welcome to the hospitable home, and many are the bright recollections of those happy days at the Factory. Sister Jane had been a suffering invalid from her birth, but her perfect patience and entire disinterestedness prevented her ill-health from being any drawback to the spirits of the young people about her. She carried through life that blessed unselfishness, inherited from our dear father, which saved her from the worst crosses of life, though she had always to bear the cross of pain and weakness.

I remember well the months preceding her marriage,—the wedding haste of the dear Anne Jean whose deft fingers made many a garment, the drives to the Factory to see the house. And the day before the marriage when my mother took me, a child of ten years, out into the grove behind the house, and said, "Here, Susan, you will often come and have happy days. I want you to learn Bryant's '*'Thanatopsis'* here, for here you will understand it." And I learned it, then and there; and can never now repeat, "The groves were God's first temples," without recalling *those* groves, and all the joys connected with them. Who could have dreamed then,

in those peaceful days, that the beautiful village would become that scene of ruin and disaster, which the calamity of 1873 made it?

In the autumn of 1833, Anne went to Cincinnati to pass the winter with Cousin Abby. It was indeed a heavy sacrifice to part with this beloved daughter even temporarily, for, in spite of her ill-health, her presence was of the utmost importance to the comfort of the whole family circle. But when did they ever fail to make any sacrifice that they believed to be for our good? Writing to Abby, in relation to Anne's going, my mother said, "It is an unspeakable effort for me to let her go, and one I could not make for any less beloved objects than herself and yourself."

How plainly I recall my dear father's voice trembling with emotion, and his glistening eyes, as he told years afterwards one characteristic story of his parting with Anne for this long winter. He gave her fifty dollars in ten gold pieces for her pocket-money during the visit. That was a great deal in those times,— more than a hundred would be now; and Anne duly appreciated the gift, and thanked him warmly. When spring came, and he went to bring her home, she quietly handed him a beautiful purse she had knit for him, of silk, with steel beads; and in it he found the ten shining gold pieces he had given her at parting. She remarked simply that it had been a great comfort to her to have so much money by her all winter, as she had felt herself ready for any emergency; but that she had had no use for the money, and it was a happiness to

her to return it to him, knowing how many people he had to provide for. Such was her tender consideration for him, at eighteen years.

During that winter, we children attended Mr. William Huntington's school, and in March our brother Edward left home, to go into a store in Boston. His loss was very great to the family circle. Yet all the young people were at the time busy in getting up a little drama called "The Queen of the Rose," to be acted in our long hall, as the "Lady of the Lake" had been, a few years before. And in the midst of all her cares, and her journey to Boston before her, to take her youngest son, my mother allowed the play to go on, and it was entirely successful.

Throughout this winter of our dear Anne's absence, how devoted our mother was to the education of her little children! It seemed as if she wanted to make up to them and console herself for the absence of the daughter who was the sharer of all her cares. I recall the beautiful winter evenings when she gathered us after tea around the hall table and read to us from Good's "Book of Nature," and a plentiful amount of English history, which she made so dramatic and impressive that in spite of Froude, and all the light of modern literature, it is difficult for us to think of "that old wretch, Henry the Eighth," as she always called him, in any other light than hers.

MY DEAR SON,—When I saw that father was about to despatch a quantity of white paper, I

thought I would black a little more of it, though there are not many interesting details with which to entertain you. The bell continues to ring every evening, and people assemble every morning without a bell. Mrs. —— has been in to-day to say she is very tired of living here and seeing so much pretence of religion; but I told her I had found it convenient to keep a large cloak of indifference for all the disagreeable things that presented themselves before me, that I could not avoid; and if she would do the same I thought she would get along much better than by indulging a great deal of feeling on the subject as she seems disposed to do.

Elizabeth Brewer has left us, and we felt very sorry to part with her. In losing her I have lost E. Cochran too; they both deplored your loss very sincerely. May you always deserve their regard. Our little girls regularly set a chair for you at table, and a plate; this gives me some pain, but likewise much pleasure, for I know it to be an unaffected expression of their remembrance and affection,—and there is no part of the Christian rule I value more than that which prescribes brotherly love, “Love ye one another,”—“for by this it shall be known that ye are my disciples.” And though this command was not circumscribed by kindred ties, it may be allowed to begin in families, and expand itself over communities. . . .

Your affectionate

MOTHER.

MARCH 30, 1834.

I have but little to tell you—I have been so much shut up—that can interest you. But I know sister Eliza will want to know how things are going on at the Factory. Jane has had the best of nursing, and when I went to see her yesterday, I found, preparatory to Mrs. Munroe's leaving, she had got down stairs; had got into the bedroom next the parlor, and was cheerfully seated by the parlor fire, with Elizabeth devoted to her, and Mrs. Munroe quilting the baby a cradle quilt. The baby has had another name found to add to her value. Hannah is the name of Mr. Brewer's mother, and Hannah it must be. I for one have no objection to the name. Distinguished people have borne it, in both sacred and profane history. If she is as good as the mother of Samuel, or as wise and exemplary as Hannah Adams, it will be of little consequence what name she bears.

Our little ladies send their love to you. They have gone this afternoon, with their father, to see sister Jane.

Mrs. Mosely Wright, who lived with and was housekeeper to Mrs. Napier, is dead, and I must attend the funeral. Give my love to sister Eliza and all the children.

Your affectionate

MOTHER.

I am afraid she did not altogether like the name of "Hannah," from the pains she took to prove how excellent it was.

To Mrs. Greene, Northampton, March 30, 1834.

MY DEAR ABBY,— There are certain states of mind I never should wish to write in; and that state furnished me with an excuse for allowing a number of weeks to pass without writing to Anne Jean.

It was quite a blow to me to find, after I got to Boston, that Edward was to be withdrawn from the paternal roof. And while I was there I had to prepare him for the change of place, and my own mind for the event. I find, as I grow old, an increased reluctance to a separation from my children; and, if it were not that I consider discontent a very *great sin*, I am afraid I should, in this case, have become a victim. A third of Joseph's short life has been spent away from me, and it seemed very hard that Edward should go (probably never to return), when he was but fifteen years old; and he has always been so remarkably *kind* and *good* in all his feelings, and so desirous to make those around him happy, that it is impossible for us to forget the chasm produced in our family circle. I always have aimed to avoid magnifying the evils and inconveniences of my lot, and hope I do not attach too much consequence to these things. Indeed, I have too many admonitions in the fate of others to justify myself in complaint.

You will see in the Boston newspapers the death and character of young Dr. James Jackson, the son of the distinguished Dr. of that name. I wish you to notice it. It was written without any exaggeration. This death has shaken the earthly happiness of his family to its foundation, for he was their idol and *pride*. He was a friend of Joseph's, and through

him I have been made acquainted with his worth. But speaking of it in relation to myself, I feel that I ought to be grateful that my children are alive, even if I cannot have the pleasure of living with them. It is a rare case, when parents are the favored instruments under Providence of creating and bringing to its highest perfection a human soul that is an honor to them, an honor to human nature, and, more than all the rest, an honor to his Maker. What an event in one's life to reflect upon! How much it must mitigate, while at the same time how much it must magnify, the intensity of feeling! *You* (as well as *I*) can bring it home to your own heart with a realizing sense. . . .

*Judge Lyman to his Son, April 2, 1834.*

MY DEAR SON,—We received Joseph's letter last evening, and were happy to hear that you were both well, and are also much pleased with your arrangement of writing every Sabbath. You are aware that we have no children with us except Susan and Catherine, and since you have left I have no one to aid me in attending to the little out-door concerns. Your own good was the only inducement to part with you, and it will be a source of great satisfaction to me to know that you are acceptable to your employers, and that your behavior is such as is peculiarly gratifying to your friends. I have noticed so often your diligence in studies and in business, that I think you will continue to deserve the reputation which you have acquired. Whenever you have any time, I wish you to revise your studies and preserve what you have acquired.

I have concluded to go to Cincinnati on the first week in May, and bring home Anne Jean. I have written her to that effect. I hope that no disastrous occurrence will prevent me.

Our County Commissioners are now sitting, and I am writing in the Court House amid much talk about licensing taverners and retailers; those who encourage intemperance or keep disorderly houses will be prevented from doing further mischief. With us it is disgraceful to be seen at a tavern or retail-shop as drinkers or loungers. I am happy that it is so; the work of reformation goes on prosperously, and I am delighted that you are coming to manhood at a time when the vice of intemperance will be banished from the land. Be happy, my dear son; to be so — be virtuous.

*To her Son, Northampton, April 6, 1834.*

There is so little passing that is worth making a record of, that if it were not that *love* and *sympathy* are ever present to a mother's heart, and are inexhaustible fountains from which the pen is always supplied with something to say to an absent child,—I say if it were not for these you would rarely hear from me. Your brother Sam has added to his treasures another daughter. A lovelier babe I never saw; it is really beautiful though but two days old, weighing ten pounds. Almira appears remarkably well and comfortable. Poor Sister Jane is now having a trying time, and I have sent Mrs. Carley out to stay with her till she gets better. Her child is nicely. But she was not ready to part with her

nurse ; and I dare say she will soon be better, now that Mrs. Carley is with her,—who is very experienced in baby affairs. I dare say you saw Mr. Jones when he was down. I hope Mr. Powers got your things safely to you. I have not yet heard of your getting the apron and things contained in the first bundle.

I wish some time when you are passing by print-shops you would go in and inquire for an engraving of Baron Cuvier ; if there are any to be sold quite cheap, let me know. I have been reading his life, and should like to associate him (as I do many others whom I read) with some particular expression and appearance, which I can do only by having a picture of him. The Baron Cuvier classes with the most exalted of God's works. He was two years younger than your father, and died two years ago. Perhaps no man living in the same age in any part of the world did as much good. No one could do more, for he passed his life in the most untiring industry, commencing under a conflict with poverty, which however rather brightened than repressed his native genius. And his success in the investigation of one science only stimulated him to the pursuit of another, until, at an early age, he became the greatest naturalist in the world ; and was chosen the instrument of Napoleon Bonaparte for forming constitutions for the various literary institutions throughout his vast dominions, and for reforming and giving laws to all common schools. And it truly may be said of him that his superior knowledge and love of science were excelled only by his philanthropy, which led him

sedulously to apply his hard-earned treasures of intellect to the various wants of man. The acquisition of information is in itself a pleasure,—it is feeding the better part of our nature—*our minds*. But the good does not end *here*. We must look on these intellectual treasures as we should on our property, and think, How can I apply them most usefully, and make them most serviceable to myself and my fellow-creatures?—“What can I do to reform the wicked and enlighten the ignorant?” is a question every one should put to himself, and it indicates a duty none are exempt from. Till we have reached maturity we are the daily recipients of favors. And the only acceptable mode of proving our gratitude to our Heavenly Father for such a provision of His bounty is in some humble manner to imitate Him, and do what we can to contribute to the *good* or the *happiness* of those around us. . . . We have had very warm weather, and a fine shower has made the country look beautiful. It seems as if one might enjoy every moment, the season imparts such cheerfulness to one’s spirit; and every new flower that makes its appearance is only a new expression of a Heavenly Father’s love and kindness, and seems to be calling on us for a new expression, or rather a renewed feeling, of love and gratitude to the Author of all our blessings, and furnishes us with continual lessons which we cannot refuse to extract good from, and

“Instructs us to be great, like Him,  
Beneficent and active.  
Thus the men

Whom Nature's works instruct with God himself  
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,  
With His conceptions; act upon his plan,  
And form to His the relish of their souls."

I did not mean to be poetical: but these beautiful, though simple, expressions of Akenside are forced upon my mind spontaneously by contemplating the subject of which they treat. I have but a shadow of the beauties of Nature near me, but a walk will furnish it at any time, and I am called to a good many rides.

Anne Jean sent me last week a prize tale, for which the author, Miss Harriet Beecher, obtained fifty dollars. I like it very much, and, after I have got Mr. Atwill to copy it into his paper, will send it to you, for I think your sister Eliza, and Joseph and others, will be pleased with it. It was published in the "Cincinnati Magazine," without any of the cant that characterizes 'Orthodox' publications, notwithstanding there is sickness and death and conversion in it.

Mr. Stearns gave us excellent sermons this morning and afternoon, on the importance of watchfulness of ourselves; spoke particularly of giving importance to trifles, and undue attention to external appearance,—thereby fostering personal vanity, which closes the mind to good and improving reflections. I dare say you hear a great many good preachers, besides Mr. Frothingham. Does he have  
■ Sunday-school?

Your affectionate

MOTHER.

## CHAPTER XV.

THE spring of 1844 was a sad one in our family annals. My father went to Cincinnati to bring home our dear Anne; and my mother occupied herself in gathering together all the children of the neighborhood, who were deprived of a school by Mr. Huntington's departure, and teaching them herself, until some new teacher should appear. But very soon she was summoned to Enfield, on account of the illness of my sister Mary, who died only ten days after the birth of a son. It was a bitter grief to have to communicate to the absent ones; and my mother wisely kept it out of the newspapers, hoping they might reach home without hearing of it by the way. It was a long and weary journey by stages from Cincinnati to Northampton, and she had much anxiety for the delicate Anne Jean in taking it. After they had left Albany, and were in the stage for Pittsfield, a neighbor from Northampton entered, and expressed condolence with my father on the recent death of his daughter. The shock to both of them was severe, and, in the shattered condition of Anne's health, the manner of hearing it affected her sensibly, as well as the loss of the sister to whom she was so tenderly attached.

Not long after their return home came the added

sorrow of brother Dwight's death, at a moment when they were looking for his return, after a two years' absence in China. I will not dwell on this sorrowful summer. My mother's letters were full of sadness for many months, and she felt keenly the heavy trials that had fallen on my father. She mentions in one letter, that, though they deeply regretted the illness of a young friend who was staying with them, it had consoled Anne and herself to be allowed to take care of her. They passed a very quiet summer, reading the same books, weeping together over the heavier sorrows of others, and devoted to the most tender and affectionate intercourse after their long separation,—the chief trial of the present, aside from the family grief, being the fact that Anne's health had sensibly declined within the year.

In August, my father's only brother, our Uncle Lyman, died, and again she writes to Abby:—

*To Mrs. Greene, Northampton, Aug. 22, 1834.*

MY DEAR ABBY,—For the past season you have continually heard of the increased indisposition of your father. I have now to communicate that he has terminated his mortal career, and that we followed him yesterday to the silent grave, where he was laid by the side of her to whom he had given his earliest and best affections. Our clergyman, Mr. Stearns, officiated with great solemnity; and, when we got to the grave, made such remarks on the mortality of all around, and on the inevitable destiny of man, which was sooner or later to bring us to the same point, that, had there been any want

of seriousness or lack of tears, he would have caused them to overflow.

The day that Anne Jean wrote you last, my Edward, who was on a visit to us then, carried your father to take a ride of several miles, and he said riding refreshed him, and made him feel better. Your uncle and Justin have carried him, whenever he felt able to go, all summer. But ten days before his death, when Justin went to take him to ride, it was impossible to get him into the chaise, with the assistance of another man, he was so very weak; and from that time he grew weaker daily, and your uncle found a man to go and watch by him, day and night, till he died, at twelve o'clock in the evening, on the 20th of this month.

We (your uncle and I) left him at nine in the evening, and thought he might continue till morning. He knew us; spoke quite strong; said he was in no pain, and believed he was better. Just at twelve, he asked for a cup of tea, and, while they were getting it, ceased to breathe, without a struggle. The Sunday previous, we thought he would not continue through the day, and your uncle asked him if he was willing to die, when he answered, "I am always ready. I can always say, as Watts did,—

‘I go and come; nor fear to die,  
When God on high shall call me home.’ ”

His mind, I think, has been much clearer for the last year or two than when you were here, and I have felt sorry that you could not witness the tranquil happiness he seemed to enjoy; being able to

extend his view beyond the "dark valley of the shadow of death," a glorious prospect beyond it seemed to be lighted up. When I said to him, "You have done a great many kindnesses and charitable actions in the days of your prosperity," he answered me, with his habitual self-forgetfulness, "A great many people have been kind and friendly to me,"—never reverting to the many who had been thoughtless and unkind, or, to say the least, forgetful.

Your mother has been much exhausted by sleepless nights; and, when I asked her to return from her solitary dwelling with us for a week or two, she said she must remain alone, while she should be permitted to stay in the house, and recruit herself.

As to your sisters, I know that children who are brought up in moderate circumstances may be better brought up than the children of the wealthy, generally speaking, though this is not infallible.

I have two young ladies, wards of Dr. Robbins's, who have been staying with us for the last three weeks,—Sarah Perkins and Elizabeth Spring. An income like Miss Perkins's would seem to preclude a disinterested, self-sacrificing zeal for the good of the distressed; and yet she *is* very disinterested and lovely, and *as good as she can be*.

The marriage of one of her favorites, Sally Lyman, to Mr. Richard L. Allen, was the next joyous event to call for her sympathy, after the sorrows of the previous spring. In one of her letters at this time, she says: "There are few like Richard Allen in the world. He is an admirable person."

*To her Son, Sept. 13, 1835.*

I cannot let Mr. Henshaw go without taking a few lines, to assure you that you are constantly remembered. My attention has been a good deal taken up by Mrs. Watson, who came on Monday, and is to leave to-morrow. She has stayed with Mrs. Dwight, but has visited me daily, and I have carried her to Amherst, and went so far as to promise to go on the mountain with her; but fortunately the day appointed was so very foggy, that it was impossible to go. Then there has been a family of Longfellows from Portland, very interesting, agreeable people; they had a daughter with them, who married a Mr. Pierce, formerly in the Law School here.

I went up this evening to see Mrs. Bliss. I never have seen her when she was so perfectly beautiful; she had the color given by a slight fever. Her eyes were very bright, and she was excited by seeing me, and by having Mrs. —— by her side, who had just come in and had burst out crying, for the sake of a scene; and in the midst of it all the doctor, whom she seems much delighted with. But it was the glow of strong emotion which irradiated her whole face, and presented her perfectly beautiful. I do really think she may get well now; she has had a temporary interruption, which she is fast recovering from. Miss Stearns has been sick a week; she has now recovered and dined here with Mr. and Mrs. Watson, Friday; and Mrs. Whitmarsh and husband joined them in the afternoon.

We have had Mr. Noyes to preach all day; he

preached finely this morning on the justice of God, and this afternoon on cultivating right affections towards each other,—showing what I have always said, that if we have nothing else to give, we can be rich in good affections, and bestow them where they are wanted, and will do good. I have felt the value of a smile of cordiality, and could realize all that he had to say on that subject. I know what a balm it may be to a wounded or a too deeply humbled spirit.

It is so late I cannot write another word. Mr. Professor Hitchcock has commenced a course of geological lectures, in which there seems to be a good degree of interest.

Your affectionate                           MOTHER.

*To Miss Martha Cochran, Jan. 12, 1835.*

MY DEAR MARTHA,—Tell dear L. I cannot say how much I am obliged to her for her kindness and the books which I received two days since; but I have not had time yet to read them.

Anne Jean and Miss Caroline Phelps, who is staying with her, read to me the "Last Days of Pompeii." I beg you will read it, for it has powerful description in it, partaking of the sublime. But it is altogether the most sacrilegious thing that ever was penned. The whole reminds me of Mr. Frisbie's description of Lord Byron's "Works." The effect of Bulwer's writings I think very much the same; but this one more strikingly than any of the others. "The desolate misanthropy of his mind rises and throws its dark shade over his writing like one of his own ruined castles; we feel it to be sublime, but we

forget that it is a sublimity it cannot have, till it is abandoned by everything that is kind, and peaceful, and happy, and its halls are ready to become the haunts of outlaws and assassins." On the whole, he leaves an impression unfavorable to a healthful state of mind, which is to be deprecated and shunned.

*To Miss C. Robbins, March 30, 1835.*

. . . George Davis has sent me the "Recollections of a Housekeeper," which is certainly a most amusing thing, and one that all country housekeepers have a feeling sense of. The children read it to me, much to my entertainment.

I was greatly obliged to you for sending "Silvio Pellico." The history of his feelings is an ample illustration of the doctrine of sympathy, though I think Mr. Roscoe made a great mistake in not giving some sketch of his previous life, and the political state of the country that should produce such calamities. Most young readers would be entirely in the dark as to the cause of his imprisonment, from what little is said in the preface about it. I have not had a chance to read "Philip Van Artevelde" yet.

In September of 1835, came off a great celebration at Bloody Brook, South Deerfield, on the occasion of the one hundredth anniversary of the fall of "the Flower of Essex," at the hands of the Indians. Mr. Edward Everett was to be the orator of the occasion; and my mother and Anne had looked forward to it for weeks and months. The

beautiful and accomplished orphan daughters of a distinguished lawyer in Connecticut had, some time before, taken up their abode in Northampton; and, to find music-scholars for the elder sister, and make her own home a pleasant resting-place to them at all times, was now one of my mother's many deep interests. The second sister, after an absence of a year, had now returned to die.

*To her Son, August 20, 1835.*

MY DEAR E.—After writing such a poor scrawl by way of apology for not writing, I feel it to be my duty to use the first leisure I can command to tell you that the variety of duties and excitements that have occurred in rapid succession, have pretty much excluded the use of the pen. If you have seen your Aunt Catherine, she has told you of all the fevers and fervors excited by Miss Martineau's visit. There is something truly animating in a realizing sense of human excellence, accompanied by great information and a simple, unaffected eloquence, such as is manifested by this good lady in expressing her opinions not only of the great men in the world, whether statesmen or authors, but also of the great interests of mankind. After she was gone, Anne Jean and I felt dissatisfied with giving her up, and took to reading her books again in our intervals of leisure, which though few and far between, would give us an idea of her reflections, and continue to us her mind after we had parted with the real presence. Nothing can be more simple and unaffected, than the exterior of this *good*, this delightful character.

This morning your Sister Eliza left us, with her children. She was not well, and I felt sorry to have them leave. The children were all well and very good, and I could have had them longer as well as not. We are enjoying Cousin Abby's visit unspeakably. Mr. Greene you have seen in Boston before this time. Little Catherine is very much improved, since you saw her here before. She is very much of a lady and altogether uncommonly well behaved and well governed for an only child.

I was obliged to stop, and several days have elapsed since I have been able to take my pen again. Old Dr. Thayer preached for us to-day in consequence of Mr. Stearns having left us with his wife and child, to go a journey. The day before your Sister Eliza left us, we had Mr. Bates's family and the new neighbor's, Mr. Church's, to visit us. They seem to be clever people, at any rate they will do us as much good as Mr. —'s family. Everybody is anticipating the pleasure of going to hear Mr. Edward Everett's Oration on Tuesday next. I hope they may realize all they anticipate. Give my love to Mrs. Blake and all friends.

The little girls have been in Deerfield a week, and had the most delightful time that ever was — went to the Falls you visited and to the Glen. Catherine went to the Mill with the young Dr. several times, besides visiting every day, and I don't know how long it will take to recover her from such a tour of dissipation. Susan appears unhurt by all these operations. Anne Jean is get-

ting over a cold and thinks of accompanying her cousin to Boston. In haste,

Your affectionate MOTHER.

*To Miss Cochran, Sept. 30, 1835.*

MY DEAR MARTHA,— You will perceive by the date that this is the eventful day which has excited so much expectation; and, after all, neither Anne Jean nor myself are enjoying Mr. Everett's address. You will probably say, "What a disappointment!" Indeed, it would be, if it were not merged in a much greater. Our friend, Mrs. B., is just dying on our hands, and, if Anne Jean and I were to leave them, there would be no one to take our places, and these young sisters are now in a state that they must have some one to support them through the trial, for they are entirely prostrated by it. Mrs. H— got here a week since, with all the effects of fever and ague upon her. The Thursday following, Mrs. B. experienced, after a dreadful paroxysm of coughing, a very sudden prostration of strength, and has never felt any power in her limbs since, to move them, or any sensation but weight. This state of things, of course, is an infallible indication of dissolution; and any account I can give of the effect this produced upon the sisters must appear so much like exaggeration, that it is not best to use any but general terms, and say they are paralyzed by it.

N. received your note and the fruit. Every expression of kindness is grateful to her feelings, and she was much affected by this proof of your continued interest and remembrance.

Since I have been writing, Anne Jean has informed me that she had begun a letter to you, and I shall let her send hers by mail, and let mine wait for an opportunity. It cannot be many days before you hear of Mrs. B.'s death. She has had great comfort in Mr. Stearns's daily prayers; often requests him to pray that she may be resigned to God's will, at the same time assuring him of her wish to live. Last night her reason was very clear, after a faint turn which I thought would end her existence in a very few moments; and she spoke beautifully of the Providence which had, under every trying circumstance, sustained her youth, and raised up friends for her under every calamity. Anne Jean has been able to stay by her in the daytime, with the assistance of another, and I have been able to watch three times out of five nights, and shall continue to devote myself to her while she lives. Mrs. Hunt, too, has done all she could, by day and by night. Eliza Seeger has watched once.

October 1. To-day Mrs. B. has but little reason, and it does not make any difference who is with her. Dr. Austin Flint is greatly afflicted at the result of his care; has sat up all night with her, and been as unwearied as if she were his own wife; has carried his father to see her several times, and is still of the opinion that she is not consumptive, as is his father. But it makes no difference what occasions disease, if the result must be death. I do not know that I have ever had a friend sick, when I felt such an intense desire that they should recover, as in this case. Mrs. B. had, after many dark and troubled days,

arrived at a sunny spot in her existence, the radiance of which was strongly reflected upon the destiny of her sisters. I regret that I was not earlier acquainted with her, and have not done more for her; but you know, when she was with the ——s, she was out of my way. And Anne Jean's health prevented her from doing anything about anybody, unless it were the poor or the sick. She is now inexpressibly afflicted by Mrs. B.'s state, and would sacrifice anything to her comfort.

I suppose C. will go with her sister, Mrs. H., to Buffalo. She is a good little lamb, and I hope something will occur to screen her from the coldness of a heartless world; for she has a degree of sensibility that will make her peculiarly susceptible to the trials she is likely to be exposed to. Oh, how I wish there were an asylum for all the unhappy and unfortunate orphans within my sphere! and that it were my destiny to preside over it and make them comfortable!—endowed, at the same time, with that heavenly-mindedness and Christian benevolence which would give efficiency to the desire. As I am, I need not ask to take care of any more people's happiness than has fallen to me.

Mr. Everett satisfied the expectation of all who heard him, I am told. Love to your mother and sisters,  
And believe me, truly yours,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

P. S. You know the conflicting interests that ever await my destiny. After I returned from watching, this morning, I was informed that Miss Martineau

would be here, and I should have the pleasure of her company to dine, together with that of Mr. Everett and Mr. Brooks.

October 2. Mrs. B. is still living, but I think will not be when this reaches you.

In the late autumn of 1835, our dear Anne was seized with a rheumatic fever, which prostrated her entirely for two months. Her heavenly patience under suffering, and her great energy and efficiency in the few intervals of comparative health she enjoyed, made her frequent illnesses a source of the deepest sympathy in the family circle.

After writing to Mrs. Greene the affecting details of Anne Jean's illness, she goes on to tell of family affairs and of the books she is reading.

"We have just been reading Sparks's second volume of 'Washington's Life,' and are delighted with it. I have never before realized how much he must have encountered from his earliest youth, forgetting all the convenient and comfortable things an ample fortune and good home would furnish him with, while he was living in the most comfortless manner, eating for months what the meanest slave would complain of as a hardship. How much our children ought to learn from such an example in application to the common affairs of life! and what a beautiful illustration is his life of the power of self-denial and self-discipline!"

"P. S. My little ladies and Anne Jean send much love."

She never flattered children, but I think her pretty way of calling us her "little ladies," had much influence on our self-respect.

*To Mrs. Greene, Northampton, July 11, 1836.*

MY DEAR ABBY,—Mr. Stone of Dayton called here in passing, and was kind enough to say that he would take a letter for us. I should have devoted the short space he gave me to writing, but I wanted to take him to see Mrs. Rogers, as he would be likely to see her sister when he got home; and that has left me but a few minutes for the pen. Mrs. Rogers has been here about three weeks; her calm loveliness has an attraction for every one, though none seem to feel the power of it as Anne Jean and myself do. In *her*, beauty seems to be the real type by which moral qualities are expressed in the outer man. And if it were proved to be a false one, how entirely would it lose its power over us! When I see Mrs. Rogers, I can't help thinking how one particle of affectation or artificiality in any of its forms would mar this pure emblem of virtue. And her children seem to be after the same pattern. With such treasures, Mr. Rogers cannot know the bitterness of poverty.

*To Dr. Austin Flint, Northampton, July 18, 1836.*

MY DEAR AUSTIN,—When there is any kind of excitement amongst us, you know it comes like an overwhelming torrent. This has been the case last week. On Thursday Mr. Webster came here, I believe with the intention of leaving the next day.

But Mrs. Webster was taken quite ill, and required a physician, and he was obliged to remain until she recovered, which was not until the following Monday. Of course, as he was well, and his daughter who was with him, there was a chance for a great deal of glorification, in which we as usual bore a *distinguished part*. On Friday, Mr. Bates and myself held a council on what was proper to be done by the ladies, and agreed there must be a party that would include everybody that ever visits, and who would be gratified to see Mr. Webster and daughter; and he consented that it should be at his house in the evening. During the day, Mr. Lyman and Mr. Bates were to ride with the man whom the people are delighted to honor, and show him whatever was worthy to be seen; and in the evening an assembly at Mr. Bates's. The next morning, the young gentlemen and ladies rode on horseback and in carriages to Mount Warner, and home under Mount Holyoke and the Ferry, and in the evening assembled at my house; while the elder gentlemen took a late dinner at the Mansion, given in honor of Mr. Webster, who came also in the evening. Mr. Webster listened with absorbed attention to your sister's playing, an hour and a half, and said he was rarely so much entertained by a lady's music; and added, "I could have loved her had she not been fair,"—making, very gallantly, the quotation from one of her prettiest songs.

Only think of supposing that you will get homesick and dispirited if you are not written to. I should like to punish you a little for letting Mrs. Hunting-

don come away without a line to somebody to say that you had a pleasant or unpleasant journey; that the first impression was joyous or grievous; that you had borne the separation from the loved ones manfully or otherwise. I wish we had kept A. and baby here a few weeks, for then we should have been sure of hearing from you. But I was delighted with what Mrs. H. told me; only that I wanted it from yourself.

After lingering five weeks, Mr. Stearns's child died on Tuesday evening, in a most suffering state. Your father and myself were with it. The parents are exhausted and sick, and we hope to get them to take a journey. Dr. Bancroft happened to stop here for a visit, and officiated at the funeral, and will send Mr. Peabody up from Springfield to preach on Sunday. Thus the vicissitudes of this life are ever proving to us that "This is not our rest." But there are some joys which nothing can deprive us of,—our peace of conscience, and sense of doing right.

■ What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,  
The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy:  
'Tis Virtue's prize;  
Is bless'd in what it takes and what it gives."

I am told Buffalo furnishes an epitome of the grossest vices of the largest cities. If you stay there, you will often have an opportunity of acting the part of minister at large, or missionary. And you must never forget that every opportunity of doing good is a golden privilege; inasmuch as it furnishes us with the chance to imitate him "who came

to minister, and not to be ministered unto." Our worldly and our spiritual interests are so beautifully harmonized, that every thing we do contributing to the latter may likewise be made tributary to the former. Your profession, like that of a clergyman, furnishes the power for a wide diffusion of everything that is useful, morally as well as physically. To be seen at church every Sunday is an unequivocal manifestation of your respect for the institution of the Sabbath; the instructions and reflections of which occasion lay deeply at the foundation of both morals and religion. I know of no way to nourish spiritual life in the soul but to "feed it with food convenient for it." 'Tis the day for balancing our accounts with conscience, and laying in a new stock of wise reflections for future use; which want replenishing as often as one day in seven, or Heaven would not have appointed such a use for a seventh part of our time.

July 23. Since the above was written, many things have occurred deeply interesting to my feelings. My friend, Mrs. John Howard, of Springfield, has died as she has expected to,—under the most aggravated circumstances that a woman can leave the world. She never gave birth to her child; but died in the effort. In this dreadful manner have six of my youthful contemporaries departed this life; though some of them were advanced, as was Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_. This morning I received a letter from dear Anne Flint, which was unexpected, I assure you; for I thought, with the baby not very well, she had enough to do without writing to any one but her

husband; and I knew she would be faithful to that duty. She expresses much pleasure in the idea that you are encouraged as it regards your future prospects. I am delighted that you realize your anticipations. We can never have unmixed pleasure in seeing and being near our friends, unless we can see them prosperous to a certain extent, and happy. That you may always be so, and deserve to be so, is the ardent wish of my heart.

I passed all day yesterday in your father's society, at Mr. C. P. Huntington's, who has another son. I have seen your sister S. this morning. She was just going to take a ride to Belchertown to pass the day. She says the terms of existence are much mitigated to her by having a good domestic; they are all well at your father's. What shall I say in extenuation of the crime of writing such a long and unprofitable epistle? But, no matter; by an effort of imagination you can convince yourself that it is written by an affectionate mother after her first separation from an amiable and much-loved son.

I think, if you remain in Buffalo, you will find no difficulty in getting the organ for — to play upon.

Yours affectionately,

A. J. LYMAN.

In the foregoing letter, my mother tells Dr. Flint that his sister said, "the terms of my existence are much mitigated," &c. This young girl could never have made use of *that expression*; and this her correspondent knew. My mother and her sister, Eliza Robbins, had both of them a wonderful use of lan-

guage. I have never heard anything at all like it. To repeat the things they said always makes them sound pedantic ; but on their lips this was never the case. As late as the summer of 1856, in Cambridge, my mother took her grand-daughter, Hannah Brewer, to the window, and described in most glowing language the change in the appearance of the Common ; beginning, "Formerly, Hannah, this green expanse was only an arid waste ;" and going on as if she mere making a speech. And the same summer, when I was crossing the Common with her, she stopped suddenly, looked at the little trees with their growing foliage, and exclaimed : "Oh Susanna ! I *have* crossed this Common under the vertical rays of a meridian sun, when I have sighed 'for a lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless *contiguity* of shade.' But, thank God, that time has passed."

It is related of my Aunt Eliza, that once, being on a visit to the poet Bryant, she remained alone in his study ; when a cabinet-maker brought home a chair that had been altered. When Mr. Bryant returned, he said, "Miss Robbins, what did the man say about my chair ?" "That the equilibrium is now admirably adjusted," said Aunt Eliza, scarcely lifting her eyes from the book she was reading. "What a fine fellow," said Mr. Bryant laughing ; "I never heard him talk like that ! Now, Miss Robbins, what *did* he say ?" "Well, he said 'It joggled just right,'" said my aunt.

In the "Life of Catherine M. Sedgwick," in a letter from Miss Sedgwick to Mrs. Minot, on page 320, occurs this reference to my Aunt Eliza :—

"I called to see Miss Robbins on my way home. She lamented her brother's death with the eloquence of an old Hebrew. If your eyes were shut, you might have fancied that it was a supplemental chapter of Job. It was a holy rhapsody on life and death. I thought I should have remembered some of it, but I might as well have caught a pitcher of water from the Falls of Niagara,—its force carried it away."

*To her Son, Sept. 25, 1836.*

When you spoke of but just coming to the conviction of what Sunday was for, it reminded me of what I have often said, "that, though *precept* is good, *experience* is a better teacher still." You have always seen and felt that it was a day to acknowledge and worship a Heavenly Father, and learn what our duty to him is. But now your experience teaches you to realize, that in addition to those duties there is another design in it; and on that day a man may rest from his labors and give himself up, while resting the body, to holy meditation, and to balancing the accounts of his conscience, seeing wherein he can improve upon the past week; and with the aid of such reflections he may extract much good from the circumstances which have occurred to him. Many think that books are the only source of improvement; but the affairs of this life, while they enlarge our experience, may continually administer to our improvement by proper reflection,—and books can be of no use without reflection, though most valuable auxiliaries with it.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence," was a wise admonition from our wisest and best of friends. In those few words are contained a great many valuable principles. It may be interpreted, Keep your affections pure; avoid all pleasures that are sinful, and hurt the soul: there are endless pleasures which are innocent, and improve it. Cultivate a sense of the presence of an All-seeing Eye, one whom you would not for the world offend.

Now I am in too much pain to sit long to write; it is two months since I have known any long interval from pain. I was three days divested of it, and wrote all my friends I had got well; but at the end of that time it returned with renewed violence, though not at all as I had it last winter, and the year before. I continue to take quinine, and use the same remedies I did under Dr. A. Flint's care; but I dare say it will hang on three months as usual . . . .

Give my love to all friends, and believe me the greatest pleasure of my life is that my children are good and an honor to their parents. When I am in the most severe bodily pain, I can say with heartfelt satisfaction this is nothing, when I think of those whose children are a source of daily tears.

In the last letter to my brother Edward, my mother mentions being in much pain. To those who remember the fearful sciatica that attacked her in 1834, and lasted for five years with intense severity, her infrequent and slight allusion to it is marvellous. For months together she would often

pass whole nights walking the room in agony; but at the breakfast-table no mention of all she had endured escaped her. She bore the infliction with the heroism of a martyr, intermitted none of her duties, laid aside none of her hospitalities; simply remarking, when we expressed sympathy for her, or wonder that she could do so much, that she thanked God for the great physical strength that enabled her to go on with her work even in misery. The elder Dr. Flint showed her the greatest consideration and sympathy. He once told me he had never given powerful sedatives with so little effect.

In the autumn of 1836, our dear Anne went to her room for the last time. Ten weeks of alternation between hope and fear followed, and on the 21st of January, 1837, this saintly young spirit, this ideal daughter, sister, and friend, with her exquisite beauty and Madonna-like purity passed from earth to the society of angels.

*To her Son, Dec. 11, 1836.*

I have nothing new to tell you of Anne; she seems to have reached a stationary point in her disease. She suffers a great deal, and by her continuing so long I think it fair to hope that a favorable change may yet take place,—though at present there is not even a faint indication of any thing of the sort. You may well suppose I feel my spirits worn out, when I tell you she scarcely ever loses herself in sleep, notwithstanding continued draughts of an anodyne character. She can't bear any thing on her stomach but such draughts and soda water.

I was surprised to hear of my friend, Mrs. Barnard's death, but I hope her friends will see nothing but mercy in this dispensation. I had heard she was considered, at Hartford, as incurable; and, to me, death seemed like a friend to her. Mrs. Barnard's uniform kindness and sisterly affection, which commenced with my earliest childhood, never will be effaced from my memory. I am glad I have not seen her since her reason was impaired, for my impressions of her are always agreeable. Anne Jean observed, when I told her of her death, "no one ever did so much to make me happy as Mrs. Barnard, except my near relatives." Many young people may say the same thing with equal truth. Assure her husband and children, and Miss Bent, of my warmest sympathy; for I shall not be able to write to them, as I should under other circumstances. . . .

*Judge Lyman to his Son, Northampton, Jan. 1, 1837.*

DEAR E.—I have nothing new to say concerning dear Anne Jean's situation. She is much as she has been for the last twelve days. Within that time we have had some days when we have been much encouraged, and had strong hopes of her recovery. This day we have been discouraged,—though Dr. Flint says that she is no worse. What the event may be is known only to Him with whom are the issues of life and death. To his will it is our duty to be submissive and resigned. My heart is, perhaps, too much bound up in this dear child, whom I have ever expected to soothe my dying

moments, to submit patiently to such a dispensation of Providence as would deprive me of her. Dr. Flint continues to encourage us, yet we are at times distrustful.

Wishing you a happy New Year, and that you may increase in knowledge, virtue, and usefulness, is the earnest prayer of

Your affectionate father,

JOSEPH LYMAN.

Our dear Anne died on Saturday evening, the 21st of January. When there occurs one of those marvellous natural phenomena that excites universal wonder and delight, we are wont to associate it with the event most deeply interesting to us at the time. I recall, at this distant day, the sad evening after her funeral, when, after our brother Sam and sister Almira had left us,—they also in the deepest affliction for the loss of their beautiful little daughter, who had died only a few hours later, and was laid in the same grave with our Anne,—as we all sat mournfully round the fire in the old parlor, the door opened softly, and our kind neighbor, Mrs. Hunt, looked in. “I think it would do you all good,” she said gently, “to come to the front door and look out.” We all put on shawls, and went out into the snow. Oh, what a glorious scene was that! The whole heavens were red and glowing, from horizon to horizon: the snow was red, and the effect of this wondrous light upon the whole landscape, the leafless trees, the buildings, was something magical and indescribable. No telegraphs announced next morn-

ing how that wonderful aurora of 1837 extended over the whole northern hemisphere; but, in the course of a week or ten days, the newspapers had informed us how all the principal cities had received this spectacle; how fire-engines had been pursuing what they supposed to be a great fire, for many miles, in cities like New York and Philadelphia.

Only a few years later, our friend, Mrs. Hunt, was called to part with her daughter Maria. And shortly afterwards occurred another scene,—different, it is true, but equally impressed upon the minds of those who witnessed it. A gentle rain falling all night had frozen about the trees and over every little twig and bush in our village, and we waked to a brilliant sunshine and blue sky, and a fairy-land of prisms and wonderful enchantment. The whole village was astir; sleigh-bells were jingling everywhere. Every one who could hire, beg, or borrow a sleigh or horse of any description was out as if for holiday. Up to Round Hill first, then down to the Meadows; neighbors joyously hallooing to each other from morning till night. And, oh! when evening came, and the full moon shone down on the beautiful village, what words can describe the scene! I remembered the aurora of 1837, and Mrs. Hunt's calling us to look at it. And I went to her door and asked her to come out. Through her tears she said with fervor, "Oh! if *this* world can be so beautiful, what must be that to which my child has gone!"

*To Dr. Austin Flint, Feb. 1, 1837.*

Your letter, my dear Austin, reached me at the very moment when I was expecting the immediate departure of my beloved child; but she revived, and lived two days afterwards. How can I, if I would, describe to you all the sorrow of this separation? I have no language adequate to the expression of what I have suffered, and what I must suffer. The shadows of the past hang like a cloud over my path; they obstruct my view of the future; and I am almost in doubt where I am, or what I shall do next. I can say, with Job, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in God." But, think how all my plans, all my objects in life, were connected with her that is gone! Was she not my sun-light, my angel of mercy, my pride, my stay, my companion and friend; and withal (unworthy as I am to have that privilege) my holy child? She was, indeed, more a being of heaven than earth; and why should she stay here? It was my greatest pleasure to make her happy. But who could release her while on earth from that dreadful burden her Heavenly Father had seen fit to lay upon her? She was, indeed, perfected through much suffering. Dear child! I wish I could dispossess my mind of the weeks and months of anguish by which she was finally brought to resign this life. I could have been more resigned to commit her to some of the many mansions prepared for those who die in the Lord; but I have found it very difficult to be resigned to her sufferings. The long and sleepless days and nights, which continued nine weeks, are ever before my

imagination, like so many spectres; and I feel thankful when I can lose, but for a short time, this painful and all-absorbing consciousness of distress; and I am trying in every possible way to divert my thoughts from it. Many people ask me what she said and what she did. I can only answer, she suffered all the time. If there was an interval long enough, she was willing to be amused in any way; or to have prayers read, or the Scriptures. Her mind was always unclouded and rational; and, when she was able to see him, she enjoyed Mr. Stearns's conversation and prayers. But she told him he must not expect the same degree of religious fervor from her, that was common to her in health, for she felt that all her powers were under the dominion of disease. She said she had no fear of death. She was at peace with her Maker, and with all mankind. She was truly "a holy child of God," whose excellences could be discovered only in the recesses of her retirement.

You know with what a relentless grasp disease had fastened itself upon her. I shall not attempt it, but I wish your father would give you an account of the variety of derangements that have been fixed for years upon her constitution. She was convinced herself, and spoke of it, that she must have been very carefully medicated when under your care a year ago, ever to have regained any portion of health, after that long and dreadful fever. She often spoke of your saying to her, "You must make an effort to get out of your room and take the air, and get some exercise." "How little he knows," said she, "that

it is an effort to live, under any circumstances ; and to draw the vital air, even in my easy-chair." How often I have shed tears over such recitals, Heaven only knows. To feel that one so young was under a perpetual blight was at times unspeakably distressing to me. But why should I prolong this gloomy subject ? It is because "out of the fulness of the heart, the mouth speaketh ;" and I have no power to think of other subjects.

— came to see me yesterday ; she says your father thinks and talks of you a great deal, and entertains a tender anxiety for your progress. I judge from what Mr. — says about your lectures, that you are encouraged that they will be an advantage to you. I was much obliged to you for sending me the newspaper, and I sent it to your father. If I could have given attention to any thing but my sick-room, I would have sent it to your grandfather. You must not think I am unwilling to be the repository of your troubles, if you will only allow me to be the participator of your joys. Anne Jean said, "I am delighted that he has found, amidst all the disappointments of this world, what a resource religious hope is. May he, in his life, illustrate the 'beauty of holiness.' May he spend it in laying up treasure in heaven." Now your very profession constitutes you an "angel of mercy," one of Heaven's agents for applying antidotes to the physical miseries of the human race ; it enables you to mitigate the suffering of your fellow-creatures. And I know by my own experience, both of yourself and others, the magical charm in obliterating mental suffering, such

as we often find combined with physical pain, that gentlemen of your profession have power, by kindness and suavity of manner, so liberally to administer.

Give my love to dear Anne, and the baby; tell her to consider this as equally addressed to herself. Tell her she must look on all the disappointments she meets with in life, as so many ministers of good to her soul. She must not allow them to make her impatient, but apply them so as to produce "the peaceable fruits of righteousness." If she does not, her religion is of no avail.

Yours most affectionately,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

*Mr. R. W. Emerson to Mrs. Lyman, Concord, Feb. 3, 1837.*

MY DEAR MADAM,—I have not attempted to write to you since I heard of the death of Anne Jean, for death makes us all dumb. They who have had many losses, gain thereby no wisdom that can be imparted, and each loss makes us more and not less sufferers by all that follow. Yet I must write, if only to tell you that the news was very painful to me,—to me, quite out of the pleasant circle in which she was living, and, on account of my distance, quite uncertain of ever seeing her. How gladly I have remembered the glimpses I had of her sunny childhood, her winning manners, her persuading speech that then made her father, I believe, call her his "lawyer." In the pleasant weeks I spent at your house, I rejoiced in the promise of her beauty, and have pleased myself with the hope that

she was surmounting her early trials, and was destined to be one of those rare women who exalt society, and who make credible to us a better society than is seen in the earth. I still keep by me one of her drawings which she gave me. I have scarcely seen her face since. But we feel a property in all the accomplishments and graces that we know, which neither distance nor absence destroys. For my part, I grudge the decays of the young and beautiful whom I may never see again. Even in their death, is the reflection that we are forever enriched by having beheld them,—that we never can be quite poor and low, for they have furnished our heart and mind with new elements of beauty and wisdom.

And, now she is gone out of your sight, I have only to offer to you and to Judge Lyman my respectful and affectionate condolence. I am sure I need not suggest the deep consolations of the spiritual life, for love is the first believer, and all the remembrances of her life will plead with you in behalf of the hope of all souls. How do we go, all of us, to the world of spirits, marshalled and beckoned unto by noble and lovely friends! That event cannot be fearful which made a part of the constitution and career of beings so finely framed and touched, and whose influence on us has been so benign. These sad departures open to us, as other events do not, that ineradicable faith which the secret history of every year strips of its obscurities,—that we can and must exist forevermore.

You will grieve, I know, at the absence of Joseph, at this time. I lament his great loss. When you

write him, please send him my affectionate remembrance. He has kindly forwarded to me lately a bundle of Charles's letters to him, which have given great pleasure to my mother, Elizabeth Hoar, and myself. My mother feels drawn to you by likeness of sorrows, and desires me to express to you her sympathy.

Your friend,

R. WALDO EMERSON.

## CHAPTER XVI.

In thy far-away dwelling, wherever it be,  
I believe thou hast visions of mine ;  
And thy love, that made all things as music to me,  
I have not yet learned to resign ;  
In the hush of the night, on the waste of the sea,  
Or alone with the breeze on the hill,  
I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,  
And my spirit lies down and is still.  
  
And though, like a mourner that sits by a tomb,  
I am wrapped in a mantle of care,  
Yet the grief of my bosom,—oh ! call it not gloom,—  
Is not the black grief of despair  
By sorrow revealed, as the stars are by night,  
Far off a bright vision appears ;  
And Hope, like the rainbow, a creature of light,  
Is born like the rainbow,—in tears.

T. K. HERVEY.

ALTHOUGH my dear mother had experienced griefs and disappointments, such as come to all the children of earth, no sorrow had ever been to her like the loss of our Anne. Anne resembled her father more in temperament and character than she did her mother. Her temperament was always balm to the large and generous, but too impulsive, spirit, whom she loved and understood as few others did. My mother's grief was life-long ; and we, who knew her best, felt that from this time on she lived always in the invisible presence of the beloved child

who had gone. There was not a trace of selfishness in her grief, or of rebellion ; it was the pure and intense sorrow of longing for the beautiful presence and companionship that had rounded her life. The forms of grief were nothing to her ; she never shut herself up for a day ; the house was open to friends and neighbors, as it always had been ; and to the casual observer there might seem little change. But what added tenderness and sympathy for all sorrow we saw in her, and renewed activity in serving all who came within her reach ! And as years wore on, her cheerfulness returned, and that fulness of life that gave joy to many,—although, while reason lasted, she was subject to occasional days of violent and bitter weeping for Anne Jean, which nothing could assuage,—even as late as twenty years, and more, after her departure.

*To her Son, Feb. 8, 1837.*

I thought as soon as you had gone I should busy myself in setting my house in order, getting rid of Lucy, and attending to all sorts of creature-comforts ; but no such things did I do. I found I had come to a golden opportunity for reflection, and I would avail myself of it, and let Mrs. Bird and others take care of my affairs. How I wish I could set my mind in order with the same ease that I can my house ; that that large branch of the mental household we call the affections could be revolutionized,—changed in its various appropriations, with the same facility we do our furniture ! But it is not so. *She* who has occupied my *first* thoughts, my

most tender interest, because of her infirmity for so long time, still keeps possession of my heart, and blinds my eyes to other and *now* more important callings. But we must direct our thoughts into other channels, and appropriate our attention to other subjects than have hitherto engaged them; and accustom ourselves to the new duties that have devolved upon us, by this change in our hearts; and, like others in like circumstances, in time we shall. But it can't be done in a minute. . . .

FEB. 14, 1837.

Since Susan recovered from her indisposition we have had the interruption of a good many calls. I cannot say I have received any that were not grateful to me, for they seemed to be a sincere expression of kindness and sympathy; and I have had every proof of the respect they had for the character of my departed daughter. My neighbors have all expressed regret that they could not do any thing for Anne Jean, who had, they said, "done so much for others." There is a pleasure in feeling that we are remembered in our trouble, and are the subjects of the good will of those around us. And it is particularly gratifying to know that one you loved and appreciated was likewise valued by your friends and neighbors.

I have last week read aloud to your father "Von Raumer's England," as it was in 1835, during the change of the ministry, and the passage of the Reform Bill; likewise, "Ion,"— a tragedy, beautifully written, with a very poor plot. I am glad you

have heard Mr. Emerson's lectures ; whatever censures he may incur from those too gross for his refinement, he will always draw from a fountain of purity and accurate information. I had an excellent letter from him, and shall acknowledge it at my leisure. . . . The children are a constant comfort to me ; I don't know what I could do without them.

Your affectionate                    MOTHER.

*To Mrs. Greene, Feb. 20, 1837.*

MY DEAR ABBY,—I got your letter and Mr. Greene's yesterday. They are a cordial to our wounded spirits. There is a melancholy pleasure in realizing that our friends make common cause with us in our affliction. I know that you are among the few who could know and appreciate my dear, departed daughter. The world had left no stain upon her heart. And I feel no doubt that she is enjoying the beatitude of "the pure in heart." Dear, holy child ! I wish I could obliterate the remembrance of the nine weeks of pain and suffering which brought her to the relentless grave. But these seem indissolubly blended with her now, and add much to my suffering. Much as sorrow claims from the remembrance and sympathy of friends, I can truly say that mine have more than answered my expectation. All of them have expressed their sense of our loss, and remembered our sorrow, and understood its magnitude. But, with all that reason, religion and the sympathy of friends can suggest, the heart will bleed for a time, and the

shadow of the past will hang over our path, obscuring our views of the future. You have realized how sad it is to think that one of our best earthly treasures is gone from us, never more to be enjoyed in this world. And this is the impression strongest on our minds for a time. Reason and religion assure us that the Almighty can arrange our destiny much better for us than we can for ourselves ; and that all we call *ours* is but a loan that, whenever called for, must be resigned with submission. May I prove able to learn this hard lesson ; and at the same time make all those new appropriations of thoughts, feelings, interests, and affections,— to say nothing of time and companionship,— which have so long been bestowed upon her that is gone ! Few can know what Anne Jean was to me. But it ought to be, and is, an unspeakable consolation, that the earliest fruits of her youth were given to her Heavenly Father. She was never unmindful of her religious duties, and tried to make us all better than we are ; her life was fraught with much instruction to others. She accustomed my children to receive strong religious impressions from many passing events that otherwise might have been lost upon them, and had the most unlimited influence over them ; so much so, that I never knew them on any occasion to fail in attention to her requests, or in any duty which she had prescribed to them. When she had been sick about a fortnight, the children returned from Deerfield. She often called them to her, and reminded them of little deficiencies ; telling them that life was made up of trifles,

the aggregate of which constituted duty ; and from time to time reminded them of what they must do to be acceptable to their Heavenly Father, as well as what they must do to be agreeable to their parents and friends. She said, if there was any thing good in her she was indebted to me for it ; but I shall always think she was more indebted to self-discipline and self-instruction than to anybody living.

She had had and promised herself much pleasure in continued intercourse with you, if she had been destined to stay on earth. She was, indeed, a holy child, of a most stainless character and life. I don't know that I have anything to regret about her, but the burden her Heavenly Father saw fit to lay upon her, all of which, no doubt, tended to insure "the peaceable fruits of righteousness." During her long sickness, much as she suffered from the weariness of being unable to lie down,—though she kept her bed nine weeks,—and from sleeplessness,—for she rarely slept two hours in the twenty-four,—her mind was perfectly unclouded and rational ; and she always had prayers and the Scriptures read to her by Susan daily. She enjoyed frequent conversation with Mr. Stearns, and his prayers ; was taken into the church, and had the Rite administered to her in her room, with Susan beside her. She told Mr. Stearns he must not expect the same degree of fervor from her that she felt when she had possession of her full strength. She was willing always to be amused by reading or conversation, when her sufferings were not too great. After she appeared to be

struck with death, the day before she died, she repeated Mrs. Hemans's little poem, "Christ's Agony in the Garden," which will give you a good idea of her reflections; and the last verse of the "Sunbeam," by the same author. I try hard to divert my mind from the sad reflections which now fill it.

I did not tell you that Sam's dear little child was buried at the same time that Anne was, from our church, and in the same grave; that Mr. Stearns took the occasion to make an impression on the young people by an appropriate address, which S—— has copied for you, and it shall be sent by Mr. Dana, or some private opportunity. We shall be disappointed if we do not see Mr. Dana here.

Give my love to all my nieces and nephews. I am much obliged to them for their letters. I shall save them and yourself some of Anne Jean's hair; and, if it were in my power, I would have you all pins or rings made.

Many think to do justice to Anne Jean's character when they say, "she was very serious," or "very melancholy." But it was not so. The absence of all worldly and unholy desires left her at peace in her own mind, and enlarged greatly the means of intellectual enjoyment. She had uniform cheerfulness; and, had it not been for personal suffering, might be represented as unusually happy.

A. J. LYMAN.

P. S. The children desire their love to yours. Poor Joseph writes as if he were inconsolable under his great affliction. If I go to see him in the spring,

I shall certainly get as far as Cincinnati. I have no school for my children, and feel the importance of devoting much time to them. They have an excellent French teacher, and seem to be improving very fast in that, as well as in household accomplishments, which must always be important to a woman in any condition of life in this country. Tell Harriet the last work Anne Jean ever did was to make three garments for her grandmother, which she sent her.

*To her Son, Dec. 3, 1837.*

You must tell us how you enjoyed Thanksgiving, and if you have read the "Letters from Palmyra," which, upon a second reading, I think one of the most delightful books I have ever seen. There you see illustrated the dignity and interest of the female character in its true light: a beautiful representation of agreeable intercourse between young people; a great deal of well-sustained conversation, of the most intellectual character, and well-calculated, by the refined moral sentiment contained therein, to improve and raise the standard of morals and religion.

I am disgusted with the great commendation given to the "Pickwick Papers." I think it might have done to publish one volume of such stuff; but four is oppressive, and promotes a waste of time that is unpardonable, to say nothing of furnishing an additional quantity of vulgarity to contemplate, when there is already a superabundance in everybody's experience of every-day life.

My mother's criticism of novels often surprised and disappointed me ; but she came to enjoy heartily, in her later years, many books that she had not earlier appreciated. She was slow to change her early and accepted standards about many things : and her standard of novel-reading had been formed in those early days of Mrs. Radcliffe and Richardson, and later, of Miss Edgeworth. For her, a novel must relate either to that high-toned and romantic cast of character and scenery and thrilling incident that removes one entirely from her own daily atmosphere ; or it must have a distinct moral purpose underlying the story, as in Miss Edgeworth, and faithfully carried out to the end. The modern novel with its natural description of commonplace people and events, its paucity of incident, its artistic delineation of persons and scenery and surroundings, its absence of all distinct moral purpose, except that which makes itself felt in all truthful portraiture of a mixed society, such as exists everywhere on the earth,—all this was for a long time a sealed book to her ; and it was almost funnier to hear her talk about Dickens than to read him ; the solemnity with which she wondered how any one could spend hours reading about such *low* people, when nothing on earth would induce her to spend half an hour in their company, was amusing to the last degree.

She used to be as much moved and excited over the characters in novels as though they had been real, living persons, and this gave an indescribable charm to one's reading aloud to her. I recall her getting very angry with Miss Edgeworth's "Helen,"

—out of all patience with her for not telling the whole truth,—till, just as I had got nearly through the second volume, she suddenly calmed down, a broad smile spread itself over her face, and she touched my arm and said, as if the idea had just come to her, “Well, Susanna, if Helen had not told or acted all those trumpery lies to save her lying friend, we never should have had these two very entertaining volumes.”

To Mrs. Greene she says in one of her letters:—

“As to Miss Martineau, her book is not without its good and pleasant things; but it is full of mistakes, misrepresentations, and radicalism. It is an unwieldy task to judge of *every thing*, and it is a want of modesty and good judgment to attempt it; nor is it strange she should fail. But I would have excused her for every thing but her slander of the women of our country, and her chapter on the ‘Rights of Women,’ in no part of which do I sympathize with her. I desire no increase of power or responsibility. I have more than I can give a good account of this moment.

“Give my love to the children and your sisters. I hope you will be able to read this hasty scrawl. In my other letter I have said everything you could desire concerning Mr. Peabody and his preaching.

“Mrs. Rogers and family are well. They have bought the house they live in of Mr. Hall, fitted it up, and seem to enjoy it a great deal. They have a beautiful baby, called Henry Broomfield.

“Mr. Huntoon was much beloved, both in Milton

and Canton. I never heard aught but good of him, and hope your people are disposed to feel all they should for him. I presume he would not have left Milton had he not thought the western country a better position for the advancement of his family.

"November 10. People are not happier or better for being rich. They are more composed and tranquil under the circumstances indicated by Agar's prayer as good for all, 'Give me neither poverty nor riches,' &c. May you always realize the enjoyment which that state brings, and reflect with pleasure on the good you were enabled to do to others under more prosperous circumstances. I have always lived under circumstances requiring close economy, by the exercise of which I have found as much satisfaction as I have observed others to gain in squandering a great deal, because they happened to have the means. Now, the practice of economy lays the foundation of much virtue; for it accustoms one to self-sacrificing habits, which leads to disinterestedness in every variety of form. And we ought to be grateful for any event in our destiny upon which by force we must erect a virtue, which virtue will prove a satisfaction while on earth, and a certain treasure when transferred to our heavenly abode.

"Mr. Theodore Sedgwick died on the 7th. Though a bad politician, he was a most amiable domestic character, and a severe loss to his wife and daughter, who are now in Europe with Miss Sedgwick and Robert's family. They will pass this winter in Rome, unless this event determines them to return immediately. My cousin Emma Forbes and my

sister are making me a visit, and send their love to you.

"If Joseph is with you when this reaches you, he must read it. I hope you will see Mr. Harding's daughter Margaret, who is travelling with her father, for, though not beautiful, she is extremely lovely. Mr. Harding's family are highly creditable to him,—Ophelia and Margaret and William in particular. Caroline I have not so much knowledge of, and the others are quite young.

"You and I have each been the means of translating a being of earth to an angel in heaven. It ought to be a continual incentive to us to make progress in the course which shall take us to the same abode."

To Dr. Flint she writes about this time:—

"A voice from the spirit-land is ever in my ear, strengthening the conviction of what I have lost, and urging me to consider the weight and magnitude of the deprivation I have sustained. This, however, does not prevent me from estimating the many blessings that remain, nor of cultivating all those resources by which I am surrounded. Heaven knows the greatest motive which prompted me to desire the life of my daughter was, that she might illustrate by her example the beauty of virtue, and show how indissolubly holiness was connected with human happiness." And again:—

MAY 6, 1838.

MY DEAR AUSTIN,—I believe I told you that a year ago, when our Mr. Stearns left us, his place

was supplied by Mr. S. G. Bulfinch, one of the most angelic beings that I ever knew in that profession. He stayed, together with his young wife, many weeks with us. She has recently died in giving birth to her first child. This is the fourth case of a similar kind which has occurred among my acquaintances since your little A. was born, and I mention it that A. may know how favored she has been among women; for, common as it is for children to be born, so it is very common for mothers to lose their lives in this perilous enterprise. And I do think the gentlemen of your profession cannot give too scrupulous a degree of attention to this subject; for, while the world remains, this must continue to happen, and must make a constant demand on the attention of the profession.

*To Miss Forbes, Oct. 23, 1838.*

MY DEAR EMMA,—I am ashamed to think that six weeks if not more have passed over my head without my having acknowledged your heart-warming favor. I will not pretend to give you all the reasons why I have not; you must, whenever you can, come and see. Instead of two persons to perform all the social and domestic duties that belong to this household, there is now but one; and she has been from May until the last two months a poor, infirm old woman, in constitutional habit at least eighty years old. But enough of that; what is, cannot be helped, and should not be complained of. My lot has always been better, far better, than I deserved; and if I have had treasures that have been

withdrawn, it was because the Bestower of all good knew I had more than my portion, and far more than my deserts. . . .

While Mr. Lyman was absent, I had our good Hannah Stearns to stay with me. She is about the best person in the world,— the most uninitiated and stainless ; with the most cultivation, high principle, and sweet temper. There is no way I could obtain so much satisfaction, if I could afford it, as to give her a handsome salary, and always have her to direct the improvement of my children. She is as good as an angel, and her conversation and example furnish a better means of instruction than the best of schools. . . .

Your affectionate

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

*To her Son, Dec. 5, 1838.*

. . . I am very glad to find, by the letter I got from you last night, that you had perfect confidence in your own strength and ability to answer to all the requisitions that could be made of you in your capacity. And I am glad you have. That is an unbecoming diffidence which leads people to distrust the faculties they have cultivated and exercised with success, as many years as you have your mercantile capacity. But there are no people in the world placed under such strong temptation to do wrong in every respect as travellers are, or who set so loose upon the restrictions of society and its institutions, conventional forms, and general standards of rectitude. Being removed as they are from the circle of observing and interested friends, to

whom they feel responsible, it is not strange they should more readily yield to every passing impulse, knowing they are not critically observed upon, and have no one to please but themselves. This, then, calls for the exercise of all your power over moral and religious sentiments ; and your real enjoyment will be in proportion to the ascendancy they have in determining your course of conduct, for it is to those sources you must look for aid to sustain the true dignity of man. No one can be contented or happy without self-respect. Whatever honors or flattery he may receive from the world,—in them he will find no substitute for the want of it ; and, possessed of it, he will have a fountain of inward satisfaction which will make either of them appear mean and worthless in the comparison.

I must feel sorry that this tour did not occur one year later, for you know you and I were really to go to Niagara next summer, and Canada ; and then you could have carried in your imagination an idea of the greatest natural curiosity in the world, as, surely, that mighty cataract may be considered. There is much information about this country, that, when you are absent from it, and comparing another country and its various institutions and customs with it, you will feel the want of it. But you must remember life has just begun with you, and that your seed time is not over ; and, in proportion as you feel the want of knowledge, you will be assiduous to learn. I am very sorry I had not De Tocqueville to give you to read on the passage and Dr. Humphrey's "Tour." De Tocqueville is a key

with which to unlock a vast deal of information relative to America ; and Humphrey's "Tour" a key to much intelligent observation upon whatever part of Great Britain you may be in.

If you will go and see our cousins Forbes, in New York, they would carry you to Cousin George W. Murray's, with whom I passed nearly a year just before I was married ; and if you wished he would furnish you with letters to the Murray family in England, in case you were in London, or the neighborhood where they live. . . .

You will have my constant remembrance and prayers during your absence, to say nothing of unremitting affection. You must keep some small, ruled books in your pocket, that you may fill them with a journal during your absence ; not forgetting to mention the history of all interesting people, and all interesting conversations and opinions. Be friendly and accessible to worthy people, and you will find them so to you.

Your affectionate

MOTHER.

Again on Christmas day, 1838 : . . . "I was glad you got the letters and books before you left. I think they must have been an entertainment on the passage. I had another book I have just finished, that I wish I had given you,— 'Stevens's Travels in Egypt and Arabia Petræa, and the Holy Land ;' which has been very interesting to me, from the fact that it mentions every place spoken of in the Old and New Testaments, with quotations of the various predictions of their destiny, by the

prophets of old. I have thought it was a pity you could not have taken (but perhaps you did) some letters to the remnants of your grandmother's old Murray family, especially Mr. Charles Murray, who has been a distinguished lawyer in London."

Again, Jan. 20, 1839: . . . "S. has gone to where property is of no value, but where the great and good of all climes and all ages, the friends, benefactors, deliverers, ornaments of their race,—the patriarch, prophet, apostle, and martyr, the true heroes of public and still more of private life,—have gone; illustrating, though unrecorded by man, 'the true beauty of holiness,' and all self-sacrificing virtue. How often must I visit in imagination that unknown country where I have been called to offer up a bright ornament, one whose countenance shed light upon our dwelling, and peace and strength through our hearts!"

"Mr. Brewer has heard of the death of his brother William, which is an unspeakably great affliction to his mother, Elizabeth, and more particularly his wife and infant child. He was a very good young man, and was successfully engaged in business, but has left nothing. When we hear of such deaths, we can only say, '*there they are gathered together, safe from every storm, triumphant over evil,*' while we remain to do our Father's work on earth,—and let us do it. Such events should be our admonition, to keep our hearts with all diligence, to live in a state of preparation for what may take place early in life, and at all events must in the course of time. . . .

"Mr. Barnard is new-furnishing his house, and is to be married on the 6th of next month. All things in connection with this affair look bright and unclouded. Marriage may be accounted amongst the softening influences of our destiny,—where no principle is outraged and where there is harmony in the characters of the individuals concerned. It seems to have been the plan of Divine Wisdom to supply aliment to our best impulses by this connection, at the same time that it provides for our happiness. How dark would be the gloom of this valley of tears, were it not brightened by the sympathies of kindred feeling, as well as kindred ties!"

Again, Feb. 12: . . . "I think I mentioned in my last letter that Marshall Spring was almost gone with fever. He was not living at that moment. Your uncle suffered much through his protracted illness, which was nearly six weeks; he is dreadfully disappointed and afflicted in his death. But I feel that Marshall is now safe from the storms that await our earthly abode; that he has gone where there is much mercy and care for childhood and youth, and where there is every provision for the improvement of the young, far better than any we can enjoy here; and at the same time they are removed from all temptation. . . .

"Flattery is an incense to which all are vulnerable, of whatever sex or age; and where there is an excess of it, it operates like a slow poison, drying up the fountain of all disinterested affections."

In the last letter, my mother speaks with praise of Mr. Clay's powerful speech against abolition.

She was not an abolitionist. In all matters of reform, and that especially, my Aunt Howe was far ahead of her. But she had never any other thought than that slavery was wrong; her only question was about the method of getting rid of it. Her association with Southerners had been with that higher class, whose characters and manners were after her own heart,—gentle and humane people, who were really beloved by their servants. She had wept with Hannah Drayton and Mary Wayne over the execution of a noble man, one of their favorite servants, who had led an insurrection in North Carolina; but, had she lived in the full vigor of her fine powers a few years later, she must have seen that the *good* slaveholder whom she so much admired was the worst enemy to the extinction of the accursed system. Her heart was large enough to feel for both oppressor and oppressed; and, could she have known that the sorrows of both were ended, how deeply would she have rejoiced! She never seemed to know any thing about prejudice towards color. In her childhood, Betsey Wallace, the last descendant of a slave family in Massachusetts, had been a faithful and attached domestic on Milton Hill, and she always spoke with warm emotion of the delight she had in creeping into Betsey's bed, and being hugged to her faithful bosom. Later, when Betsey married John Drew, another character in Milton, she delighted to visit them, and talk over the annals of Milton Hill, and hear their old stories.

I recall a time in Northampton, when, after a long, hot summer had come and gone, with many

visitors and abundant cares,—the stage-coach stopped, and an ancient colored woman, very large and of no comely appearance, alighted at our door. “Perhaps,” she said, as she advanced to the door, “you’ve heerd tell of Billah? If not, Judge Lyman will know who I am.” My father was absent; but my mother had “heerd tell” of Billah, and made her heartily welcome. In the old slave-days in Massachusetts, Billah, as a little girl, had been given to my Grandmother Lyman. But the days of emancipation for all had come before she grew up; and she, being well fitted for a nurse, had lived a long and useful life, greatly esteemed and respected in her profession. She was now past seventy years; had thought she should like to see what sort of man the Joseph of her childhood had become, and so she came. My father came home next day, and great was their pleasure in talking over their early days. She remained three days, having one of the best chambers for her resting-place, and the seat of honor, next my mother, at the table. When she had gone, some one remarked, that, though they thought Billah was excellent company, they should think it would have done very well to put her in the kitchen at meal-time. My mother’s answer was, as usual, simple and conclusive, “If you were a very old woman, and had taken a long journey to see the friends of your childhood in whom you felt an interest, how would you like it, when meal-time came, to be put into another room to eat, with people whom you did *not* come to see, and in whom you felt *no* interest?”

*To her Son, Feb. 27, 1839.*

We have just received your third letter, addressed to your father, and truly happy does it make us to hear from you. There is something in a perfect state of satisfaction, if it once takes possession of us (and it must be transient), that excludes every thing else, every other feeling and every other interest; indeed, it is as exclusive and as engrossing as the most profound grief. And, for the first few days after I heard from you, I was given up to this most joyous sentiment, this gladness of the heart; and I asked for no diversion from it; I felt liberated from a hard master, like one who had been in bondage and is released. My oppressors were Fear and Anxiety; for there had been much said of the disasters on the English coast, those which had occurred before your arrival. And when I think of those which have occurred since, I tremble to think what a narrow escape you have had. Your first letter was received by the "Great Western," instead of the unfortunate "Pennsylvania," three days subsequent to the second. This is the fifth letter I have written you, and I feel sorry that they had not come to hand before the "Liverpool" left. But such poor letters never get lost. 'Tis only such letters as Charles Sumner writes which get lost. By the way, he writes that he has had an interview with you. This I was pleased to hear. It must make you proud of your countrymen to encounter such men, and feel yourself identified with them in some measure. You might have told us who the two Bostonians were. Your letters were all directed

as you desired, and sent to William C. Langley. In future, I shall number my letters so that you will know if you lose any.

I believe my second letter told you of the death of Mrs. S. L. Hinckley, and my fourth of the death of Marshall Spring, and the birth of Mrs. Cleveland's daughter, and Mr. Barnard's marriage. The latter seems to have been the means of a great increase of happiness in Mr. Barnard's house; and I hear in various ways that there is great cheerfulness and hilarity throughout the household since the coming of the Lady Eleanor.

I had a letter from Joseph yesterday, in which he says he has given up having any thing to do with the railroad, and has arranged his affairs so that he can come here and pass next summer, which I shall enjoy very much; for I have felt very much cut off from enjoying the presence of my children ever since I parted with my constant companion, my dear Anne Jean. But when I am entirely solitary, she is the constant companion of my imagination; and it daily moistens my eyes with tears when I think what she would say to the various things happening around us. . . . Susan has written to you before now, I presume, and told you of all the dissipation she has been engaged in during the winter.

To Mrs. Greene she wrote July 15, 1839: "Since you left, Susan has read aloud to me the first volume of Sparks's 'Life of Washington,' 'Undine,' — what nonsense! — and stories connected with the times of Charles II., which are nearly as absurd as

'Undine.' In the intervals, Mr. Lyman pegs away upon Dwight's 'Life of Thomas Jefferson,' which, however, I am quite interested in, as it shows the history and origin of the Democratic party."

*To her Son, Feb. 10, 1840.*

How can I help sitting down to converse with you upon the recurrence of a day so eventful to my happiness as that of your birth! We can look but a very little way into the destiny of man; and yet there are some immutable truths connected with it which never fail, and which I have perfect faith in. I am sure that rectitude always gives *power*, and that that power consolidates and helps to maintain virtue, and that the uniform reward of active virtue is happiness, contentment, self-approbation. These are results from causes which I do feel sure of; they are within our own control. They may not protect us from sickness, misfortune, or death, but will leave us exempted from self-reproach, and preserve within us that peace of mind which outward circumstances cannot impair.

We have had an extremely cold winter, but it is now mild and comfortable. We have had two feet of snow on a level for the last eight weeks. But our house (that part which we use) has been warm, and we have had nothing to complain of. Your father remains undisturbed and perfectly tranquil by the fire-side for the most part of the time. Susan divides the time between "books and work and healthful play." Miss Bangs is now making her a visit,—a young lady whom she went to school with

at Mr. Emerson's. She lives in Springfield; and, though not at all handsome, is agreeable and intelligent, and we all like her much. Catherine is doing very well with Miss Stearns, and we have reason to think, from what Miss S. writes, that she is rapidly improving. I intend that she shall remain with Miss Stearns as long as she goes to any school; for she is fond of Miss S. and her sister, and seems very happy with them.

Before this time, you have received newspapers giving the dreadful account of the loss of the steamer "Lexington," with many valuable lives; amongst others Dr. Follen. This has affected the universal sympathies of the community.

Your affectionate

MOTHER.

*To Mrs. Greene, Northampton, March 10, 1840.*

MY DEAR ABBY,—We have this day had a letter from Edward, written the day following that in which he says his minority is at an end, and hereafter he is the only responsible person for his own debts, as well as actions. He says his birthday was distinguished as the wedding-day of Queen Victoria, and the pageantry attending the occasion was very amusing and agreeable to all in the neighborhood of it. I do not know what the poor youth is to do with himself, now that he is become his own master, for there never could be a worse time to commence business. But he does not take desponding views of life, and we ought not to. . . .

Perhaps you have seen in the Boston papers that

we have given Mr. J. S. Dwight, of Boston, a call to settle over our religious society. He is quite a good preacher, but under the censure of Transcendentalism, which, as I cannot find out exactly what it means, does not disturb me very much; and Mr. Stearns said I was a good deal transcendental myself. That may account for my adaptation to him, or rather his to me. If people make the Scriptures their standard, as I understand it, and explain it accordingly, I shall not quarrel about the shades of difference that are only perceptible to critics.

I believe — is as much in the suds with his people as ever.

## CHAPTER XVII.

What is so excellent as strict relations of amity, when they spring from this deep root? The sufficient reply to the sceptic, who doubts the power and the furniture of man, is in the possibility of that joyful intercourse with persons, which makes the faith and practice of all reasonable men. I know nothing which life has to offer so satisfying as the profound good understanding which can subsist, after much exchange of good offices, between two virtuous persons, each of whom is sure of himself and sure of his friend.—EMERSON's *Essay on Character*.

NOTHING could be more marked in my mother's character than the heartiness of her relations to all around her. As she moved about her house engaged in domestic avocations, or sat near the window or front door with her work-basket, she made many sudden rushes to catch the eye or ear of some friend passing. The day did not have its fill for her, if she had not had her crack with Judge Huntington, her croon with Mrs. Whitmarsh, her hailing of Dr. Flint to inquire after some patient, or David Lee Child, to get some light on history or politics. Then she would subside into an absent day-dream, like her dear father before her; smiles flitted over her fine face; half-formed words rose to her lips; nods of welcome or recognition, in imagination, as she plied her needle busily, unconscious of any but invisible presences. I had never

known till I received the letter from my cousin, Estes Howe, at the beginning of this volume, that our grandfather had this same trick of absent-mindedness, and always wondered where my mother and Aunt Howe got it. It was a very marked trait in both of them, but as different in its manifestations as their characters were different.

My mother had a special delight in the society of Martha Cochran, one of those rare souls who impress a whole village with a sense of something heroic and unusual, both in the mind and character, — and yet

“A creature not too bright or good,  
For human nature’s daily food.”

One morning Martha passed the parlor window, and paused as usual for her neighborly chat. Great was her surprise and amusement to find that it was impossible to attract Mrs. Lyman’s attention; as, though she was sweeping as usual at that hour in the morning, her mind was far distant, and the illumination of her features and movement of her lips proved that she was in animated conversation with somebody. “It seems to me,” said Martha, coming close to the window, “that we are having very fine times with some one.” “Oh, Martha, is that you?” said my mother, waking with a start from her day-dream. “Well, my dear, I went to Springfield yesterday, and passed the day with Betsey Howard; and I do assure you, it is worth a guinea a minute to see Betsey.” Judging from the recollections of Mrs. Howard’s daughters, the conversation of the friends was full of the heartiest

pleasure; although, as Sophia writes me, to try and report it, is like uncorking a second time the bottle of champagne, the day after the festival.

At Deerfield lived old Dr. Willard, the blind clergyman, and his wife; life-time friends of my mother, who had known them in Hingham in her youth. The fact that Dr. Willard was one of the few clergymen of the liberal faith who lived within twenty miles of Northampton, for many years before our Unitarian society was formed, often attracted my father and mother to Deerfield in the early days of their married life. Dr. Willard was a saintly man, who bore his life of privation and blindness with angelic patience, and he was always an honored guest at our house as long as he lived. At one time when he came to pass a week, my mother thought to add to the circle of his enjoyments by going with him to Springfield to attend a Unitarian convention, and pass two days with their common friend, Mrs. Howard. The visit was a charming one; all combined to fill the heart of the blind man with pleasure. Especially the fresh voices of the little Howards charmed his ear, and brought visions of happy, affectionate childhood to his mental vision. Dr. Willard was slow in his movements, and when, the evening before his departure, he announced that he must start at an early hour next morning, in order to officiate at a christening in Deerfield, where he had promised to be present, the whole family felt that they must aid in speeding the parting guest. When the early breakfast was over, and his companion and the

stage waiting, Dr. Willard, moving very slowly, expressed in quaint and measured terms his gratitude for the hospitality that had been shown to him ; and then said to Mrs. Howard, "The tenure of life is short ; before I go, I should like to kiss every one of your sweet girls." The girls all hung back, and looked about as if to take flight. Mrs. Howard was in despair, not wishing to check the old man's wishes in any way. But my mother was equal to the occasion ; seizing a hand of each reluctant child, she placed it in Dr. Willard's, then inserted her own cheek between him and the child, bobbing back and forth, and saying each time, "This is Lucinda, Dr. Willard ; this is Sophia ; this is Elizabeth ; this is Mary ; this is Sarah ; and this is little Emily. Now you've kissed all the sweet girls, Dr. Willard ; good-by." And she hustled him off, and returned to the house to find the whole family exploding with laughter.

My mother and Mrs. Howard were both second wives ; and Sophia recalls a conversation between them, that amused her very much on this account. Mrs. Howard was relating to my mother the fact that some friend was about to marry his third wife, which she considered a great enormity. "Why, Betsey," said my mother soothingly, "if a man's house burns down, should he not build it up again ? It isn't in the nature of things for a man to live without a home." "Well, Mrs. Lyman," said Mrs. Howard, "when a man's house has burned down twice, I should say it was an indication of Providence that he had better give up, and go to board."

Sophia Howard writes: "It would be impossible for any one to report the brilliant sparkling of the conversation of those two women. Young as we were, we enjoyed listening to it beyond everything, and could appreciate the wit and humor of it. Few ever felt your mother's tenderness and sympathy, as my mother and her children did. I well remember when I was but a little child, only nine years old, the interest she took in my having my eye operated on for strabismus. She told me in confidence, that, if I would have it done, I should make a visit to her, in Northampton. I think that first led me to be a thorn in my mother's side, till the operation was performed. I shall never forget that visit. I never enjoyed anything so much in my life. C. was six or seven years older than I, which at that time seemed an immense difference, so that I was almost crazy with delight to be treated as a companion to her. I went to a sewing society, and I could not possibly have as much pleasure or pride now in being presented at the Court of St. James, as I had then. One Sunday, just as we were getting ready for church, the fire-bells rang, and C. hinted to me privately that we would slip off to the fire, which we did instead of attending the sanctuary. Mr. Child was at your house to dinner, and I remember how crushed I was, when your mother satirically introduced us to him as the 'fire worshippers.' I had no idea that the stigma would not cling to me for life. That was the only reproof we received for what was then considered a most improper thing. Even in those days a good deal

of the puritanical observance of Sunday was preserved ; and, at that time, Mr. Rufus Ellis was preaching as a candidate at N., and it was thought even the youngest ought to rejoice in such preaching."

I remember, one fine, clear, winter day, when I had been out with my mother to make some visits. Many of our neighbors had flitted to Boston for a few weeks to enjoy lectures and concerts and other city diversions. Among these, Martha Cochran had been absent some weeks, and was not expected home for another month, we had been told. Returning from our outing, on opening the parlor-door a singular sight met our astonished eyes. Every article of furniture had been transformed by some new and grotesque combination, and the hearth brush, arrayed in Mrs. Lyman's best cap and shawl, was seated in a rocking-chair on top of the piano, assiduously darning a stocking. One glance round the room was enough for my mother, and then she fell all in a heap into a chair, unable to speak for some moments for laughing. "Martha Cochran," she gasped at last, swaying to and fro ; "don't tell me she has not got home from Boston, for I know better. This is her card." And, sure enough, this was the case.

She was a great believer in the Sewing Circle, which met from house to house, to sew for the poor, and which accomplished a great deal in the winter time. Our sewing circle had been gathered and inspired by our dear Mrs. Hall, our first minister's wife, whose name and memory were especially dear to our church, long after she had left us. Twenty

years after she had gone, during a period of discouragement there was talk of disbanding the sewing society, when my mother rose in the meeting, and with a voice full of tenderness, and eyes that shone through tears, she said only, "My friends, this sewing society was formed by Mrs. Hall!" It was enough; nobody thought of giving it up after that.

"Don't tell me any thing about gossip," she would say, when people complained of sewing circles, as the places for it. "Scandal is a dreadful thing, but gossip is as necessary as the air we breathe; the world could not get on without it a minute. I went to the sewing society the other day. There sat in the corner Mrs. S. and Mrs. C. It did not seem to me they said a great deal; it all amounted to nothing. But Mrs. S. told Mrs. C. what a dreadful smoky chimney she had, and how her eyes were almost out of her head in consequence, and she could not work any buttonholes. Mrs. W., overhearing the conversation, here came in with a recipe for the smoking chimney, and also took home the buttonholes to finish. Mrs. B. told Mrs. A., that she expected friends from Boston next week, and Sally Ann, her maid-of-all-works, too feeble for any thing, and she all tired out herself. Mrs. A. crosses the room and repeats it all to Mrs. L. Mrs. L. at once proposes that her Betsey should go to Mrs. B.'s for the month she will be absent at Saratoga; and so that difficulty was cleared up. And," said my mother, "that is what half the gossip at the sewing circle amounts to, and I think it amounts to bringing

about as many good results as some other things." When she herself appeared, a bevy of young girls were excited to mirthfulness. There was one old lady, of very quaint manners and speech, whom the young people liked to have drawn out, and nobody could do it but Mrs. Lyman. "Oh, there she comes," they would say; "do let us get her into that corner, where Mrs. A. sits, and then won't there be fun?" And fun there was! No one who heard, will ever forget those talks.

The amount of plain speaking that people will bear from one whose good will is perfect is always an amazement to those accustomed to circumlocution. I recall the things I have heard my mother say to others, which at the time astonished me from their directness, and yet I know they rarely gave offence; for the persons thus addressed refer to them now with an amount of pleasure and gratitude, that is unmistakable. "I came to her one day," said a friend, "with a list of troubles and grievances, for which I wanted her sympathy. She heard me very patiently, but when I was all through, she only said, with intensity, 'Oh, Mrs. P., gild your lot with contentment!' I saw that was all she had to say, so I went home; but you may depend, I did not forget it." "M., can you tell me what is the reason," she said one day to a young girl, "that when your family are in a peck of trouble, *that* always appears to be the signal for you to abdicate? Oh, don't do it, child, pray don't! The next time the family coach gets into a rut, you take right hold, and see if you can't move it if it's only an inch."

I must relate here, as an illustration of her good-natured plain speaking, a little scene of which it is hard to convey the intense humor, and which I could not now print, if both the dear friends to whom it refers had not gone to join my mother, whom they both loved, in the eternal home.

My mother had the greatest affection for both David Lee Child, and his wife, the gifted Lydia Maria. But she was often much tried with the amount of time, hard labor, and money, which Mr. Child expended on schemes that never succeeded, and with his going from one failure to another with undaunted enthusiasm. At one time, it was the *Morus multicaulis*; at another, it was Beet Sugar. For years he toiled upon a farm that was a worthless swamp when he bought it, and, as my mother truly said, he made a hundred blades of grass grow where one grew before. But at an awful expense of bone and sinew, of life and health and money—and much anxiety to his dear, devoted wife, whom he loved sincerely and fully believed he should make rich.

One day, Mrs. Child came in to spend a quiet afternoon with my mother. They sat with their sewing and knitting at the west window. It was a hot afternoon. No sounds disturbed the still atmosphere. My friend Mrs. Griffiths Morgan and I sat in the hall near the open door. There had been a long silence, when we heard my mother say, "Mrs. Child, can you tell me what is the *last* thing that your husband is engaged in?" An amused smile played over Mrs. Child's face. "Yes! Mrs. Lyman, he is carting stone for the new railroad." "O-o-h!" said

my mother. Another pause: then, "Mrs. Child, how much do you suppose your husband loses on every load of stone he carts to the railroad?" Another amused look on the dear Lydia Maria's face, and she answered cheerily, "Well, Mrs. Lyman, as nearly as I can compute it, he must lose about ten cents on every load." "Oh — well — now — Mrs. Child," said my mother, in the bravest and most cheerful tones, "*if* your husband has got hold of any *innocent occupation*, by which he *only* loses ten cents on a load, *for heaven's sake, encourage him in it!*"

I turned to look at my friend Mrs. Morgan, but she had fled up stairs to hide her ringing laughter.

"Abdication" had a peculiar meaning on her lips, and was one of her seven deadly sins, as "nerves" were another. She had little patience with people who backed down in emergencies, and considered it her bounden duty to bear her testimony, and stiffen them up a little. She never had to go far to find an illustration "to point her moral and adorn her tale." Some good neighbor's example would instantly come to mind. "Look over the way at my neighbor Hunt's front yard," she would say; "see that splendid hydrangea, that elegant smoke-bush, that buckthorn hedge, all in the most perfect order, and all kept so by her own hands. Always she has sickness, sorrow, death; at every turn, something sad and unexpected. But who ever dreamed of Mrs. Hunt's *abdicating*? She couldn't do it."

She went to see a young and worrying mother

one day, whose health was delicate. "Oh, A., now you really think, my dear, that you've got to the 'swellings of Jordan ;' but you are greatly mistaken. Mrs. Cephas Clapp got there years ago, but she wouldn't stay. Never's had a well day these twenty years and more ; but has just kept round and done what she could, and kept her family a-going. Never once thought of abdicating, though I can't see why she didn't. Now tell me is there really any way you can spend your youth and middle life, that pays half so well as bearing and rearing children ?"

And yet, though she would sometimes give strength, where sympathy was wanted,—it was only where her clear moral insight told her that this was best, and not from any lack of sympathy. No need for her to sing as she did every Sunday night,

Oh, give me tears for other's woes,"

for her eyes were always rivers of tears, when the real sorrow of any one was called to her notice ; and at the same time that she could exhort a young mother not to believe that she had reached "the swellings of Jordan," she would send her carriage to take her out for an afternoon's drive, and bring home the children to entertain while she had gone.

A case of seduction occurred in our village, and though the parties were afterwards married, and led an irreproachable life together, yet the wife always seemed under a cloud, a patient, but very sad woman. My mother visited her frequently, and often took me, with a basket of flowers or fruit, when she went. I used to wonder how any one

who had such a pretty baby could be so sad. I recall my mother's taking the child on her lap, and saying, "Why, Z., what a splendid head this child has!" and then she enumerated his phrenological developments, and prophesied his future. No smile on the face of baby's mother! "See here, Z.," said she, "this child may grow up to be an honor and a blessing to the community; but not unless you do your whole duty by him; and you can't do your whole duty, if you keep in this low-spirited frame of mind." The beautiful boy died at four years; and by the coffin, with the poor mother's hand in hers, no one wept more bitterly than she did.

She was called in by a young friend one day, to look at her elegant wedding trousseau. When all had been shown, she turned to B. and said, "Well, B., whatever else you do don't turn into a clothes-horse, my dear. Don't you know, if it was to purchase your salvation, you could not wear more than *one* of those gowns at a time?"

To another, she said, "Oh, I see what you are after. Creature comforts! those are what engage your attention. Oh, how you do hate to eat 'humble pie;' but it's good for you,—you'll tell me so some day."

"C., you think it does not comport with your dignity, to take such a step! Well, your dignity isn't worth two pins, if you have got to spend your life taking care of it, and nursing it up. If it can't take care of itself, it might as well die a natural death."

She was a woman of convictions, and this made

her act with a decision and certainty that could not be expected always to fall in with the equally cherished views of others. One day she had had a little breeze with Judge Huntington. She had been warm and unreasonable, and that had perhaps made him cold and hard. Next day she was sitting by the door sewing, while I read aloud to her,—when Judge H.'s little boy came up the step and handed her a small basket covered with green leaves. On opening it, we found it contained several small green melons with rough rinds; and underneath was an envelope containing a beautiful little poem. I have looked in vain among her papers for the verses, which she kept long and carefully; but they have disappeared. If I remember rightly, in the first verse he described the little melon, so hard and green and rough outside, so luscious within. Then he begged his old friend to take the trouble to pierce that hard outside, and find the imprisoned sweetness. And, in his last verse, he asked her to take the same pains to get at a heart that had nothing in it but grateful affection for her, however appearances might seem to the contrary. Her eyes filled with tears as she read the verses, but she said nothing. She slowly took out the little melons and laid them in a dish, then went to the closet and brought fruit-knives and plates for me and for herself. "The melons are good," she said reflectively, as she finished eating them; "but the man's heart who sent these melons is good as gold!"

She had a whole world of pathos and tenderness in her composition, which the casual visitor knew

nothing of. Usually strong, brave, cheerful, and full of life, one could hardly imagine, who did not know her well, how gentle and tender became the tones of her voice when deeply moved. And, oh, the warmth of those enfolding arms, the cordiality of her welcome to any friend from whom she had been parted! And, if in conversation with others she heard any discussion of character that dwelt on externals, and did not enter into the heights and depths of the being, she became either indignant or pathetic in her defence of the absent one, and sometimes both. I recall a time when a knot of young girls were talking of an unfashionable bonnet, worn by a woman of genius. My mother had a great love and admiration for the friend in question; she knew also that a rigid economy, growing out of the highest philanthropy, and no want of taste, was the cause of the objectionable bonnet; and she was sorely tried by the playful, but not ill-natured, raillery. Coming near to the group of young people, with a book in her hand and with tears filling her eyes, she read, with much emotion, a fine passage from "Philothea." Every face was turned to hers with sympathetic emotion. "Girls," she said, when she had finished, "never again speak of what that woman wears on the *outside* of her head; think only of what she carries in the *inside*."

I think nothing was quite unbearable to her in character but the spirit of a cynic. To that she gave no quarter. It seemed to her to cover the earth with a pall, and shut out heaven; it was a real pestilence, and must be avoided as such; and,

in selecting homes and resting-places and influences for her children, or the young people under her charge, she was more careful to avoid that evil than she was to guard them against any other mischance.

She was a genuine optimist in regard to all *children*. A firm believer in the effects of race, blood, and family inheritance, no modern reader of Darwin or Wallace had a stronger faith in reproduction of types and alternate generation than she had; and a large charity, growing out of her generous philosophy of life, surrounded all the young she came in contact with, with hopes rather than fears. "I am sure those children will grow up good," she said one day to some very troublesome little folks, "because their father and mother are the very salt of the earth, their grandparents are excellent, and all their uncles and aunts were superior." "Well, but, Mrs. Lyman," said her hearer, "you were just as sure the —— children would turn out well, and *they* did not have good parents or good grandparents." "Oh, well, my dear, when you've lived as long as I have, you will see that bad parents and grandparents are very apt to serve as a *warning* to children! And, then, who knows but they take after some good ancestor farther back? For it is simply impossible that any family should be without *good* ancestors as well as *bad* ones, if they can only go back *far enough*." And when it was reported to her that one of these families, of whom she had expected the best things, had actually grown up very dull people, she said: "Now, if you had known the folks they came from, you would *never* be discouraged."

Those are people of very *late* development. None of them ever comes to any thing till they are past thirty ; and then they loom up splendidly, and carry all before them."

And was there no offset to her life of hospitality, her generous giving, her devotion to large and universal interests ? Yes, there was ; and we shall all judge of it according to each one's natural temperament and proclivity. It is scarcely possible to be both large and small at the same time ; to give one's mind to details at the same time that one compasses principles. In a few well-ordered and harmonious lives, nothing seems too great, nothing seems too small, for doing earnestly and well. And in all family life, a certain attention to detail is important, to insure that perfect working of the whole machinery that makes it move with ease and grace. My mother's life seemed made up of emergency and opportunity, and her immense physical strength enabled her to meet both, and to be equal to them ; to carry by main force what would have been better accomplished by system and order. But she never considered herself a fine housekeeper, and for the most exquisite housekeeping she had no respect, considering that too much was sacrificed to it. She had, however, a thorough appreciation for a style of housekeeping greatly superior to her own ; but not being able to accomplish it, along with the other purposes of her existence, she did not allow herself to be made unhappy by it. It would not be well for all families to live the life of free and unrestricted hospitality that ours did ; but, if there were one

such family life in every village, any dereliction in the details of that life might well be forgiven, for the large-hearted influence it must necessarily exert.

My mother was frequently behind-hand in her household arrangements; and it recalls to me now the simplicity of forty years ago, that her mistakes were so frequently rectified by kind neighbors and friends. Now, when guests arrive suddenly and unexpectedly,—if they ever do such things nowadays,—the family larder can easily be replenished from provision-stores and restaurants; but in her day that was not possible. If a person had neglected to take a large amount of provision from the butcher's cart in his morning rounds, or to make up a large oven full of various breads and cakes and pies, there was no way later in the day to supply the deficiency,—money could not do it, but love could and did very often. That state of society brought about a very frequent interchange of kindly offices in a neighborhood, such as are no longer needed, when a family have only to telegraph to Boston to have their evening's material entertainment sent up in four hours.

One day, my father brought home Judge Shaw at twelve o'clock, with some ladies, to dine; our dinner hour being one o'clock. My mother hastened out of the parlor after cordially receiving her guests, to see what addition could be made to her every-day dinner. A half hour later, my brother Sam's little boy came bearing a large, covered kettle of mock-turtle soup, which his mother had sent, having heard accidentally of the unexpected company. Now, our

sister Almira was one of the most beautiful of housekeepers; one of those persons who bring about wonderful results without the least fuss or noise, who was always ready for any occasion, whose recipes always came out well, and who, to use my mother's expression, "knew every rope in the ship." So that the sight of a kettle of sister A.'s soup roused her enthusiasm to the highest pitch on this occasion, when she felt her own delinquencies severely. "Don't tell me," said she, as she ladled up the thick and steaming liquid, with the golden balls floating in it, into a large tureen, "don't tell me that the Chief Justice ever ate any such soup as this in Boston. Because I know better. There's nobody but your sister Almira that can make it!" In the same manner, she was one day relieved of another dilemma. There were, certainly, the kindest people in Northampton, then, that ever lived. It had been one of the hottest of summer days, and a tea-party of distinguished strangers were expected in the evening, but there was such a succession of transient calls of various importance on every member of the family, that the evening drew on, and our preparations for the supper were most incomplete. The dear woman encouraged us all, that we should see that everything would come out right, if we had only faith as a grain of mustard seed; and she had hardly said the word, when, looking from the window, one friend after another walked in. "Didn't I tell you, girls," called out my mother triumphantly. "Now, see here; here is Mrs. Whitmarsh has sent me an elegant basket of fruit and flowers; and Mrs.

Dikeman such rusk as nobody can make but she; and, as true as you live, if there isn't Mrs. Hunt bringing over a great basket of Seckel pears! Now, don't tell me that they ever have any better things at the Boston parties!" She frequently informed us that she did not think the Chief Justice or Judge Wilde ever tasted any such dinners or had such suppers at Mr. David Sears's house, or Harrison Gray Otis's; and we were not to tell her they had. This we considered a pleasing fiction,—only another way of expressing her pleasure at our efforts, and the kindness of neighbors. It was a part of that healthy delight she took in every thing. On the occasion in question, she called out jovially, "And now, girls, let us all go to *Bed-fordshire* [that meant we were all to lie down and rest], for we shall sail before the wind." And, suiting the action to the word, she disappeared within the library door with the motion of a ship with all sails set.

One day, a friend came in, who had just come from a visit to Mrs. ——, who was one of the "exquisite housekeepers." She began to tell my mother about the perfect condition of that house from garret to cellar, and rang the changes on the brightness of the brasses, the admirable shine of the glass and silver, the entire absence of dust on every carpet. My mother stood it just as long as she could, though fidgeting uneasily in her chair. Then she exclaimed, "I think Mrs. —— is the dirtiest person I ever saw in my life!" "Oh, Mrs. Lyman, what can you mean?" said the friend. "What I say is true," said my mother, bringing down her

hand with much force on the table. "From the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, that woman's mind is on *dirt*. She thinks *dirt*, sees *dirt*, is fighting *dirt*, the livelong day. Now I would much rather see more of it on her *carpet*, and less of it on her *mind*."

I recall as one of the special social enjoyments of my father and mother, the coming of Baron Roenné (the Prussian Minister of Foreign Affairs) to Northampton, who passed the greater part of two years there, from 1838 to 1840. He was a person of most genial temper and charming conversational powers, and was warmly attached to my father. In a letter of his that lies beside me, written three years later to my father, he says: "My dear Judge, there will be no more war." His hope must have given him that certainty, and added to my father's hopes.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

*Mrs Lyman to Miss C. Robbins, Northampton, July 20, 1840.*

MY DEAR CATHERINE,—... Only think how dreadful it is? We attended the funeral of Mrs. James Fowler last Saturday; a more touching grief I never witnessed than her husband and children manifested. She had had two attacks before the last, and seemed to be expecting that a third would take her off. Her husband had just got for her a beautiful easy carriage and fine pair of horses; and the day before the attack rode forty miles with her; and she said she felt so well that day, that she was encouraged to believe she would recover. She was holding a most animated discussion with Samuel in the evening, just after tea, on a metaphysical subject, which had interested his mind deeply; and her part in it he is able to write down, together with many excellent opinions she entertained on various subjects which he was in the habit of conversing with her upon. She was speechless from the time of the attack; but when asked if she heard them, and realized what was going on, she moved her head in assent, to signify that she did; and lived in that state five days. The two young children are beautiful specimens of a fine education. They are unlike S. in being graceful

and handsome. A poor little dwarf of Dr. Atwater's, whom she had taken great interest in always, and supported entirely, she had taken home the last year of her life ; and, whenever she was more unwell than common, she commended him to the watchful care and tenderness of the different members of the family, though at those times she never mentioned her own children. She had never seemed to reflect that he was no decoration to their beautiful establishment, but was always saying how good he was, and how useful his example was to her children. There certainly is something in this character which transcends all written accounts of human nature. An entire subjugation of self, and of all pride and ambition, to the interests of the unfortunate. What a triumph over the world, its allurements and temptations, was here exhibited ! Hers was a piety acted out, and talked but little about. Her husband seemed to consider her as his privy counsellor, whose judgment he could not live without, as well as the best object of his affections. There certainly is none other on earth to fill her place to him. Mr. Lyman says I said the same about Mrs. Hall. My life consists of contrasts, you know. Yesterday morning, Mr. Lyman informed me that he had invited Judge Betts and wife and daughters to pass the evening, together with Judge Dewey and Family and the necessary appendages, and the Henry Rice family, and the Redwood Fisher family ; they made a party of over fifty, that were entertained here last evening. All but me appeared to have a very entertaining and agreeable

time; and I was tired to death before they came. Mrs. Watson and her cousins, Judge Mellen's daughters, were of the party. Mrs. Watson is very much liked here, and likes living here better than in Cambridge, as do her children.

I was sorry I could not write to Mrs. Revere by Mr. Lincoln and D——; but Mrs. E. Williams was making me a visit with Mrs. Brinley's niece,—Miss E. Sumner,—and in the morning I had a great deal to do to get away and get all my company off. Catherine L. is decidedly in a train of improvement, and her father is realizing that he has got his money's worth. . . .

NORTHAMPTON, DEC. 12, 1840.

MY DEAR SON,—As it is now nearly time for another packet to sail, I shall put myself in readiness to answer your requisitions. You cannot conceive with what pleasure we received your letter, in five weeks from the time you sailed. I shall never cease to think it the occasion of the greatest gratitude whenever a dear friend has achieved sailing across the Atlantic in safety; but my last letter told you all about that.

We got through Thanksgiving as usual,—after a great struggle on my part,—with fifteen at table, who seemed to enjoy themselves highly,—if I did not. I am sure, however, that I have much to rejoice in. My children are all good and doing well, and I have an unusual portion of health, as well as your father, and an unusual exemption from immediate sorrow. But the reflections connected with the past must always make these annual festivals, to

people who are as far advanced as I am, to be days of sad retrospection. They are way-marks in the journey of life, and are calculated to make deep impressions, as well as to renew old ones. Though the seat of the much-loved be vacant, and this world contain them no longer,—when the family-circle are gathered, is not the place in our hearts filled?—is not the image there, distinct, clear, undimmed by time?—do we not recall the spirit in all its purity, with the excellence of their characters, the beauty of their example, with all the gladness we had in their presence? If it serve no other end than this, we ought to rejoice; it connects us more closely to the good who are endued with Christian faith and Christian hope. And we must not repine that it calls up the shadows of the past, if at the same time it speaks to us of other and brighter days. If the heart yearns for its departed treasures, let it rejoice that it was rich in offerings to a Heavenly Father. . . .

In this year Mr. John S. Dwight came to Northampton to preach, and he remained there eighteen months. A short ministry, but one that sowed good seed that has sprung up in many hearts, and borne fruit, even to this day. My mother thought the church was not his place, and she was right. She would not have had him settled, but she was much distressed at the unsettling of one for whom she had a profound regard. We cannot expect the old or the middle-aged to enjoy seeing their portrait of Christ in any other frame than the one they have

always seen it in. The power of association is strong, and cannot but hold sway over us. To the young, Mr. Dwight's ministry was of incalculable benefit. He unsealed our eyes to behold and realize the beauties of Nature all around them,—a vast possession for every soul, of which they now felt they had before been strangely ignorant. He opened to them the whole world of music, a nameless treasure. He brought us books of a new type, and revealed to us, that not Sunday only, but every day, was "a day of the Lord;" no duty so mean, no lot so poor and tame and commonplace, that it might not be glorified by obedience and love.

How my mother enjoyed the books he brought, and what a treat it was to read aloud to her, De Wette's "Ethics," "Theodore," Jouffroy and Benjamin Constant! I can see her now as she would lean forward and say, "Oh, read that again;" and her delight at certain passages in Fichte's "Nature of the Scholar" has impressed them on my mind forever.

NORTHAMPTON, DEC. 29, 1840.

MY DEAR SON,—I am afraid you will be tired of hearing from us, and that I shall have a letter, saying, "Do not write, except by every alternate packet." I was truly glad to get your letter by the "Acadia." If I had known that Mr. Nevins was going, I should have sent some pictures of American scenery to you by him, as well as letters; but it was kept a profound secret from me. It is very grateful to me to hear that you are *well*, and particularly to know that you are *out of mischief*, which, of course,

I am very much afraid of. I do not feel so badly to hear of you crowded with business as some might; for you know it is my doctrine that occupation is the true secret of human happiness. The grand problem of life with every one is "how to be reconciled to the restlessness of our nature, or how to get rid of it." We must not divest ourselves of it, but employ it. "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread" was the decree which went forth from our Heavenly Father at the commencement of the existence of man. It is a common idea, I know, that leisure and repose bring pleasure. A very little experience shows how untrue is the fact. We all require an object, a motive, something to exercise continually the restless activity within us; and I believe *those* the happiest on earth who are under a pressure of business, who have a definite duty to perform. He who has nothing to do is under a leaden load of idleness. When was a man of leisure ever happy, until he had coined all his leisure into good works? "Rest! there is no such thing as rest. One may throw away care, and fold his arms. But time will not rest; the earth will not rest; the Almighty will not rest. If all things around us are in motion, what boots it for us to keep still? It were truer rest for us to move in harmony with all that surrounds us." The last seven lines was what I can remember from a sermon preached by Mr. Dwight this morning. I am afraid you are not so privileged with preaching in England, and that those golden intervals of time, the Sabbath, so precious and so profitable, both for rest and holy meditation, are not so well appropriated as with us.

Your letter said not a word about an heiress to the throne. The newspapers, however, are prolific on that subject.

I suppose my last told you of various parties we have had. Last night we had a small one here, for a runaway couple from New Haven, and President Allen's family, and a new family of Robinsons from New Haven, who are related to your father,—and they appear to be good and interesting people, from the little I have seen of them. President Allen's eldest daughter—a very uncommonly interesting and accomplished and well-looking girl—has her lover, Mr. Smith, visiting her from Maine. He was the distinguishing ornament of our party. He has just returned from a two years' sojourn in Germany, and is now professor at Bowdoin College, Maine, and the acting-president of the institution. He reminded me so much of Charles Emerson that I wanted to hear him talk all the time, and thought I would have given anything to have had Joseph by to enjoy him as I did. This evening we are to have a party at Mr. Charles P. Huntington's; after that at Mr. Clark's and Mrs. Cochran's. Last week we were at Miss Pomeroy's. So you see we continue our social habits.

*To Miss C. Robbins, Northampton, Feb. 27, 1841.*

MY DEAR CATHERINE,—... I have hardly had sight of Mr. Dwight since his return. Last Sunday afternoon he requested the Sunday-school teachers to remain after meeting; and I, being one, stopped with the others, when he took occasion to speak of

the importance of having a class of teachers taught by some one, and I proposed that he should teach that class himself. He said that he would try to; but that "he had never paid much attention to the study of theology." Now, what do you think of such a declaration as that from your minister? He never preached better (I mean more practically) in his life than he had done all day, from the text, "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light;" and no one could better set forth the beauty of perfect simplicity than he did, or the deformity of the reverse. But when he said this, I wanted to shake him. Now, I believe the shepherd is a religious man, but I want the acknowledged sanction of revelation of all religious opinions. I can never substitute intuition for the Word of God or the teachings of our Saviour; neither can I substitute feeling for doctrine, nor sentiment for worship. Nature-worship is as far below my idea of the adoration due to God as man-worship or child-worship, or that of any of God's works instead of Himself personally. In me it would be idolatry, as much as worshipping the golden calf was, or any of the idols of the heathen nations. Their idols represented things in their view sacred. Now, I consider all the works of the Almighty as manifestations of His love to man, and that they should be reflected upon with pleasure and gratitude, as our children and other privileges are, but they should never be considered as objects of worship. Now, you perceive the utter impossibility of making a transcendentalist of me. Nevertheless, I can enjoy all that

is good and practical in their faith, and have not a particle of ill-will towards them or their writings.

All that I could understand in the last "Dial," I took great pleasure in, particularly the piece on "Woman," by Mrs. Ripley. I don't know how we are to have an immutable law of right and wrong, except by the revealed will of God. We are told that the Gentiles, not having the law, were a law unto themselves; and from this we argue that all have a guardian angel within, in the form of conscience. But the proof is wanting to the perfection of our decisions, "except the Holy Spirit bareth witness to our spirit," by means of revelation.

Now, I like Mr. Dwight's morality and spirituality; but to me his faith is a problem not yet solved, and I am tired of trying to discover what it is. At the same time, if I knew, it would probably have but little weight on mine; for, if he does not know any thing about theology, why, then we are on a level. . . .

To Mrs. Greene she writes again Jan. 4, 1842: "You asked me concerning Mr. John S. Dwight's separation from our society. There never was any good reason for our settling him; it was done by a few arbitrary members assuming all the influence,—and done in great haste. In one year those very people took it upon themselves, without the shadow of a reason, to drive him out; which they did by making the people who were neutral about the settlement positive in unsettling him. And — and — were the leaders in this unholy work; I always feel

ashamed when I am called on to tell the truth on this subject. Mr. Dwight announced his views, which were transcendental, before he was settled. Now, there were really none amongst us entertaining those views. But his preaching was always fine, because he always selected those topics on which all Christians agree, and never brought up disputed points. I could have listened to him forever, without doing violence to my faith; for his sense of right and wrong, and his Christian morals, and mine were the same. But his views of Christ were essentially unlike mine. His views of man's responsibility were as elevated as Dr. Channing's were. But it was very wrong in us to settle him under the circumstances, and wicked in us to thrust him out as we did. And S.'s and my name are on the records of our church, to prove that we opposed it, among others. And now I have told you all that is to be told. Nobody could allege anything against Mr. Dwight, with truth, except that he was a transcendentalist. And that they knew when they ordained him."

In the month of August, 1842, occurred one of those sudden trials, for which we were all utterly unprepared, and which affected no one more deeply than my mother, outside the little circle of nearest relatives. Our brother, Stephen Brewer, in the full vigor of manhood, in perfect health, with every prospect of long life and usefulness, was drowned in the Connecticut River, on the first afternoon he had taken for pleasure, for many years.

*To Miss H. Stearns, Northampton, Aug. 25, 1842.*

MY DEAR HANNAH,—Before I met with an overwhelming affliction, I had determined to write to you the first time I took my pen. I was, one week since, arrested in every design I had contemplated, by the sudden and awful death of our dear Stephen Brewer, an account of which you must have seen in the papers. O Hannah, I can never tell you the anguish of our hearts! It seemed more, in our weakened hold upon earth, than we could possibly bear; but Heaven has permitted it, and we must submit. I can truly say, I feel prostrated in the presence of my Heavenly Father, and humbled in the sense of my dependence on earthly props. But it is so; and, instead of repining, we ought cheerfully to say, "Thy will be done." Instead of having his strong arm and strong judgment to repose on in seasons of weakness and trouble, we must soon learn to do without earthly support from friends, and think only of Heavenly aid. And this is probably the discipline we require, or it would not be sent.

Catherine has been intending to write to your sister, from whom she was much gratified to receive a letter; but she is broken-hearted and sick.

The day before this dreadful event, Susan went with Dr. Robbins to Nahant. The warm weather had the effect to debilitate her extremely, and we could see no other way of restoration.

This, my dear Hannah, is the era of a revolution in my destiny. My husband may live some time,—perhaps years,—but we can no longer depend on him to make efforts for us. And I have always

known that Mr. Brewer, who has always aided me in small difficulties, would also do the same in great ones. I never connected him with the idea of death. His whole life has been a tissue of good deeds. I ought not to think of myself or family, when I remember what a helpless wife and three young children he has left. But he has left the means of a support for them, and for that we should be grateful. Still, they are unhomed, and bowed down with sorrow. He was followed to the grave by hundreds who depended on him and wept for him.

Ever your affectionate friend,

A. J. LYMAN.

NORTHAMPTON, Aug. 30, 1842.

MY DEAR SON,— We all have a yearning for sympathy, or we should not be so eager to communicate sorrow. How I wish I could withhold from you the deep, the heartfelt grief that harrows my soul! But before this reaches you, I presume you will have seen in the New York papers the sudden and dreadful death of our dear and good Brother Brewer. I need not tell you how heart-rending and overwhelming this event was; of that you are certain. No family ever felt stronger love and confidence for another than we have felt for this excellent man. He was one of the most whole-souled, true-hearted, practically wise men I ever knew,—the best husband, father, son, and friend; and when we see one of our best friends, one so loved and so trusted, in the full vigor of manhood, destroyed by one sudden blow, Nature revolts; and, before reflection

or discretion can take her place in our minds, we feel crushed and overwhelmed. This has literally been our case.

Mr. Brewer I looked upon as my tower of strength, my city of refuge, my shield of defence for worldly purposes, knowing as I did that I must live separated from my sons ; and I had to feel, that, in the probable event of a separation from your father by death, that I should need this dear friend to lean upon in time of trouble. He loved my children, and they reciprocated that love with all their heart. But I need not say that he loved and was kind to us. His heart was an inexhaustible fountain of love and mercy. To diffuse it seemed to be his errand on earth, and most faithfully was it performed. It is, indeed, a new era in my destiny, marked by trouble.

*To Mrs. Greene, Northampton, March 7, 1843.*

Catherine returned to us about Christmas, in fine health and a large fund of happy spirits. She and Susan devote the whole of the afternoon to reading and walking. The mornings are occupied by some music and a great deal of domestic employment, sewing, &c. They have enjoyed reading Bancroft's "History," Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella," Degerando on "Self-education," and some poetry; together with Madame de Staël's "Germany," in French; with a good deal of casual reading, such as Mr. W. Ware's "Julian," Jouffroy's "Philosophical Essays," "The History of the Pilgrim Fathers," &c. You must know I have wound up the winter with being sick the last fortnight with a sort of

lung-fever, which confined me to my room, and much of the time to my bed. I am now recovering, and went to meeting yesterday, for the first time in three weeks. We have a very amiable, good young man preaching for us, and a man of respectable talents : though there is not much poetry in him. I think, however, he will wear well. His time with us is almost at an end. This young man — Mr. Rufus Ellis — is thinking of making a tour to the western country ; and if he goes to Cincinnati, I shall write to you by him.

I don't know but Mrs. S. thought it strange I did not take more pains to see her while I was in Boston ; but the fact was, the last week of my being there — which was the only one of my knowing of her being in the city — it rained every day but one ; and the week had commenced with the most dreadful gale that was ever experienced on our coast ; and it commenced the very day my Edward sailed, so that there was scarcely a hope that the steamer he was in could ride out the gale. And the anxiety of my mind was such that I could do nothing about making calls, though I made an effort to go out two evenings on purpose to meet herself and Mrs. — . . .

J. was prevented from going to the Dickens dinner by S.'s indisposition, together, perhaps, with some indifference to him ; for he was invited to several private parties to meet him, and did not go. Dickens says he likes Susan Hillard better than any American lady he has met with. I think as you do ; there was great want of proper dignity

in those ladies smuggling themselves into situations which did not legitimately belong to them, for the sake of seeing Dickens. I have no particular feeling for the man, though I think there is a small portion of his works which may have a good moral influence on society ; and that they contain a well-directed satire on many abuses in England, which in no respect touch this country. But I would not again wade through such quantities of mud and mire for such small grains of gold-dust as are interspersed through them, with the exception of "Oliver Twist" and "Humphrey's Clock" and parts of "Nicholas Nickleby."

I think the enthusiasm for Dickens here was altogether disproportionate to the occasion. But our people are given to hero-worship, and there is no help for it.

I am sure I cannot tell you how much comfort I have had, in having my two daughters at home this winter ; and so has your uncle. . . .

JUNE 11, 1843.

We have read the Bremer books as they came out, and have been greatly interested in them. I think "Home" is as good as the "Neighbors." If they are not great, they are calculated to do much more good than that class of Tales usually are, for they are attractive without the exaggeration and discrepancies which do so much to create false tastes and false views of life in the inexperienced,—the effect of which is discontent and disappointment in the ordinary occurrences people must meet

with in this world. These books, too, are addressed to the sympathies of a large class of readers in different stations in life, for there is nothing in them which we may not connect either with the highest or the most moderate class of the community in which we live; and one would not be led by them to false inferences or unjust conclusions in respect to things which really exist, and come under our own observation.

I often esteem myself fortunate that my destiny fell in that walk of life which prevented isolation and exclusion. Indeed, it has thrown me in continual contact with all the sorts and kinds of beings which constitute humanity; and what most people deprecate I feel that I may rejoice in, for I never feel out of place either with the highest, more moderate, or the lowest society. In neither case is my dignity raised or impaired.

MILTON HILL, Aug. 15, [1843].

MY DEAR SON,—I will not allow the steamer of the 10th to leave without taking some faint record of my existence, as well as of my love.

Your Aunt Howe and Sarah have been making me a visit; and, last Saturday, August 12, we all came down to Boston together, joined by your sister Catherine, who had a singular errand down, which was no less than to bid a temporary adieu to a lover, who is to sail in the steamer for England.

[After describing Catherine's engagement with Mr. Warren Delano and their satisfaction with it, she goes on to say:—]

Without distinguished greatness, Catherine is very lovely in her character and disposition, never out of temper, and always ready to oblige to any extent that her friends can claim; always sympathizing in the joys and sorrows of those around; divested of every thing like jealousy, or the shadow of malignity, in any of its forms; possessed of a large humanity in its truest sense; and having that mercy which is twice blessed,—to him who gives and him who takes.

I suppose you have not much time to read. I hope I shall be able to send you another of the Bremer books, "Strife and Peace."

NORTHAMPTON, Oct. 13, 1843.

MY DEAR SON,—It caused us the deepest disappointment that, through accident, we could not get a letter down to Boston in season to go by the steamer of the first of this month.

I can hardly express to you my joy that you have found in Mr. Delano a friend that pleases you so much. We have from the first been delighted with him. He has such a composed and dignified air for a man of business, and such a quiet, sensible mode of expressing his rational opinions, that his external man has always been extremely attractive to me; and then his warm-hearted promptings of every sort of kindness to every one he comes in contact with, where friendship is admissible, so necessarily prompts one to a reciprocation of the feeling he has expressed, that there can be nothing but pleasure in his society. And, though he is

unlike our dear Stephen Brewer, I feel that I can most readily appropriate to him that place in my heart which was so warmly devoted to our lost son-in-law, whose affectionate attentions and many kindnesses will never be forgotten by me. I believe all our friends are as much pleased with Mr. Delano as we are, and in addition to liking him, it is most pleasant to be able to like all his brothers and sisters. . . .

In October of 1843, my mother parted with her youngest child, Catherine Robbins, who accompanied her husband to China, within a month after her marriage.

I cannot help recalling here that, within a few weeks after our return to Northampton, after parting with "the lamb of our flock," the first sounds reached us of the coming of the railroad to Northampton. Every morning we were wakened at five o'clock with the sound of the tramping of horses through the Main Street, that carried the parties of workmen on the road. Vaguely we prophesied the changes that would come to our village, and talked together when we met, of the possibilities of the future. I remember a beautiful, moonlight evening, when we walked in the rural street that is now so changed, and talked neither wisely nor too well of the future of our town. Mr. Ellis and Gertrude and Caroline Clapp were of the number. I forget the others. It never seemed to occur to any of us that we, our homes, our old trees, our society,—were not eternal fixtures there; and we

spoke of the probable new-comers as forming a society of their own, while we remained as we were, happy and undisturbed in our old customs and rural habits.

The homes and trees have disappeared; and of all that little group none are dwellers by those mountains; but, though most of them are plying "their daily task with busier feet" in the dusty streets of far-off cities, is not the bond of good-fellowship between them the stronger, and do they not "a holier strain repeat," for having passed their youth in sight of these mountains, and in the society of the nobler types of character that lived in those simple times? Let us not look back and say that those days were better than these. Let us rather rejoice that, where hundreds once enjoyed that beautiful valley, it is now a blessing to thousands; and that, though Nature has often been defaced by Art since that happy time, the mountains still stand firm, and also the memories of those high-toned men and women who fixed an early impress on all around them.

*To Miss Hannah Stearns, Northampton, April 28, 1844.*

MY DEAR HANNAH,— I cannot, by any effort I am capable of, express to you adequately how much I have felt for you since I have heard of your great affliction. I had, when M——'s marriage occurred, thought much of the promise you had before you of increased enjoyment. I never dreamed that the interposition of death could oppose an obstacle to your anticipations. I have heard nothing but the

fact, and feel very desirous to know all that relates to it. The death of your sister is among the deepest mysteries of Divine Providence ; and were it not for the faith which instructs us that infinite love and infinite wisdom overrules the events of our destinies here, we might, in our short-sightedness, distrust the idea altogether. Let us then rejoice that all that is not placed within our control is under Heavenly direction. I am continually asking myself, "How is Mrs. S—— supported under this great trial ?" And then, "How can my dear Hannah be reconciled ? for it must have been unexpected."

When you can, do let me hear from you ; and likewise how Mr. —— sustains himself. He is the greatest sufferer, with all his newly-formed and fervent hopes cut off. And I have heard much of his enthusiastic attachment ; and so wisely as it was bestowed, we must all approve and admire his judgment as well as his well-directed sympathies. Let us be grateful that we are not wholly of dust, but that there is a spirit within us which can never taste of death ; and that, after such a devotedly useful, intellectual, and pure life as was your sister's, we have the assurance that she will reap an inheritance of glory, honor, and immortality. Her friends can have none but the kindest remembrance of her. And her good example is a fountain of treasures that will be stored in the memory of those who have known and loved her, and felt the infusion of her spirit to be a blessing to them.

Spring has again returned to us, and spread in her

way a freshness and a glory which I feel to be a perpetual ministration of love to my heart,—a whispering of joys that never decay, which comes in the song of birds, in the sweet perfume of flowers, combined with the most perfect verdure I ever saw at this season. So that the beauty which surrounds us would be all that we could desire, and all at we could enjoy, were it not contrasted with the sadness of this life's experience; the multiplied sorrows and disappointments Heaven has found necessary for our discipline. When a mother loses an infant from her arms, we are all anxious to know how she will bestow the faculties and the time so tenderly engrossed. But I am, from my own experience of sorrow, most anxiously engaged in finding a way to appropriate those thoughts and affections which, in their exercise, did not require our immediate care, but were combined with all our plans and anticipation. This void made in my heart by the death of my much-valued child is still unfilled, and though I am from habit accustomed to it, I am never insensible to it; and I am sure she is more constantly in my thoughts than my living children are who are absent. This is a great source of pleasure which you will enjoy, and one which proves the value of an intellectual life such as was your sister's.

Give my love to your mother; tell her my heart is furnished largely with sympathy for those who have lost a good daughter.

Your very affectionate and sympathizing friend,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

*To Mrs. Greene, Northampton, Aug. 30, 1844.*

MY DEAR ABBY,—We were very glad, some ten days ago, to see Mary Howe, and with her to get good intelligence of yourself and all your household, together with all our other friends in Cincinnati. I have likewise to thank you for your kind remembrance of me in a purse, which will be of the highest value to me as a proof of love. You may remember Cowper's lines on a similar occasion, and I will give them here in case you do not:—

“Gold pays the worth of all things here,  
But not of love,—that gem's too dear  
For richest rogues to win it.  
I therefore, as a proof of love,  
Esteem your present far above  
The best things kept within it.”

It is pleasant to know that some of the best things in this life cannot be purchased with money, and are not diminished by the lack of it. My thoughts are often turned to your little circle; which I have the more pleasure in, now that I know Catherine as grown to maturity. You have heard of the death of Charlotte's son, who was nine months old. They have had a great deal of suffering during the last two months of its life. Little Anne is a very lovely child; and, as might be expected, is doted upon by her parents. Her father will take great pains and have great pleasure in her education, she is so very susceptible. Since they went to Cabotville they have not been here. I have been there once, and mean to go again soon, if something imperious does not prevent.

A fortnight since, Mr. Lyman, Susan, and myself went up to Lebanon Springs for a few days. When we got there we found a large circle of our Boston acquaintance. Such places are tiresome to your Uncle, and we stayed but a few days, leaving Susan for a longer time with her acquaintance. When I got home, I thought your Uncle was remarkably well; but a few days since he was affected as if he had had a slight stroke of palsy. The whole of one side seemed infirm, as if he could not move without difficulty either his arm or leg. He does not seem sick, but is low-spirited; and, I think, views it as a premonition of more trouble. I know not what to look forward to, or what to wish for. But we are in God's hands, and whatever He sends will be right.

S. is very much benefited by her tour to the Lebanon Mountains. The air is very bracing, and that is what she requires in the course of one of our hot summers. On our return from Lebanon we passed a day at Stockbridge, and part of one in Westfield. I have told you before, I believe, that Mr. Fowler has a charming wife and a magnificent new house, with every thing elegant in it. When at Stockbridge, we saw Fanny Fowler (that was) and Miss Sedgwick,—who is a lovely old lady, with her red curly hair, and looking, notwithstanding, as aged as your antiquated Aunt (for we are just of an age). Give a great deal of love to Katie; and tell her we have heard twice from my Catherine since her arrival in Macao. She speaks of herself as the happiest person living, and thinks she has the best of husbands. They were on their voyage one hundred

and four days; had no bad storms, or threatened disasters, and she likes Macao very much. It is a beautiful city, situated like Nahant; but in the winter, to avoid a separation from her husband, she will have to go to Canton. And there she can neither ride nor walk out, and consequently is a prisoner. But they will contrive to get rid of a couple of years, I hope, comfortably. . . . Mr. Delano is a person who takes most watchful care of all domestic interests, is exceedingly kind and affectionate to his father, brothers, and sisters, and all connections; and, I have no doubt, will be a good husband. . . .

*To Miss C. Robbins, Northampton, Jan. 12, 1845.*

MY DEAR SISTER,—I have been intending to write to you ever since I received your last letter, but have had a good deal to do, and a good many interruptions, as usual.

Last week the young people were engaged in theatricals, and on Thursday the "Rivals" by Sheridan, came off with great *éclat*. Susan took no part in the play, but helped Mary A. Cochran as manager and director, which took up considerable time. Mrs. Tom Whitmarsh lent them her parlors for the performance, which was the best place, as the house can be heated all over with a furnace. The two Miss Adams and their brother, Julia Clarke and Robert and Harrison Apthorp, George Dickinson and Luther Washburn, James Lyman and Caroline Whitmarsh were the performers. Mr. Ellis gave out or assigned the parts before he left, and saw

one rehearsal, which he pronounced very good. There were seventy spectators, and it was pronounced a very fine performance. I think I never saw any so good at the theatre, taking out the leading actor.

The following evening, which was Friday, President Hopkins, from Williamstown, delivered a very fine lyceum lecture to a very crowded audience. His subject was, "The Voluntary and the Involuntary Powers of Man," teaching the practical application or improvement of those powers to the best advantage. He exemplified his subject by a great many appropriate figures, and the introduction of a great deal of fine poetry. In short, the hearers were overflowing with admiration and delight for an hour and a half.

Saturday S. gave to repose, being very much fatigued with the week's work and its accompanying excitement. And to-day, which is Catherine's birthday, we have listened to excellent preaching all day from Mr. Lippett, who is to supply Mr. Ellis's place during his absence. He dined with us, and Jane took tea and passed the evening here, — and Mr. Charles Huntington. Jane is much interested in the marriage of Mr. North to a sister of Dr. Thompson. And now you have had a general sketch of Northampton life, I believe.

Marriages, births, sickness, and death are everywhere mingled in human experience; and, if we can find an interval occasionally long enough for a little recreation and exhilaration of our spirits, we should be grateful for it in this vale of tears.

I am much pleased with the last number of the "Christian Examiner," particularly Mr. Hedge's review of Mr. Emerson's "Essays," and Mr. Thompson's of Mr. Putnam. I am glad to hear of John Parker's bequest to Mr. Putnam. It is very rare that ministers have any thing left them, and I am glad of such an example.

*To Mrs. Howe, Northampton, Aug. 31, 1845.*

MY DEAR SISTER,—. . . The beginning of last week we had a vague account of Mr. Delano's fire at Macao, which furnished me with some anxiety; but that gave place to hearing of a real sorrow a few days since, which has absorbed my mind almost entirely, and I have been putting off writing on that account. You have heard of the sudden death of Mrs. Harding? There has always been something about her that I have felt a great respect for; a quiet consistency in goodness, a common-sense purpose that attained its end, a cultivated perception of moral sentiment as well as the beautiful in nature. And every thing about her so unpretending and sincere, that one could not know her well and withhold their respect. Contemplating her character, strengthens my confidence in the goodness of human nature. It gives me faith in virtue, and makes me feel that it is a reality; and that its infusion into real life opens to us the best sources of happiness. When such a savor is taken from the circle which it affected, there is much to deplore; and I cannot say as many do in such cases, "How soon such things are overlooked and forgotten!" for I have faith to believe

that all the good seed sown in this world will be guarded and made fruitful by heavenly wisdom; that none of it will be lost, but bring forth, some fifty, and some an hundred fold.

Mrs. Harding left six sons, over whom she had a great influence. The four youngest can never have that influence made up to them; though Margaret will be, as she always has been, all that a sister can be, for she is one of the wisest and the best young persons I ever knew; of C. I know but little, therefore cannot speak. I have not informed Susan of this calamity, hoping she would not hear of it until she got to Springfield; and then I thought she would stop for a day or two with Margaret, for their mutual satisfaction.

We have got to hear — preach all day in the absence of our beloved Rufus Ellis; it is a severe dispensation, but he was here and applied for the chance. Mr. Ellis is published, and will be married this month, — I mean September.

P. S. I am reading the “Wandering Jew,” taking it homœopathically, in small doses. I don’t know as you are well enough to bear it, for it is very exciting; but works of imagination never take such a violent hold of me as they do of some people. It takes reality to distress me; I am such a matter-of-fact person, that I cannot invest my fancy as many can.

NORTHAMPTON, SUNDAY, SEPT. 28, 1845.

MY DEAR SON,— . . . “All’s well, that ends well;” and there is much good mingled with the sorrows

and trials of this life. And our lot is always better than we deserve, while we remain in this mutable world,—

“ Where nothing can satisfy, nothing’s secure  
From change and decay, and disorder and strife;  
No beauty is perfect, no virtue is pure,  
And evil and good are companions for life.

“ Where finding no rest, like the patriarch’s dove  
Which flew to the ark when the flood was abroad,  
O’erwearied we seek, in the mansions above,  
The rest that remains for the people of God.”

And if we are of that number, we shall finally inherit the rest. And we that are some way advanced on the journey of life, so that the end seems near at hand, can fully realize the consolations and encouragements accompanying that hope. . . .

FEB. 10, 1846.

There is but little, my dear son, to be gathered, either from my experience or from my contemplations, that will profit you or give you pleasure; but it is your birthday, and, if I do not consecrate it for a holy day, I can mark it for a day of increased and uninterrupted satisfaction for the twenty-seventh time. Now you will not let this make you vain, but refer what I have said rather to your mother’s vanity. It is not uncommon for parents, when they have nothing else to take pride in, to inflate it with something they are connected with; imagining that there is a reflected lustre reaching themselves from these surrounding causes. . . . Your father is very well, and very contented with having me to read

to him nearly all the time. I have this week been reading Mrs. Sedgwick's stories to him. They are of a kind to move the heart gently, and to superinduce a kindly feeling for every thing that is good; they awaken a holy interest that makes the heart better without producing any injurious shock, or too great excitement of the tender sensibilities. Love to my friends.

Your very affectionate      MOTHER.

In March, 1846, while recovering from the fearful and dangerous disease whose consequences darkened the whole remainder of her life, she wrote to her son Edward, after hearing of his engagement. After passing lightly over the six weeks of intense suffering, she goes on:—

“ And now let me tell you that I am rejoiced that you have reached that point in your destiny which is to insure you a pleasant and valuable companion for life; and I trust she is all you think she is,— a rational and high-principled woman, with warm affections towards yourself, and such domestic habits as make life smooth; one who has been more accustomed to minister than to be ministered unto; one who feels that household cares are woman's duty, no less than her privilege; one who is literally a sharer with her husband in his cares, instead of leading that useless, empty life that leaves no record but vanity to mark its path. I have often troubled myself with the fear lest my sons should marry idle, fashionable women. If Heaven has spared me this sorrow, I have much to be grateful for. As a child

needs an instructor, so do grown people need a higher guidance than mere self-will. They need the light of that polar star, an enlightened conscience, with that holy standard which forever separates right and wrong. May you both be guided by it, and amidst your greatest trials you will find consolation."

After a delightful visit from Mrs. Greene, she writes to her after her own return from New York, describing the enjoyment of the trip to her son's wedding at Brooklyn, and of pleasant excursions she made in her short absence from home. She says of Greenwood, then newly laid out: "We visited the Greenwood Cemetery at Brooklyn, which is truly beautiful. It is Mount Auburn magnified and multiplied. Do get some of your friends to ride over with you and see it. I can only think, while looking at it, of Beattie's description of the beauties of nature; and realize it all there:—

"The pomp of groves and garniture of fields,  
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,  
And all that echoes to the song of even;  
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,  
And all the dread magnificence of Heaven."

It was during this winter of 1847, that I went to New York, to pass some weeks with my sister, whose long absence of three years in China had made her return to this country a circumstance full of pleasure to the whole family circle. While I was there, the novel of "Jane Eyre" first appeared; its author unknown, no fame to herald it. The effect it produced upon the whole reading world was

electrical. If all the stories and anecdotes of the effects of reading "Jane Eyre" could be collected, they would fill a volume, and would give added evidence, were any needed, of the rare genius that produced this wonderful book. I had just finished it, and was still living in the glow it had caused, when a letter from my mother announced, "I have read 'Jane Eyre';" and, though it is intensely interesting, I advise you not to read it, for I think it has a most immoral tendency." I believe the character of Rochester, and what she always designated as "his lie at the altar," was what had impressed her. Certainly, he bore no resemblance either in his character or circumstances to any of her living or dead standards. But I was much amazed to receive by the very next post a letter from my friend, Martha Swan, who was staying with her in my absence, in which she said, "Your mother has been completely carried away with 'Jane Eyre.' She went out yesterday and bought herself a pair of new shoes. After she came home she took up 'Jane,' and read till tea-time; then she read till bed-time. Then I retired, and she read till nearly morning, finding, when she went to bed at last, that the toes of her new shoes were fairly burnt through, over the dying embers." Whether the loss of her shoes, by means of "a trumpery novel," had any influence on her opinion of Rochester, I would not pretend to say. She became very indignant when she came to that part of the story where Jane, after leaving Rochester, forgot her little bundle of clothes. "So shiftless of her," she exclaimed, impetuously, "to

go off without a change of linen ; I've no patience with her."

In a letter to Abby, dated August 12, 1847, she speaks of her overflowing thankfulness in the return of her daughter Catherine from China, and of her little grand-daughter Louise, as a most engaging and interesting child. She adds, "Your Uncle has shown more pleasure in Katie's return, and in having her with us again, than I had dared to expect in his present feeble state. He seems to have a vivid sense of all Mr. Delano's kindness, and has been taking an interest in having new fences all over our place, on both sides of the road. Edward came home six weeks ago, and he with his wife stayed with us a fortnight. And Joseph and his wife were here with their adopted child at the same time. So I have seen all my children together, which is the first time since my dear Anne's death ; and I enjoyed it highly." . . .

In December, 1847, my dear father had his last and severest attack of paralysis, and closed his peaceful, useful life in unconsciousness. I can discover but one letter of my mother's written at this time, though there must have been many others. It was to Mr. Richard L. Allen, and ran as follows :—

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I cannot express to you how much I was gratified by your kind remembrance of me in my trouble. Sympathy is an offering to the heart which gains ready access when sorrow has taken possession of it. My husband's death was at

least unexpected by me, though he had been more unwell than common for several weeks, and was supposed to have had another stroke of paralysis, when no one saw him, though he never gave any account of himself which should lead to such a conclusion. It is not however improbable. I was absent in Boston and did not get home until the day after it occurred. From that time he appeared like a stationary invalid, who might, with great care, live a number of months. His mind was in a wandering state, though not wholly absent. He sat up most of the day in a large easy-chair and slept a good part of the day, ate but little and had a reluctance to seeing any one but Susan and myself. I took care of him during the nights. On Thursday night, December 9th, he had a restless and bad time, but was better early in the morning. But after being dressed and taking his usual breakfast, he was seized with spasms, after which he lost all power to swallow, and all consciousness, and remained in that state until Saturday evening, the 11th, when he quietly ceased to breathe.

For the last six years life has been a heavy burden to him, and he often said that he was left to be a "cumberer of the ground," and he was ready to depart, and he hoped that his life would not be protracted. Under these circumstances, we could not ask to have him remain. The body had outlived the soul, and life was too joyless to be desirable. It was a remarkable fact in his history, that he never suffered from acute pain in his life. He never had toothache, or headache, or rheumatic

pain of any kind. His life has been an uncommonly happy one, owing to a more calm and equable temperament than is usual—added to a well balanced mind. He was not disturbed by the little inequalities and mutations which must occur in the course of a long life. "Society, Friendship and Love," the means of which are so abundantly scattered throughout this universe, furnished his greatest sources of enjoyment through life. He always spoke of you with great confidence and affection, and seemed much disappointed that he did not see more of you when you were last here. He always enjoyed seeing your wife, and often said, "Few of our girls have got so good a husband as Sally has." His sympathies were so warm that his friend's happiness increased his own.

My husband has left something to all his children, and myself out of the reach of want, and that is as much as is good for people to have in this world of temptation. I shall make up for my lack of abundance by a large supply of contentment, and endeavor to draw on other sources than money for my happiness. I would not exchange some of my possessions, for all there is in the Banks—that is if I may count children for possessions—S. is a treasure of inestimable value, and my sons are better to me, as well as my daughters, than many millions would be without them. So you see we all have some "flattering unction," to fall back upon, to console us for the want of means. At any rate Gratitude and Contentment, add to which Faith in the justice of God, and our measure will be full.

Your wife and children seem to be very happy and remarkably well. Sarah is very kind in coming in to see me frequently, though not as often as I should like. I ought to congratulate you on the delightful climate you are enjoying, while we are perished with cold. We have had no snow to speak of yet, though a good many rain storms, and the real severity of our weather is yet to come.

Your very affectionate friend,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

To her son she wrote, January 22:—"Yesterday was a sacred day in my calendar, for a reason which you will remember, for it separated us for ever, in this world, from our beloved Anne Jean; but no one lives a half century and more without many such anniversaries, perhaps more than I have. But I mean my heart shall dwell on the blessings which have been showered on my path, and not on the sorrows. The best wish I can entertain for you is, that you may be blessed in your sons as I have been in mine.

"Tell Catherine, with my love, if we did not drink a glass of wine to her health, we did not forget her birthday, and shall not forget our son's.

"Susan has been invited, this fine day, to go down to Springfield, and stay till four o'clock; and I am glad to have her go,—it does her so much good to take a little excursion,—and she has never left home the last six weeks, or been anywhere, of course." . . .

*To Miss C. Robbins.*

It is but a poor consolation to you to know that my conscience is perfectly seared as with a hot iron. I have been intending to write this last fortnight; but pride, in endeavoring to keep up appearances with those I am under the least obligation to, has induced me to write to many more distant correspondents first, so that you are last served.

We have had two, indeed three, very interesting lectures since you left, from Mr. Greeley, Dr. Hopkins, and President Wheeler; which is about all the variety we have had. But I have got enough to think of and enough to do without any additional exciting causes; and am very contented with the repose accompanying our warm and comfortable winter.

Susan is enjoying her old resource,—society, friendship, and love,—in Springfield, with Margaret and Lucretia; and I am calculating that it will promote a degree of self-forgetfulness favorable to her neuralgic affection. She writes that she has been well since she left, and I expect her home to-morrow. During her absence, Martha Swan and I have read a very agreeable book, by the author of "Undine." Of course there is no probability in the story, for that is no part of the design of a German novelist; still there is much information and entertainment. Perhaps you have read it; "Theodolf, or the Icelander," is the title.

Mr. George Ellis came to see me yesterday, and will preach for us to-day. We were much pleased to hear Mr. Simmons last Sunday; and, as he was here

during his leisure that day, we got a good deal acquainted with him, and found him a very genial, pleasant man. He told me what I did not know, that he had been living in Milton. I think he has but a faint idea of what Springfield is ; but he seems to like it very much, so imperfectly as it is known to him.

January 30. I went this morning to hear one of Mr. George Ellis's best discourses. His text was from the sixth chapter of Hebrews and fifth verse : "The powers of the world to come." His subject was, the influence those powers exert on human character, according to their different states of mind and education. I think the house will be crowded this afternoon ; it was very full this morning. Many people went expecting to hear a sermon appropriate to the occasion of Mrs. H. S.'s death, that I think will come again and bring more.

It is a great blessing to me to have Martha Swan with me, she being fond of the kind of reading I like.

NORTHAMPTON, March 8, 1848.

MY DEAR SON,—... My hands and my mind are employed, though there is considerable monotony in my existence.

Since I read "Jane Eyre," I have read the "Life of John Jay," which interested me very much, though I have read it before, some twelve years ago ; but I always have thought of him as one of the saints of the earth, and, like Washington, that we should never see his like again.

Now, with your leave, I shall use the remainder of the paper for the benefit of your wife.

MY DEAR SARAH,—I have had it in my heart a long time to write to you, not that I thought I could give you much pleasure, but for my own satisfaction.

Now, of course you don't know how deeply I sympathized with you in this last momentous event in your history. Married people have a great many mountains to go over, and each one safely passed is a subject of congratulation, where the gain has been greater than the cost and trouble. Now, I hold my only grandson to be a mighty treasure. I feel much richer for him myself, and if I am so much benefited, what must be your case? Why, he is a mine of wealth! an income of daily comfort!—just what his father has always been to me; and now I feel that the treasure is doubled in his having a good wife, and, I trust, an excellent child. You are sure now of having something to do that will add greatly to the importance and value of life; and I don't know of any thing more satisfactory than bringing up children. They are nearly all that gives any interest to old age, if we are permitted to attain to it. I often wish I was going to live my life over again, for my children's sake; for, with my present experience and discipline, I should be much better fitted to bring up a family of children than I was in time past. But the same is the case with others; and, in observing upon mankind, we see that every thing done is an experiment made

without any knowledge of the result. Some of the experiments turn out well, and some ill. But having the destiny of our children in our hands is such a fearful, anxious task, that it inspires some profound reflections in those who never had any before; and there are many strengthening influences accompanying all our domestic duties, which have a very salutary bearing on the character, and, together with love, help us along, and prevent many with but little instruction from making shipwreck of their children and their domestic happiness. I am calculating that Edward and yourself will have a pattern family, which, if I live to see, will add much to the pleasures of my advanced life.

NORTHAMPTON, March 16, 1848.

MY DEAR SON,—I was glad to learn from your own pen that your wife and my grandson are doing well. I know that Sarah will take time for recovery. As Mrs. Butler is going to-morrow, and I can send a package as well as not, I will send you the porringer to my little grandson, which his father was always fed from when a youngster; and I hope and pray he may be as easy to get along with as was his father.

Mr. Delano must be thanked for John Quincy Adams's picture. The last time I ever saw him, to converse with him, he looked like that picture; but when I saw him in the street, last autumn, he was much thinner. I am pleased to have it. The time I speak of conversing with him, he kissed my hand when we parted. That ceremony was a part

of his European manners. Your father thought it was prophetic that we should never meet again. . . .

With regard to Theodore Parker's eulogy of Mr. Adams, if a man acts through life from a high principle of honor, justice, truth, and humanity, but sometimes commits errors of judgment and opinion, those blemishes should not be made the most prominent when pretending to write his "eulogy." Eben Hunt could lend you this production, I dare say. I wish you would give Eben one of Mr. Ellis's discourses on your father's death, and ask him to take an early opportunity to send Baron Rœnné; unless you would rather do it yourself.

NORTHAMPTON, April 25, 1848.

MY DEAR ABBY,—In the course of each day a good many people call, and you know our practice is always to be disengaged. This I could not do in a city; but having begun so, the time never came for discontinuing the practice. And I am now very well satisfied that a great many valuable friendships and strong attachments, and even the ties of kindred, have been broken by the self-indulgence by which people turn their friends and acquaintances from the door, from unwillingness to make a reasonable sacrifice to the intercourse of friendship. It is so heart-chilling, that it does much to freeze the affections that would readily expand into a kind regard or a generous friendship, to be told at the door for a succession of years, "not at home," or "engaged." In my own case it tends directly to a non-intercourse, and makes city-life and habits

intolerable to me; combining, as it too generally does, heartlessness and senselessness.

I suppose you would like to know how we have lived this winter. In the first place, after your uncle's death, I dismissed my oldest domestic, wishing to teach the youngest habits of responsibility and care, such as she could not attain while there was a responsible person over her; besides wishing to diminish the expense of two hundred dollars a year, which was the least I could estimate her board and wages at.

My real estate is rated so high that it, with a ministerial tax of seventy dollars, will not be less than a hundred annually. This, with an income not over eight hundred dollars, makes the nicest calculations necessary in regard to economy. And I do not think it tends any more to narrow the mind to study a rigid economy, than it does to keep one's self frivolously used up in contrivances for spending money lavishly, and studying trifling points of etiquette; instead of studying the higher philosophy of good principle, and seeking in religion and moral rectitude how to lead a good life in the sphere God has appointed us here. Therefore, I shall not waste feeling and thought on the uneasiness of not being rich, but think how, under existing circumstances, I can widen the sphere of my usefulness without money. This will be harder for S. than for her mother; but she has good principles, and too much strength of character, not to do as well as she can in whatever position she is placed, and that without discontent or murmuring. We must all remember

that our lot is better than we deserve, and that the cultivation of contentment and gratitude are the great antidotes to the evils of this life.

In the beginning of the winter, I had Miss Swan come to pass the winter with me, for I knew my Susan must be much of it with Catherine in New York.

P. S. I shall enjoy you and yours in your home, were it in the greatest possible simplicity, more than I can possibly enjoy visiting where there is a great effort at style and fashion; for in one I can find warmth of the heart, and in the other much of the ice which clings to gold, the touch of which freezes the soul.

I am much pleased with Mr. T. Walker's discourse on Mr. Adams. Please to say to him that I am greatly obliged to him for sending it to me.

*To Wm. S. Thayer, at Harvard College, Nov. 26, 1848.*

MY DEAR WILLIAM,—I have been intending to give you a few lines ever since I answered your Brother James's letter. I was very glad to hear that you had been so fortunate as to get a school at Canton. I hope it may prove all that you desire; and I dare say your anticipations do not exaggerate the pleasures of such an employment; on the contrary, you are probably expecting a great deal of trouble, much that is distasteful and difficult to endure. But you must learn to consider that all these things are necessary to exercise, as well as test, your judgment; and I have no doubt that it will prove a valuable discipline of all your faculties,

and end in that best of satisfactions,—the sense of doing good, not only to yourself, but to your fellow creatures.

It is the saying of a good man, that, “for every good deed of ours, the world will be the better always.” There is a great lesson of wisdom to be gained from teaching others; and that is, the value of reverence. I mean reverence in its highest signification,—first for the Author of our being, and then for his works; but to come down to your own particular case,—a just respect for those whose superiority has placed them over us as instructors and rulers. No youth employed as a teacher for the first time, I believe, ever had so true a sense as this occupation gives him of the necessity of that most valuable quality, so rare in these days of “democracy,” “liberty,” and “equality,” and, I may add, “fraternity.” But a teacher has constantly before him the practical illustration of its necessity and its value; and the want of it is the greatest obstacle to improvement in the young, for it brings in its train of evils the lack of humility.

Now, when you contemplate all the difficulties of college government, as well as the lower institutions,—common schools, &c.,—you at once perceive that they are all owing to a want of respect for authority; in other words, reverence. When the young people in college get together, they do not discuss the various trials and virtues of the president and professors, but always their faults and imagined defects, with the most unmitigated severity.

I have no doubt that, at the end of your time of

school-teaching, you will find you take a very different view of the relation between the teacher and the taught from what you did before you commenced, and that you have gained much of wisdom by your experience. "Revere the wise, and yours will be the state of mind into which wisdom flows most freely," is a sentiment which we cannot apply too often to ourselves, or to those we are teaching.

I am glad to hear that James Lyman and Chauncey Wright are coming home to Thanksgiving, and wish you could all do the same. Give my love to James, and tell him I should like to hear from him whenever he can find it in his heart to write; and I hope, when you get fixed in your new position, you will give me some account of yourself and your hopes. And believe me your very interested friend,

ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

To Mrs. Greene, she wrote, Aug. 2, 1849: "S. has two sons. They have talents to be agreeable, but their faculties are somewhat paralyzed by knowing that they have a fortune to fall back upon, and that there is nothing for them to do but enjoy it. 'The healthful stimulus of prospective want' is highly desirable to the young people of our country; and it is astonishing how many amongst us are ruined by the want of it. You may have seen the death of Mr. Theodore Lyman announced in the Boston newspapers. He was a rare exception to the rule I have adverted to. He left no widow, but left a son and a daughter. He provided amply for them, and dis-

posed of one hundred thousand dollars to different charities. This I consider an exemplary act."

And again Nov. 4, 1849: "I have just returned from church, where I have all day heard our good Mr. Ellis. I think he is about the best minister any people ever had; for his good life furnishes a valuable sermon every day. He is all the time at work for the good of society, and I think his loss would be felt almost as much among the other societies as in ours. He examines one school and its teachers once a week, taking the different ones in the order; so that he stimulates both the teachers and the taught to do their best. And it has superinduced a degree of vigilance that we have never experienced before, with a corresponding degree of excellence."

TUESDAY, Dec. 21, 1852.

MY DEAR SON,—It filled my heart with joy and gratitude to get the intelligence I received yesterday at three o'clock, through Joseph. What I had heard the day before was the cause of a good deal of solicitude, and I was looking with great anxiety for farther intelligence, when Joseph came over. I hope there will be no obstacles to prevent Sarah from a speedy recovery. You must begin to feel very rich, as well as proud of your possessions, with *two boys* to look after; and I hope you will be as lucky as I have been. I see you laughing in your sleeve at the poor old lady's vain-glory, and I wish you may have as much cause for glorification at my age. I must tell you one thing: I *did something* to earn all the satisfaction I shall have; but it will take a number of

years to get to the "swellings of Jordan." There will be care for the hands a good while before you get to the cares of the heart. But parents have every encouragement, and great promise of reward in all they do for their children. It yields a great interest for the capital. . . .

Your very affectionate

MOTHER.

## CHAPTER XIX.

With gradual gleam the day was dawning,  
Some lingering stars were seen,  
When swung the garden gate behind us,—  
He fifty, I fifteen.

The high-topped chaise and old gray pony  
Stood waiting in the lane:  
Idly my father swayed the whip-lash,  
Lightly he held the rein.

The stars went softly back to heaven,  
The night-fogs rolled away,  
And rims of gold and crowns of crimson  
Along the hill-tops lay.

That morn, the fields, they surely never  
So fair an aspect wore;  
And never from the purple clover  
Such perfume rose before.

O'er hills and low romantic valleys,  
And flowery by-roads through,  
I sang my simplest songs, familiar,  
That he might sing them too.

Our souls lay open to all pleasure,  
No shadow came between;  
Two children, busy with their leisure,—  
He fifty, I fifteen.

As on my couch in languor, lonely,  
I weave beguiling rhyme,  
Comes back with strangely sweet remembrance  
That far-removéd time.

The slow-paced years have brought sad changes  
That morn and this between;  
And now, on earth, my years are fifty,  
And his, in heaven, fifteen.

"ATLANTIC MONTHLY."

MEMORY takes me back with grateful thoughts to a period behind the letters in the last chapter,—to the years 1839 and 1840, when I returned from Mr. Emerson's school in Boston, to find my dear father still vigorous and unimpaired, though seventy-three years of age. The exquisite little poem that heads this chapter has always brought this time so vividly before me, so much more vividly than any words of mine can do, that I could not help inserting them; although in our case it would have come nearer the truth to say, "He seventy, I seventeen,"—at least, for all but the last two verses.

He rose very early in the summer time,—seldom later than four o'clock,—and it was his custom to take a long walk, rarely returning home before six. I often rose and took these walks with him; and they have left a sweet remembrance that is like a treasure laid up in heaven. He delighted in the natural beauties of our village; liked to take me to Round Hill, and, if possible, to reach there before the sunrise. The mists in the valleys below, the mountain-tops above, were a pure delight to him. His memory was stored with old-fashioned poetry, which he often repeated as we walked through the quiet streets, where the closed houses still held their sleeping inmates. Sometimes he told me old tales

of the dwellers in those homes, or of their fore-fathers, whom he had known as a child; sometimes he repeated to me long passages of Pope's "Essay on Man," or Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church-yard."

In the long summer afternoons, he took me in the chaise all round the outskirts of the village. He had a quaint, old-fashioned set of terms with which he addressed his horse, which I have never heard any one else use. But the horse seemed to understand and like them. Sometimes we drove through Hadley and Hatfield; crossed the river by the beautiful wire ferry; came home under the mountain in the ravishing light of those valley sunsets. Sometimes we drove to the Factory, to see sister Jane, and took tea there, returning home in the full moonlight. How glad was every one to see him, wherever he might go! Truly, "when the eye saw him it blessed him, and when the ear heard him it took knowledge of him." At home, his presence made every room he entered "the chamber called Peace."

And here, my dear girls, let me endeavor to call up from memory a picture of one day of my mother's life at this period. One impression pervades all my thoughts of her at that time; it is one of breeziness, overflowing life and good-cheer for all who came within the circle of her influence; an immense healthfulness of soul and body, that somehow made others feel well and cheerful also, as if upborne by her own strong spirit.

It is the gray dawn of a summer's day, and she

is already up and doing, though the rest of her large family—all but my father—are in their deepest sleep. Not for worlds would she rouse them; this is her hour,—her opportunity. After the clear, cold bath in which she revels (it was always fine to hear her discourse eloquently on the magnetic effect of fresh water), she dresses in a short skirt and white sacque; and, with broom and duster, goes to her parlors and dining-room, which are in plentiful disorder from last evening's gatherings. She opens the windows wide in all the rooms, to let in the sweet morning air. Listening, as usual, to the song of the robins that frequent the elm trees all around, her fine ear catches a new note, long-drawn, sweet and various. Instantly, broom and duster are dropped, and she hastens out into the side-yard, and looks up into the acacia trees to discover her new favorite. "I have found him," she cries; "the most beautiful creature in the whole world, and the most exquisite singer. I shall write to Mr. Peabody this very day, and find out who he is." She returns to her work. The two parlors, dining-room, entry and staircase are all carefully and thoroughly swept before six o'clock. She then calls up her two domestics, if they are not already up. "How light and airy are all her movements! how strange that so large a woman should have so elastic a tread!" we used to say. She now returns to her room, and puts on the clean calico morning-dress and white cap and collar, which is her usual garb until late in the day. There are still some moments before the large family assemble

for breakfast, and no one ever saw her waste that time. Her large basket of darning always stood in a corner of the room, ready to be attacked when other work failed; and she darned the stockings of the whole family,—the servants' and the hired man's, as well as those of her husband, children, and nieces. ‘For,’ she said, “it is the one way to save them time, trouble, and expense. I like to do it, and they never do it well.” We had one girl named Maria, who had lived with us some years, and was about to leave us to accompany her family to another town. On the morning of her departure, she appeared at the parlor door, holding up the foot of an old black-silk stocking, so darned that the original fabric was hardly discoverable. “Mrs. Lyman, may I take this with me?” she said; “I found it in the rag-bag.” “Why, certainly, Maria; but what can you want that old stocking for?” “Why, I want to show the folks where I go Mrs. Judge Lyman's *embroidery*,” said Maria; and, choking down a tender emotion, she added, “and I'll tell 'em she mended *ours* just as good as all the ladies'.”

Perhaps she darned stockings till the breakfast-bell rang, or else she took the book that always lay in the basket, underneath her stockings,—some good history, or book of ethics, or the last “North American.” Or, if there were time, she wrote to Mr. Peabody and described her bird; and got for answer, by next day's mail, that it was “the rose-breasted grossbeak.” How its long name delighted her heart! it was worthy the beauty of her singer.

Breakfast comes. How often in summer-time it assembled fifteen or twenty happy souls around that hospitable board! When my dear father came, his presence brought benediction, peace, and love, as much as hers gave warmth and cheer. The breakfast was always simple, but abundant,—tea and coffee, broiled fish or steak, bread, and some kind of pudding for the children, to be eaten with milk or cream. After breakfast, a chapter in the Bible and prayers were read. Then my mother had water brought, and with many aids among children, grandchildren, and nieces the dishes were washed, silver cleaned, and table cleared in an incredibly short space of time. After this, she was very apt to take her seat near the front door, partly because of her social spirit, which made her love to greet the passers-by, or send messages to her neighbors; and partly because father liked to sit there, and for the same reasons. She had always the basket of darning beside her, and the book, and my father had the newspapers which he read aloud to her, or she to him; and they discussed in a truly amusing way the events or the politics of the day,—for he had a rare and sweet humor, and she had keen wit, and peals of merry laughter were often heard from the stairs, or the two parlors, whose doors into the entry always stood open, and where groups of children and visitors collected. At this time, my mother always had the peas brought her to shell for dinner, or the beans to string. And I have seen her go on with these occupations unmoved and without apology, while distinguished visitors came and went,—Baron

Røenné, perhaps, or Judges of the Supreme Court,—she conversing all the time with each and all, in the most brilliant way. A touch of the bell scarce interrupting the flow of her ideas, she would hand her pails and pans of vegetables, nicely prepared, to the little maid who came at her call, and go on with her inevitable darning.—It was seldom that the large family sat down to meals without additional guests. Any one that dropped in was invited to remain; any one passing the front door who looked weary was asked to stop. “Another plate for Mr. or Mrs. —,” called my mother cheerily to her little maid, without a thought of trouble; as, indeed, there was none.

Although she darned beautifully, she was not an exquisite seamstress, and sometimes tried the patience of her children and young friends by want of nicety. So in derision we called her sewing “the Goblin Tapestry.” But in truth she had too many garments to make and mend, to give much thought to any thing but the strength and durability of her work; and in some particulars she was wanting in taste. I recall a young girl sitting near her one day with some exquisite embroidery in her hand. “Now, Mrs. Lyman, is not this lovely?” she said. “Well, I dare say it is, my dear,” was the quick reply, “but life has never been long enough for *me* to embroider a flannel petticoat.”

And yet with seeming inconsistency she took great pains to have one temporary inmate of the family taught to embroider; and, when a friend remarked upon it, and said, “Why, Mrs. Lyman, I

always thought you believed in having young people cultivate their minds before all things?" she lowered her voice, but said in an emphatic whisper, "My dear, *that* girl wouldn't read,—not if you were to set her down in the Bodleian Library for the rest of her life. You can't put a quart into a pint cup."

At one o'clock came dinner; always a large joint, roast or boiled, with plenty of vegetables and few condiments,—for she thought them unwholesome,—good bread and butter, and a plain pudding or pie. I think her idea about food as well as clothing was, that there was but one object in it,—to support and sustain the body in the one case, to cover and keep it warm in the other. And so she never discussed or encouraged discussion of anything belonging to them. To have interrupted the fine conversation at that dinner-table, by any dwelling upon the flavor or quality of the viands set before any of us, would have appeared to both my father and mother as the height of vulgarity; and I have never been able to get used to it at other tables. The same feeling led them always to avoid any conversation about their domestic concerns or troubles, and this from the highest motives. One whose name is a household word in many lands once said, after a two weeks' visit at their house, "Oh, I liked to stay with Mrs. Lyman, for she had no kitchen!" I remember well her sitting in apparent abstraction and silence for a good half-hour, while two neighbors discussed the enormities of their servants. At last, anxious for her sympathy, they appealed to her.

She rose from her seat, sighed wearily as she gathered up her work to depart, and said emphatically, "I see no perfection in the parlor, I don't know why I should expect it in the kitchen."

In the afternoon, my dear mother allowed herself a long siesta, and came from her room about four, or a half-hour later, with renewed brightness and cheerfulness. Then the windows of the west parlor attracted her, and there the young members of the family delighted to join her. Her pleasure in the society of the young was unbounded, and her entire sympathy with them led her to draw out the best in them at all times. Especially, if she found any young person with a strong desire for acquiring knowledge, she never lost sight of the intellectual stimulus to be applied, and never rested till she had found means to supply the want. How many admirable books we read aloud to her in those long summer afternoons, she often stopping us to impress some deeper application of the author's thought upon our minds, or taking the book from our hands to read over again, in her own impressive way, something that we had made poor and tame by our rendering! And with that large hospitality that often made it impossible for her to enjoy any great thought alone, or with her own family alone, she would note the passers-by as we read; and many a good neighbor, or young, intellectual starveling has been beckoned in, "just to hear this rich passage we are reading, it won't take long."

Ah! can we ever restore the flavor of her evening

parties, where young and old, high and low, met on the fine footing that her perfect disinterestedness and full animal spirits alone made possible? No! not alone; for the saintly spirit that moved beside her, invited this large hospitality even more than she; and what her greater impetuosity sometimes failed to do, his unfailing gentleness and dignity combined made possible, and the result of all the household entertainments was as perfect as heart could desire. We had parties two or three evenings in the week in summer-time; indeed, the neighbors thought we had parties all the time. But, for the most part, they were informal gatherings. In the old stage-coach days, my father always saw every friend or stranger of distinction that arrived at the taverns; and, if he reported directly to my mother, she scarcely waited till morning to call in her friends and neighbors for the next evening, and to make ready her parlors for guests the next forenoon. If it was to be a tea-party, she had only to order an abundant supply of tea and coffee, with thin slices of bread and butter doubled, sponge-cake made by the daughters before breakfast, and thin slices of cold tongue or ham; if an evening party, the lemonade and cake and wine in summer, and the nuts and raisins and fine apples in winter, furnished the simple but sufficient entertainment. I recall the zest and avidity with which she planned these evenings in which one thought rose above all others, — to *give* pleasure, not to get it for herself. How she remembered every one, especially the young and the shy and the restricted, whose opportunities for

society were small, and who would, therefore, be most benefited !

"Go tell M. and C. and A.," she would say to one of us, "that Mr. and Mrs. —— and Judge ——, from Boston, will be here this evening, and I want them all to come ; they will hear good talking." And, though she impressed on us all the duty of doing our part towards the entertainment of guests, she also taught us that a part of the value of society to the young consisted in being good listeners. In short, her one idea was to bring together the good and wise, who would be sure to enjoy conversation, and then collect a troop of young people about them, who must be benefited by contact with superior minds.

"No one ever declines going to Mrs. Lyman's parties," was the common remark ; "indeed, she has always more than she asks, for everybody knows they can take their friends *there*."

Occasionally, we had a party a little more stately than the rest. Such was the annual court-week party, when all the judges of the Supreme Court, and their wives and daughters, with the younger lawyers, and friends from all parts, filled the house. At such times, all the daughters of the house were engaged for two or three days in the preparations, and the result seemed to us magnificent.

My mother so often alludes to "court-week" in her letters, that I cannot but recall what a delightful time it was to my sister and myself. As little children, we had been allowed to sit up to the seven-o'clock tea, which was handed round, and we did not

go to bed till eight. What a week was that! How, in the morning, we all ran to the window, when the rapid ringing of the court-bell announced the coming of the Judges! My father always went to the hotel to escort them into court, and the procession had to pass our house. Father and the chief justice came first, my father bearing his high-sheriff's staff of office; then Judge Wilde and Judge Putnam, Judge Metcalf and Judge Williams, Mr. Octavius Pickering and a troop of lawyers, two and two, with green bags. They always dined with us once or twice during the week, and some or all of them took tea every evening; besides our having one large party for them, taking in half the town. I always, as a child, had a feeling about Chief-Justice Shaw, as if he were the Great Mogul, or the Grand Panjandrum, or something of that sort; and the tone of absolute reverence with which my father spoke of him increased the effect. He was often very silent, and was subject to "hay fever" when he went on the circuit, and was probably tired also in the evening, for he sat with his head lowered, which gave him the appearance of having his eyes closed. Once I crept up behind my father's chair, and whispered :—

"Father, is the chief justice asleep?"

"Oh, no, my little pigeon," was the reply; "far from it! Why, he is thinking *the profoundest thoughts that ever pass through the mind of man.*"

This made a deep impression on my mind, and I crept back into my corner, longing to know what those "profoundest thoughts" might be.

And when we had grown to womanhood, and left the dream-land of childhood far behind, court-week still remained invested with the early halo ; and the coming of the judges, with their excellent and intelligent families and friends, while it brought us abundant work, gave us the constant reward of delightful society.

I recall those days now, when my mother had worked from early morning till late of a hot summer's day, till even her strong frame showed signs of exhaustion ; then, retiring to her room for one hour of rest, and appearing in the evening, dressed in the "good gown," with heart-warmth and smiles and brilliant talk for every one. Was any young girl shy or ill at ease at her parties ? — she did not then push her forward, or insist on her doing a task for which she was not fitted, and so make the evening a penance to her. No ! she kindly placed her near some group of elder people, where the conversation was earnest and the themes high ; and she knew the dear and unobtrusive soul would feel herself in Paradise. Perhaps she would not talk that night ; but her mind and heart would be warmed and fed, and that would surely make her talk better at some future day.

A friend, who once passed a few weeks at the house, gives me this instance of her entire friendliness and sympathy with the young. She was preparing for one of her evening parties, and had got as far as arranging her flower-pots, which were fearful to behold, for she had never any taste in floral decorations. Chancing to pass the window, she

espied a young girl whom she loved much, for she had many talents and a warm heart; but, through restricted circumstances and somewhat careless habits, was not always ready for enjoyment.

"Oh, S.," she cried, "I am going to have a party this evening; and all the judges are to be here, and all the court-ladies, and I want you to come. Do come, my dear!"

"Oh, Mrs. Lyman!" said the poor girl, looking tearfully down at her feet, "how I wish I could come! But I can't, for my shoes are all out at the toes, and this is my only pair."

A pause of a few minutes, when the good lady's face brightened;—"Well, S.," she said, "at least, you'll help me get ready for my party?"

"Oh, yes!" said the young girl, with alacrity; and she came in, and in a few hours had effected a wonderful transformation in the rooms, with her tasteful hands and willing feet. Mrs. Lyman accompanied her home when the work was done, beguiling the way with cheerful talk. Somehow, she hardly knew how, they were in the best shoe-store of the village; a pair of beautiful bronze shoes were purchased, and she had parted from her friend, and ran gayly home to dress for the party.

The early restrictions of her comparatively isolated life at Brush Hill, during her youth, always gave her a peculiar sympathy for all young people she knew, who lived in a similar isolation. And so when winter came on, her thoughts would turn naturally to the two families of Huntington and Phelps, whose beautiful homes near Hadley were

her delight in her summer drives, but whose young inmates she felt were sadly cut off from social privileges in the long winters. "You can never know," said Mrs. Bulfinch to me once, "the thrill of pleasure that would come to us when we saw the double sleigh, with Mrs. Lyman in it, drive into our yard,—when snow-drifts were deep, and we had scarcely seen any one for weeks. Which of us would she ask to go home with her in the sleigh for a long visit, for we were sure she would take some of us? And when we went, what a welcome we had, and what a new life! Your dear father, and the guests he always collected; the newest books, of which we had not heard, all lying on the table; the bright homeish parlor!—it seemed like being transferred to an enchanted land!"

Born to be leaders in society, the presence of both my father and mother in that lovely village was felt to be a peculiar blessing, because their counsels always prevailed to bring about the best sort of democratic feeling. They were prominent and active in the support of lyceum lectures, in the getting up of Shakspeare clubs, and the formation of literary societies. If the lecturers were to be poorly paid, they invited them to stay at their house, and made up to them in kindness and hospitality what they lacked in fees. I recall one of our Shakspeare clubs, where there were four or five admirable readers, but a few resident students from neighbouring towns whose reading was incredibly bad. When my mother took the part of Portia, and Mr. Frederic D. Huntington (then a youth, but now Bishop of

the Central Diocese of New York) that of Bassanio, in the "Merchant of Venice," every one that could came to listen. But it must be confessed that our club was sometimes enlivened by bad reading; and on one occasion, during the play of "Hamlet," a young man taking the part of player to the king uttered himself in this remarkable way, "What's he to Hee-keu-by [Hecuba], or Hee-keu-by to him?" Of course, except for the kind and considerate manners of that little community, the whole group of listeners would have been convulsed with laughter. My mother was as grave and solemn as possible, till all had left the house, and then she laughed till she hurt herself. Next day came a discussion in her presence as to whether such readers should not be excluded from the club. "By no means," she exclaimed, emphatically; "*we* can all read Shakespeare when and as we please; *we* can now and then go to Boston or New York, and hear Fanny Kemble or Charles Kean read, but to these young people it is their only opportunity. Let them come and read badly one winter; it won't hurt us. Then, next winter, give them new parts, and let them hear how the best readers render those they have read. That will benefit them without hurting their feelings." And she carried the day.

Indeed, it seemed a curious fact to all who knew her warm temper and passionate nature, that she rarely hurt the feelings of any one; and, when she did, her wounds left no sting behind. With a vast power of indignation against wrong doers, a positive hatred of any thing mean or small or insincere, and

a somewhat undisciplined and impetuous mode of expression on occasions where her temper was roused,—she was surely as free from every taint of resentment or jealousy or suspicion, as any human being I have ever seen. I remember reading aloud in one of Mrs. Stowe's stories, where she describes her heroine as not being "economical of her wrath, but using it so unsparingly, that it was all gone before the time for action came." "*That's your mother,*" said my dear father, with a sly smile; and though she pretended not to hear, we knew she did. She never apologized, that I remember; she was too busy; life was too full for her, to keep taking the back track and wiping out old scores. But the rare tenderness of her manner to those she knew she had wounded, the warm-hearted sympathy, so ready to begin a new day in a new way, if *they* were as willing to forget as she was, was better far than a host of excuses. In short, she never enjoyed the discussion of inevitable things. She could give a person a good "setting down" when excited, in a few strong, terse, inimitable words. But then it was done and over, and she never wanted it revived. And if others were hesitating about any course of action, or quarrelling over a decision, she was sure to settle the question in a very positive and often sudden way, though with no disregard to the best rights of others. In Miss Bremer's novel of the "Neighbors," there was much in the character of "Ma Chère Mere" that reminded me of my mother. Especially that little scene where, calling in the heaven-chariot to take one of her daughters-

in-law to drive, she found them *both* dressed and ready, and bickering about which should have precedence; and so she whipped up her horse, and went without either.

I do not think that you, dear girls, who cannot remember her tones of voice, her impressive manner, and expressive gestures, will ever be able to form an adequate idea of her wit, from my poor showing. A lady, now in middle life, tells me this tale of her youth; she was a bright and talented girl, and a great favorite with my mother, who was always deeply interested in all that concerned her, both her education and her pleasures. She frequently spent whole days with my mother; read aloud to her, and joined in all the family occupations and diversions. But she belonged to an Orthodox family; and once, when a revival of religion went through the village, S. "came under conviction," as it is called; and, being much interested and occupied with it, she naturally discontinued her visits to her friend for a time. "One day," she said, "when I had not seen Mrs. Lyman for three months, I was walking up Shop Row, and saw her coming down on the other side of the street. I thought I would not look that way, and perhaps she would not see me. But she darted across the street, and taking me by both hands said, 'S., my child, you need not be afraid to come and see me, because you've 'got religion';' don't you know you *can't* be too religious? *Get all the religion you can!*' I thought she had gone, but in another moment she had turned back, looked me full in the face, and

said, impressively, ‘Be a good child, S., and go home and brush your teeth.’”

Walking by the Edwards Church one evening, as the bells rang for a third service, she remarked solemnly to her companion,—a stranger in the place, “Those are the people who are *a shade better* than we are!” Coming from our own church one day, after the clergyman, a stranger, had been preaching a sermon upon a personal devil, our neighbor, Mrs. Whitmarsh, met her and said, “Why, Mrs. Lyman, *you* don’t believe in a personal devil, do you?” “Of course I do! I couldn’t keep house a day without him!” was the emphatic answer.

It was not always what she said, that caused the laugh that so often followed her lightest remarks. It was the tone of voice, the inimitable gesture, the lifting of her eyebrows, the waving of her hand, the mock solemnity,—that carried away her hearers with an irresistible flood of merriment. And these tones and gestures were so wholly her own, such a simple and unconscious possession, that it is impossible to describe them. At a sewing circle one night, before the days of gas, the hostess was worrying over the poor light from her astral lamp. She tried various expedients, but all to no purpose, and she grew more and more worried. A hand was laid on her arm, and the audible whisper sent a smile all round the room: “The law of the lamp has been violated,” said Mrs. Lyman; “that’s all the matter.”

One morning a gentleman, a stranger, walked into Warner’s tavern, and accosted “mine host,”—at the same time laughing heartily. “I was walking

past a house just above here," he said, "when an elderly lady without any bonnet, and carrying a large feather fan, with which she fanned herself vigorously, passed me. I saw that some portions of the fence had been broken, and I stooped down and laid the pieces carefully together. I felt a hand laid on my shoulder, and a voice said, 'Sir, you're a Christian *feller cretur!*' I looked up, and it was the same pleasant-looking lady I had seen walking up and down." "Oh," said Mr. Warner, "it's easy to tell you who *that* was! Nobody in our village talks that way but Mrs. Judge Lyman."

Her views on the education of children were strong and characteristic. She loved young children with enthusiastic devotion, enjoyed in the heartiest way every beauty or attraction they possessed, and fairly revelled in the presence of a baby. I never saw but two persons who delighted in a baby as she did. One was our minister's wife, Mrs. Hall; and the other, our cousin, Emma Forbes. Whenever a new baby appeared at the Halls', my mother would come home in a state of rapture. Mrs. Hall would say to her, "Now, you see, Mrs. Lyman, this is really the best and sweetest baby I have had yet; he is so pretty, I really feel as if I ought to give him away; he is too good for me to keep." And this hearty gratitude for the new gift met with the fullest response in her good neighbor's heart.

She noted the peculiar traits of her children, rejoiced in their individualities, delighted in their original remarks; but she "kept all these things in

her heart, and pondered them." No one ever heard her call attention to them, or repeat any thing they had said, in their presence. In fact, she was so fearful that others might be less careful than herself, that she did not often speak of them to her friends, and it has been an amazement to us to find so many references to us in her letters. A child's simplicity and unconsciousness were more sacred to her than to any one I have ever known, and she guarded them with a jealous care I have never seen surpassed. Always ready to sympathize with and approve them, she yet never allowed herself or others to express admiration of children in their presence,— either of their beauty or their attractive ways, or their efforts to please. I can remember the indignation she once expressed when some neighbors stopped at the front door, and showed undisguised admiration for the unconscious little beauty who sat there eating her bread and milk. Afterwards, in reading what our Lord said, in Matthew xviii., 6, "Whoso shall offend one of these little ones," &c., she exclaimed forcibly, "They do it all the time,— the people that flatter simple and innocent children, and destroy their natural unconsciousness and humility." She had always great faith in keeping children in a rather humble and subordinate position; but entirely on their own account, and from strong conviction that it would be a help to them all through the journey of life. So she dressed them in the plainest clothes, taught them always to be ready to give up personal ease or pleasure for the sake of older people, and wished

them to show deference at all times to superiors. I think in the matter of dress she sometimes erred,—partly from her own lack of taste. But the principle with her was a fine one. It arose from her great dislike to give prominence to the external in any thing. It may be questioned, however, if a fair amount of time and thought bestowed on dress does not confer pleasure of a high order on others; and almost all children have such delight in pretty clothes, that it is possible to produce more thought about them in a child's mind who is denied the exercise of taste, than would exist where a certain amount of care was bestowed on it. But her view was on the whole a noble one,—in her who valued the soul so much more highly than the body, and who wanted to make a purse, that would have sufficed to dress her own children handsomely, help to supply the necessities of life to many others.

I well remember a certain indigo-blue print, covered with white stars, very much worn by children in orphan asylums, and by working people. It was our detestation, and so my mother dubbed the material "*mortification*." I had never heard any other name for it, and did not suppose it had any other. We had our fresh white dresses and blue ribbons for Sundays or for company, but on working days, "let all children eat humble pie," was my mother's maxim; and in many respects it was a good one. And so, one day when I was eight years old, I was sent to the store to buy six yards of the hated fabric to make an every-day dress. "Please, sir," said I, sadly, to the clerk who

made his appearance, "have you any blue mortification?" "No! I never heard of it," was the quick reply. My spirits rose, and I was about to leave the store, when I almost stumbled over a pile of the very goods. Conscience was too strong for me. "This is it," I said timidly. I heard a suppressed giggle behind the counter; and as the clerk measured off six yards of "mortification," one of the partners said in an audible whisper, "Of course it ain't the name, but Mrs. Lyman always gives her own names to every thing, and the child don't know any better."

I do not think that my mother ever had more than three dresses at any one time; she called them "gowns." Her best dress was always a very handsome black silk, worn with simple, but fine, cap and laces. A mousseline-de-laine—black or gray—she called her "every-day gown;" and a dark calico for mornings and work-days, she wore in summer, and exchanged for a heavier material in winter. The best dress she always called her "good gown;" and a shabbier dress, which she kept to save the best, she called her "vessel of dishonor." It took *one day* then to cut, fit, and finish off one of her gowns; she sitting with the dressmaker, and sewing the whole day. So that three days in the early summer, and three days in winter sufficed to construct her modest wardrobe. And, oh! how handsome she was in every dress,—even when she had not on the "good gown," that belonged to state occasions.

I thought her manners then, and I think them

now, after a long review, the finest I have ever seen, except my father's, which were even finer, having in them the trace of a life filled with the beatitudes. My mother had a noble presence, and what would have been called stately manners, had they not been so gracious, so full of friendliness and sympathy, and sincere cordiality. And I cannot remember that either she or my father ever enjoined fine manners on the many young people they educated; or ever talked about them. With them it was always the principle to work from *within* outward, and not the reverse. They believed that if one could make a child perfectly truthful, disinterested, and considerate towards all God's creatures, fine manners would be the inevitable and unconscious result. Both of them despised conventionalities, and often taught us, both by precept and example, that appearances were naught, except as types of an interior reality.

To my mother's large view, the fine perspective of life was always kept; she could not sacrifice the greater to the less at any time. I remember once, when a sleighing party of young people, hurrying to be in time for the railroad-train—which then did not come nearer to Northampton than Palmer,—drove up to the friendly door for aid, because they had broken some part of their harness. Sitting near the window, she saw the dilemma, and hastened out. Being told that they had not a moment to lose, and that there were reasons of special importance why they should make the train, she despatched one child in haste to the barn for the

man, and another to the house for strong cords. But no sooner had they gone to obey her orders, than a quicker expedient suggested itself to her fertile fancy. She raised her dress quietly, and rapidly whisked off her strong, knit, cotton garters, united the broken harness with a firm weaver's knot, and waved off the little party with the air of a queen. I recall now their three cheers for "the good lady and her garters," as they drove down the hill; and she, standing in the snow, with noble presence and outline, and grave unconsciousness of any thing save satisfaction that she could help them. My friend, Caroline Clapp, came in on the instant. "Don't tell me, Caroline, any thing about *elastics*," she said; "a good, strong, generous cotton garter is worth the whole of them in an emergency."

"Oh, Mrs. Lyman can say or do any thing she pleases," was the common remark. And so she could, because the motives were always simple, and single and transparent to view. The worst as well as the best was all to be seen; nothing hidden, or complicated, or incomprehensible. I have said that her temper was quick and warm, and her passions violent. A friend has told me this characteristic story, one of many that could be told, to prove how wholly without resentment her nature was. When my mother first came to Northampton, a handsome and attractive person, full of animation, she had been received with the utmost warmth, both for the sake of her good husband, so well beloved, and because her own cordiality spoke volumes in her favor. "I thought Northampton a little paradise," she said afterwards

to this same young friend, "and that everybody loved me as I loved them." And in the long run this was true, but it was impossible for so ardent and impulsive a nature not to offend sometimes the prepossessions or prejudices of a community where she was always the central figure. "And after a time," she said, "one person whom I had always loved, would come and repeat to me the ill remarks of neighbors and friends. Then I said, 'Get thee behind me, for I cannot afford to have my mind and heart poisoned towards those I live among.'" One day, when a young girl she loved was reading aloud to her, this treacherous friend came in. "Go, my dear," said Mrs. Lyman, "and sit with your book, by the window, in the next room." "I went," said the young girl, "but I could not help overhearing the conversation, in which Miss — repeated an opinion of her held by a family she had loved very much, and who, she thought, loved her, which was so derogatory and untrue, it could not but have been deeply trying to her warm and sensitive heart. I could not help hearing the whole," said S., "and I thought how angry Mrs. Lyman must be. But, no! She was just as calm, and quiet, and dignified as possible, though she looked grieved. She heard Miss B. all through, then she said slowly and with subdued emotion, 'I am sorry my neighbors think so ill of me, but I can't help it. I shall never feel any differently towards them.' Then her voice rising, but still calm, she added, 'but you, B., can't be my friend, to want to tell me such things, and I don't care if you never enter my doors again.' Miss B. took her

leave hastily; Mrs. Lyman called to me, ‘Come, S——, read right on, and let us forget all about this rubbish, just as fast as we can.’ Her eyes were tearful, but in five minutes she was making cheerful comments on the book, and I never heard her allude to the incident again. But an event occurred soon after, which fixed the whole scene more forcibly still in my memory. Only a week later, a malignant epidemic seized the family in question, and two of the children were sick unto death. I was sent by my mother to inquire how they were, but by no means to enter the house, as the disease was so contagious. But as I hovered near the open doors and windows, to my surprise I saw Mrs. Lyman entirely absorbed in the care of the sick children, though she did not see me. Then I thought of the talk in her parlor, so short a time before, and I said in my heart, ‘Whatever her religion is, she is a good and noble woman!’”

Late in her life, she wrote a most tender and loving letter to her daughter Catherine, in China, on the subject of her little grandchildren and their education, and I cannot but copy from it this striking sentence:—

“I can well remember the first time my Aunt Forbes (who was also my godmother) made me repeat after her the sentence, ‘I must bear no malice or hatred in my heart,’—together with a number of similar sentences which are familiar to you; I say I can well remember thinking that it would be impossible for me to entertain either of those sentiments; but I am now sure that the impression she

then made has been the means of preventing the excess of them, for she led me to feel that they were as unworthy of one of God's creatures as either lying or theft. And I cannot doubt from practical experience that it is more natural for unperverted children to receive good impressions than bad ones, and feel no doubt in my own mind that they often imbibe when very young the truest and most refined moral sentiments, which take root and grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength."

As another illustration of her inability to hold on to wrath, my friend, Lucretia Hale, recalls to me an instance to which we were both witness once, when she was on a visit at our house. My mother always had a small servant in the house, who acted in the capacity of runner to the whole family. She was usually taken at the age of ten years, and kept till fifteen or thereabout; was not only clothed comfortably and treated with much kindness, but was trained carefully for higher service, and daily instructed for an hour or two, either by her mistress or some of her daughters, in reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography. My mother had a rare gift for teaching, and enjoyed it thoroughly. What a succession of these little girls she taught to read beautifully and understandingly; and in spite of an occasional bout with obstinacy and stupidity, in which however she always came off conqueror, what an excellent relation subsisted between them! It was delightful to overhear some of these hours of instruction,—the timid child slowly picking her way through an involved sentence in a perfectly dry, jerky, sing-

song tone; my mother correcting with great patience, but after a time seizing the book with impetuosity, and reading so exactly like her young scholar, and yet performing the imitation so good-naturedly, that the child, diffident and respectful as she always was, could not help laughing heartily. "Now consider," she would say, "if you were relating this fact to me you have just been reading, would you do it so?" "No!" "Well, read it again to me exactly as if you were speaking." In this way, and by never allowing one word to be passed over that was not perfectly understood, both as to meaning and derivation, she made a large number of excellent readers. It was an inestimable service to these poor children, and in after life they duly appreciated it. The last child my mother took in this capacity was Letitia, who, bearing a striking resemblance to the same character in Dickens, commonly went by the name of the Marchioness. Now, the Marchioness was as good as gold and faithful to all requirements, but like many another child of ten years, when work was done, she liked a little mischief. One afternoon in the late autumn, my mother sauntered out to see some of her neighbors, wearing her large calash and cape that always hung on the tree in the front entry, to be in readiness for such impromptu expeditions. When she had gone, the Marchioness, unwisely calculating that the expedition would last some hours, decided on a round of visits among her own acquaintance, although it was a day on which the cook was absent. Moreover, having a taste for elegance, she went to her mis-

tress's closet, took out her best black-silk bonnet and nice Cashmere shawl, and arrayed herself in them. Nothing could be more absurd than the grotesque little figure, dressed in the elderly lady's best, that my friend and I saw hurrying off through the side-yard at twilight, too late to stop her proceedings. So we resolved together to say nothing. The fates decreed that my mother should find most of her neighbors absent that afternoon, so she returned home very soon after the Marchioness had disappeared, and soon became absorbed in a book she was reading. Presently my father came in, and desired her to go with him to call on some strangers of distinction at the Mansion House. She went to her closet to get her best bonnet and shawl; they were gone. Of course, her discomfiture and annoyance were extreme. We could no longer conceal from her the facts of the case, and evidently she must give up paying her visit. She was in a towering passion, and who could wonder? "She would punish that child within an inch of her life, the minute she could get hold of her! The Marchioness would come home cold, and there would be no kitchen fire for her,"—and she vigorously administered three or four pitchers of water, and put out the fire. "She would be hungry, she should go supperless to bed, and shame and disgrace should follow her downsitting and uprising!" So, having removed certain goodies that she habitually kept for any member of her own family into the parlor closet, she proceeded to lock up the kitchen and the store closets.

Late in the evening, the stealthy tread of the culprit, hoping to creep in and restore the borrowed lustre to its proper place without detection, was heard. My mother pounced upon her vehemently.

"How did you dare!" she began,—but one glance at the shivering, trembling child was too much for that warm heart. Possibly, too, the whole absurdity of the situation struck her, although she never once smiled. "Letitia," she said, gravely, but in a tone whose depth and gentleness I hear even now through the distant years, "Letitia,"—no longer "Marchioness,"—"I suppose you are very cold?"

"Yes, marm."

"Well, Letitia, the kitchen fire is all out, and it won't do for you to go to bed shaking in that way; so you'd better sit down here by my fire, and get perfectly warm."

"Yes, marm!" in most abject tones from the poor "Marchioness."

A pause,—my mother working away as if her life depended on it; then, "Letitia, I suppose you have not had any supper, and must be very hungry? Well, you won't find any thing in the kitchen; but when you have got your feet warm, you can go there,"—pointing to the parlor-closet,—"and take what you want."

When my friend Lucretia and I were fairly in our own room, and had closed the door, we could not tell whether to laugh or cry, the whole scene had been such a mixture of humor and pathos. Really, we had not expected to see such a fizzle as this, after such great preparations for protracted warfare.

It is needless to say that the "Marchioness" never wore her mistress's best things again, or performed any similar prank, although her mischief did not end there. "A great deal of the white horse in that child," my mother would say,—it was a favorite expression of hers,—"but she's a treasure in the long run."

My dear friend, Martha Swan, who often stayed with her during my frequent absences from home, says that one day, when she was preparing to receive some friends in the evening, a young lady came in, whose purpose evidently was to receive an invitation to meet these guests. As soon as she was gone, my mother remarked:—

"Now, mark my words, Martha! I will *not* have that piece of pretension and affectation here to-night, to spoil all our pleasure."

Martha thought she was perfectly right, and supposed the matter dropped. About dark, what was her amazement to see my mother creeping stealthily out the side-door, and, after a time, returning, towing along "that piece of pretension and affectation," to take tea and pass the evening. She really could not have enjoyed a moment, thinking that any young girl was sitting at home, wanting to come; although there was no reason why she should have asked her, as it was not a general party, but only a gathering of three or four persons. But she had certainly great impatience with all affectation; and no wonder, for nothing could be more foreign to her own nature. I find in one of her letters this sentence:—

"I went yesterday to see —, and, to my great

sorrow, found her translated into an affected piece of city trumpery. But such people as she is, should not engross much space, even in a letter. They are like the short-lived, gaudy butterfly,—entertain us with their fine colors, but never soar to any thing higher than this poor earth. 'Tis about as foolish to talk about them as it would be to envy them. I could tolerate affectation, if it were not that I see those who fall into it have first to part with all their integrity of character, and give themselves up to the exhibition of false colors; in other words, they live upon untruth. Their whole conduct is a practical lie. But they only have the condemnation of such as themselves; for others will do themselves the justice to bear their testimony against this lie, lest they should be considered as involved in the same folly, not to say vice."

I cannot help here recalling how possible it was for her to appear like quite a poor, depressed, commonplace woman, when some accident would place her in the society of persons whose life was in externals. The neighbors in our village, who appreciated her so fully, would never have known her for the same person. Silent, abstracted, she was either absorbed in some homely work, or her mind had travelled to some distant space. I remember a young lady of fashion waking her suddenly from one of these dreams by saying:—

"Mrs. Lyman, you were at —'s yesterday. Did you hear B. express any enthusiasm about Z.'s carpets and curtains?"

She looked half-dazed; but, when the question was fairly understood, said, slowly:—

"Carpets! curtains! enthusiasm! Well, well! I've heard of enthusiasm for fine natural scenery; for grand music; for a noble poem; but I never in all my life heard of it for *those* things!" And she relapsed into her solemn silence.

Never was there any one, who, both by precept and example, placed a lower value on *things*. I find, in a letter to my sister Catherine, written to her during her residence in China, the following description of a young friend:—

"From the tone of her letters, I think L. is becoming more reconciled to her new home than when she first went there. I should think it was a place where she might make herself contented, and where her accomplishments would be appreciated. But I suspect discontent is a very prominent element in her character, though there is a great deal that is interesting mingled with it. But she has been too much indulged to be happy, and has too exaggerated notions of the requisites to happiness; in short, she has not discovered that the real sources of happiness are only to be found in one's own breast. She has affixed too deep a significance to chairs and tables, and all external things of that kind, and has failed to throw around common things and common duties that drapery of fitness, simplicity, and grace, which nothing but a well-directed imagination and mental insight into the great ends of existence supplies. It is the common and familiar things belonging to our exist-

ence, which must furnish the materials of our happiness. We must invest them with the beauty and the radiance and the loveliness of gifts from our Heavenly Father, who knows what is best for us. If our lot is not what we prefer, and what we cannot overrule, we must remember it has been assigned to us by our Heavenly Wisdom, in love and mercy. Will not such reflections secure contentment?"

How can I pass by the period of my youth without recording the high value she placed on the friendships of the young, and the efforts she was always making to foster and enlarge them? To her mind friendship was a great educator, one of the noblest of stimulants to virtue; and in our house was never a barrier or limit placed on the intercourse of young people of both sexes, by perpetual harping on proprieties. How the names of all our friends seemed to have an added lustre as she pronounced them, and how her ever fresh sympathy was constantly increasing our own enthusiasm!

And in the social life of our village, how steadily she ignored any differences among her neighbors! I recall a most characteristic incident as happening during my youth. My mother's neighbors were mostly like herself, early risers, and half the work and half the errands in their busy life were done before breakfast in the summer-time, and in the cool of the morning. She so often repeated with glowing countenance those lines from Gray's "Elegy,"

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,"

that I think she had a living experience of the beauty in them. One morning, with windows all open, she was vigorously sweeping her parlors, when an old friend passed, with a basket of eggs, and stopped as usual for a morning chat. "Mrs. Lyman," she called out, "I hear you have invited the —'s and the —'s to your party to-night! Didn't you know they don't speak; and won't it be a little awkward?" "I don't know any thing about people that don't speak!" was the quick reply, and she went on with her work. A few moments passed, and another friend looked in at the window; "Good morning, Mrs. Lyman," she said; "I heard, yesterday, that you had invited the —'s and the —'s to your party to-night, and I thought, as I was going down town this morning, I would try to see you, and let you know that those two families don't speak to one another, and haven't these six months." "The Lord only knows when they will," said my mother, sweeping yet more vigorously, "if no one ever gives them a chance!" And the second friend passed on. A few moments later, the sweet, cheery voice of a young girl was heard, on her way to catch the early mail at the post-office:—

"Mrs. Lyman! Mrs. Lyman!" she called out, as she caught sight of the retreating figure with the broom; "are you going to have a party to-night? And is it true that you've invited the —'s and the —'s? Did you know they don't speak?" My mother was now quite roused. Leaving every thing, she went to the door, and laid a heavy and impres-

sive hand on the young girl's shoulder,—a touch that all remember who ever felt it. "See here, C.," she said, "you are young, *very young indeed*," (if ever youth was made to sound like a crime, it did then); "did you ever hear that, when two countries are at war, a third country or territory is always selected, which they call neutral ground? Now, I am perfectly willing to have my parlors stand for neutral ground; but you need not tell any one that I said so." The young girl passed on; but my mother called her back. "C.," she said, "I want to tell you, that when you've lived as long as I have, you'll find it's a capital thing to go through life *deaf*, and *dumb*, and *blind*!"

I cannot remember whether the contending families came to our party, but I do know that those dear parlors proved neutral ground more than once to neighbors long parted, their differences melting away in a house where differences were never recognized.

Indeed, nothing impressed one more than the warmth and glow her presence spread wherever she came; and in her own parlors she was surely queen. But wherever she moved, light followed her. How perfect were her relations to the near neighbors! How she had secrets with the family at Warner's tavern, and lived for years on the best of terms with those two excellent women, Mrs. Warner and Mrs. Vinton, and would often be seen stealing in at their back door, through the hole in the fence that parted our premises, to borrow a pie, or to give advice as to the naming of the children who were born there, or something equally important; then to the apothec-

cary's store between us, to have her evening chat with Mr. Isaac Clark, whom she justly regarded as "one of the salt of the earth"! Trifles, light as air they all seem to tell of; but the racy words she uttered to all these friends have been remembered ever since.

And yet how can any one, who did not hear her, take in the infinite satire she conveyed, when she spoke of one of her children, as fearing she had gone over to "*those loose enders*," meaning the transcendentalists; and of another, that she had "got beyond ordinances," because she did not wish to go to church two or three times on Sunday?

We shall have to leave many of her best sayings unrecorded, for we cannot transfer the tone and manner that made them forcible.

## CHAPTER XX.

Ye sigh not, when the sun, his course fulfilled,  
His glorious course, rejoicing earth and sky,  
In the soft evening, when the winds are stilled,  
Sinks where his islands of refreshment lie;  
And leaves the smile of his departure spread  
O'er the warm-colored heaven and ruddy mountain-head.

Why weep ye, then, for him who, having won  
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,  
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,  
Serenely to his final rest has passed;  
While the soft memory of his virtues yet  
Lingers like twilight hues, when the bright sun is set?

BRYANT.

IT was during the summer of 1841, that my father experienced his first shock of paralysis, followed at intervals with other attacks, more or less severe, until his death, on December 11, 1847. During these years, he suffered much from the consciousness of the change that had passed over him, from failing sight and memory, and all the wearisome attendants of paralysis. Nor was the care and alleviation of the disease as well understood as now, when modern science has taught us the methods of staying its progress and lessening its effects. Always patient and long-suffering, his Christian submission did not forsake him, and he bore the long years of his downward progress, rather, I

should say, his upward progress, with that unrepining spirit which in health had been a cheerful and peaceful one. But the days were full of heaviness to him, though often lighted up by the warmth of his affections, and that spirit of courtesy (the last attainment of the refined Christian) which never forsook him, even when mind and memory were gone.

And now, if I were to pass over in silence my dear mother's course during these trying years, that integrity which formed so striking a portion of her character would rise up to reproach me.

Disparity of years is no disadvantage in the early period of marriage. In fact, to a high-toned young woman, the mixture of reverence she cannot but feel for her elder companion greatly enhances many of her enjoyments. Middle age still retains the noblest characteristics of youth; and if it has lost something of aspiration, it has the added grace of long habit, and the steadiness of long performance. But when years have passed on, and the wife finds herself in middle life, overwhelmed with its cares and duties, and still vigorous to meet them,—her husband now feeble, infirm, tottering on the verge of the grave, no longer able to be the guide and sustainer of her difficult path,—then is felt “that awful chasm of twenty-one years in human life,” of which my mother's sister Sally had written, at the time of her betrothal, but which had never been manifest till now. She omitted no care that could add to his comfort; and the impatient word and sudden gesture, which children and friends might regret,

did no justice to the devotion of weary days and nights, for which she asked no aid and claimed no sympathy. Self-control and patient endurance had never been her characteristic virtues, although she practised them far oftener than we knew; but at this period many trials came to her, which one must experience to understand. With the care of a failing invalid always on her mind, passing hours of every day reading over and over again the same newspapers with dimmed eyes,—eyes long dim from weeping for the lovely Anne Jean, and for other sorrows; her nights often broken and disturbed,—she had yet the same duties to a large circle that she had always had. The habits of the house for half a century could not at once be changed, and the old hospitalities still went on, with a diminished purse, and added self-sacrifice on her part. The casual observer is wont to notice the occasions of the irritable word, the impatient gesture, and they always seem insufficient for the effect. One who looks deeper, knows that the cause lies deeper; that the irritability coming inevitably from so many sources of fatigue and anxiety must have a vent somewhere; and unfortunately for our poor human nature, the safety-valve will often be the one best loved, most tenderly cherished,—only alas! because on that perfect love and understanding we can always fall back.

And indeed, although her vigorous health seemed the same, yet that “cloud, no bigger than a man’s hand,” left upon her brain by the malignant erysipelas of two years before, had already begun its work

of destruction; although it was not till two years after my father's death that she experienced those first moments of unconsciousness, which gave evidence of a disordered brain.

Later in her life, when her own ill-health and failing powers gave her a better understanding of weak nerves and exhausted strength, she expressed to me a tender regret that she had not been more patient with the infirmities of my father's last years. But it was a regret free from remorse, for she was unconscious of any thing save warm affection and pure intention in respect to him.

After my father's death, my mother passed a winter of great quietness, and the physical rest she experienced was in some respects a benefit to her. She read a great deal, and her reflections were wise and thoughtful. It is touching to me to recall how in these days of lessened cares, diminished means, and a comparatively empty house, she set herself diligently to work to acquire those habits of system and order, the want of which had been a serious drawback to her all her life. Her youngest son, whose devotion to her comfort from his youth upward was the frequent theme of her loving observation, now arranged all her affairs so as to give her the least trouble and inconvenience possible; and she endeavored to aid him as far as she could, by keeping that strict account of expenditure, which her narrow income especially demanded. It is hard to alter late in life those habits which have been both hereditary and indulged; yet my dear mother made that good progress during this period that

must have been crowned with partial success, had not that mental malady, caused by the illness four years previous, been steadily though silently advancing. During the summer after my father's death, she experienced much pleasure in the coming of a daughter-in-law to pass some weeks, bringing a little grandson, in whom her affectionate heart lived over again the infancy of her own children. In the autumn, her last unmarried child became engaged, and although this circumstance took from her her only companion and cherished daughter, yet her sympathy in the event, and her unselfish efforts to promote the best happiness of the young couple, prevented her from dwelling mournfully on the deprivation. She was always ready to see the sunlight shining through the rifts of clouds, and, when nothing was cheerful in her own fate, to make the happiness of another her own.

There is a peaceful pleasure to me in recalling this summer of 1848, the last that my dear mother and I passed together, when she was in full possession of all her powers. I read aloud to her a great deal, and, among other things, the "Memoirs of Dr. Channing." How she delighted in it, and recalled the years of her acquaintance with him, and the first effect of his preaching on her youthful mind!

She had a valued friend and neighbor, Mrs. Thayer, with whom she had an uncommon share of sympathy. In some strong points of character they greatly resembled each other, and shared the same views of an enlarged hospitality and kindness to

strangers, *because* they were strangers. Mrs. Thayer had two sons, who were making most self-denying efforts for an education. Refined and intellectual tastes were hereditary in the family; and William, the eldest son, had, even as a boy, a rare talent for writing poetry. From the moment my mother knew about these boys, her heart was deeply engaged in seconding their efforts. That she was not in this case without that clear, moral insight into the characters of those on whom she fixed her deepest interest, which distinguished her beyond most persons I have known, may be seen from the following note, written to William in 1849, by the poet Whittier, who was an old friend of his family:—

AMESBURY, 24th, 8th month [1849].

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I was very glad to get a line from thee, and the poem enclosed pleased me exceedingly. The concluding verse is admirable and the whole conception good. I have just sent it to the "Era."

Give my best love to thy mother (and father, if he is at home), and to Sarah and James, and believe me

Very cordially thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

P. S. Elizabeth and mother send their love to thee and thine. We are right glad thou hast so good a friend in Mrs. Lyman, and still more so that her kindness is so well deserved on thy part. From my heart, I cannot but thank that woman for what she has done for thee. God bless her! W.

When, many years later, I visited, at Alexandria, the grave of William Sydney Thayer, our consul-general in Egypt; when I heard Lady Duff Gordon, and her daughter Mrs. Ross, mourning for his early death, and their appreciative recollections of his brief career; and when I saw the sincere grief of his servants Hassan and Ali, who were with him to the end, I rejoiced that my dear mother, who always took the death of loved ones so hard, was spared this added sorrow. The other brother is now Royall Professor of Law in Harvard University, holding the same chair that was formerly held by my mother's friend, Hooker Ashmun. I insert the following letter from him here as its most appropriate place:—

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 5, 1875.

DEAR MRS. LESLEY,— You have been kind enough to ask me to send you my recollections of your mother. I do so, very gladly. You will, of course, use my letter in any way which serves your purpose best; or not use it at all, if that is best.

My brother William and I were little boys of about twelve and ten years old, when my father moved to Northampton, in 1841. I cannot definitely fix the first time that I ever saw your mother or your father; but among the clear recollections of my boyhood are those of her impressive presence and manner, and of the benign figure of Judge Lyman in his old age. I recall him, especially, as he used to sit in the morning sun, on the broad, stone step of Mr. McIntyre's store, next door to your house,— a beautiful, white-haired old man, whose

presence brought with it a sweet composure, and insensibly prompted the passer-by to "tender offices and pensive thoughts."

My relations to your mother were those of a boy and a young man to one much older than he, from whom he received the most important and unceasing benefits. When I was a young boy she used to send me books, and often asked me to come in and read to her in the evening. I can remember reading in this way, among other things, the "Artist's Married Life," Mr. Everett's "Funeral Oration on John Quincy Adams," and certain sermons by James Martineau.

I was at that time studying for college without a teacher,—meaning to go to Amherst, where some of my friends had gone. One evening Mrs. Lyman surprised me by asking why I did not go to Cambridge. I answered that it was cheaper at Amherst. She replied that I should go to Cambridge if I wished; and so, to my great delight, the matter was soon arranged. Not only did she undertake to see that the necessary means should be furnished for me, but when soon after, certain friends, who had supplied resources to my brother William, unexpectedly gave out,—with the greatest spirit and energy, she took hold of his affairs also, and secured his continuance in college. Besides this, her attention was drawn to our school-mate, Chauncey Wright,—whose sudden death is now so fresh a grief to you and me, and all his friends. He had left school, and was at work in his father's business; but your mother pressed upon Mr. Wright the mat-

ter of sending Chauncey to College, and carried her point. And so at last, in 1848, Chauncey and I entered the Freshman Class at Cambridge, and my brother William returned there again. Not one of us would have been there, if it had not been for her.

She also went to Cambridge that summer,—preceding us,—and arranged that I should go directly to the house of your most kind Aunt, Mrs. Howe, to stay during the examination. She engaged in our behalf other most kind and strong allies, whose friendship continues to-day, like your own, my dear friend, among my best treasures. And so our way was made plain through college, and we were started in life after we left college. It is impossible to tell you all that she did for us; I will only say that nothing could have been more strenuous and effective than her efforts in influencing others in our behalf, and nothing more constant than the kind offices which she personally did us.

My first letter from her is dated at Cambridge, August 10, 1848. I was then at Northampton. Commencement and the examination, as you will remember, at that time did not come until the beginning of the fall term. In this letter she offers me from her own house, which was then vacant, various articles of furniture for my room,—with the profuse generosity of a mother to her son. "Mrs. Howe," she says, "has some chairs which she will appropriate to your room if you wish them; and if you see any small table which you would like, in my house, or desk, you can bring them down when you come. There is, likewise, a single bed-

stead in the room over Letitia's in the south wing, which you can saw off the high posts of and bring down when you come; and there is probably a straw mattress belonging to it which you can put on board the cars when you come down, if you like; and you may take any pillows you can find, as many as you wish for, out of my room where I sit in the morning; you will want several, they are so small." She adds in a postscript: "I have seen the president and said all I could for Chauncey, and I have no doubt he will get in."

She was not the person to allow any young friend of hers to lose his head from self-conceit. It was in this same "room where she sat in the morning," that she once read to me a letter from a wise friend, stating at large, in answer to her request, his sober, yet not quite discouraging, estimate of my mental endowments. And I may mention here that she was not merely a friend and physician of the soul. I well remember her giving me once a teapot and a quantity of some dried herb,—I think it was dandelion,—with instructions for the preparation of a decoction, which I had better drink. The prescription met my mother's approval, and these two ladies kept me supplied for a considerable time with this unpalatable liquor.

On June 6, 1849, she wrote me from Northampton, sending me some money and expressing regret at not receiving certain funds which somebody had promised her for my benefit; and she added some words of encouragement: "I have enclosed you fifty dollars.... But do not be disheartened; you

are better off than those who have time and money to commit sin, and whose mental repose is impaired by the want of innocence, which you will be able to preserve. I hope you pay attention to your health, and that you prompt William occasionally respecting *his*. I have just been reading 'Tyler's Views of the Life and Character of Burns,' manifesting the struggles he encountered for want of means, and the triumphs of the spirit over mental discomforts of every kind. . . . The yearnings of Burns's mind for opportunities of mental culture were never satisfied, but the field of Nature contributed largely of her inspirations to his naturally prolific and poetical imagination. This makes his life a noble contemplation to all who think they are cramped more than they can bear."

When I left college, in 1852, and went to teach school in Milton, your mother had gone there, as you remember, to live. My brother was already teaching there, and Mrs. Lyman invited us to board with her, for some moderate price, as long as she stayed there. At that time her memory was failing her a good deal; she was restless, and evidently missed the old Northampton life. I remember the presence of symptoms which foreshadowed the mental trouble that came upon her, later on. Notwithstanding the kindness of her neighbors and relatives, such a change in her dwelling-place and her habits, at that time of life, was too great. It was a new generation that she looked upon; they were not used to her ways, and she was not used to theirs. She soon removed to Cambridge.

Thither, after two years, I also returned; and during the seven years which followed, until my marriage, I saw her often. During a good part of that time Chauncey Wright was an inmate of her house; and it was my custom to take tea there on Sunday nights. It was often sad to notice the signs of her failing powers. But her old hearty welcome never once failed. She was to the last as hospitable and warm-hearted as ever. Not seldom her mind seemed clouded, and she would be perplexed; but she did not mean that it should be observed, and joined cheerfully in the talk. She liked to tell us of the past, and of people whom she had formerly known, and made many a sagacious and quaint remark in her old, familiar, emphatic way. In telling me for instance of the ancestors of a certain wealthy family in our neighborhood, she said: "They were hatters and clothes-venders at the North End. The mother was a religious woman, and though not *cultivated*, she had that kind of cultivation which gives good sense, and which people are apt to get, who have to struggle and contrive to get a living."

After I was married, in 1861, and had moved back again to Milton, I saw her seldom, and did not know how far her mind had failed until I heard of her removal to the asylum. It seemed no cause for grief when the news came, in the spring of 1867, that this great and generous heart had ceased to beat. At last, all that was so pathetic about her last years had come to an end, and the thought of it gave place to the blessed and thick-coming recollections of her earlier life.

It is so good to know that you are preparing this memorial of your mother. I wish that I could contribute more to help you, and especially could recall more of her most amusing and vigorous conversation, the flavor of which I well remember. But others can do that, and *my* story is such as I have told you. Your memoir will be of the greatest interest, not alone to your own family, but to all who knew the dear and noble woman of whom you write. And I am sure that it must do a great deal of good to the younger generation among your kindred, to read of that cultivated household at Northampton. It will be to them like a liberal education, to grow acquainted with a life so sound and healthful as your mother's,—a life not only directed by the courageous and frank instincts of a broad, noble, and healthy physical constitution, by strong natural affections and a powerful understanding, but disciplined also, and devout, and cheered always by beautiful sentiments and a spiritual faith.

Your affectionate friend,

JAMES B. THAYER.

But to return to the summer of 1848. I recall with gratitude how much her deep interest in these boys, and in Chauncey Wright, helped to carry her through a period when many persons, similarly situated, would only have been able to think of their privations and trials. Scarcely ever did Chauncey's father, the deputy-sheriff, drive past her door that she did not hail him, to impress on his mind, with all the earnestness and pathos of her nature, that

Chauncey *must have* collegiate education; and I think, if he did not want her to be a thorn in his side until this dear wish of her heart was accomplished, he must have made a circuit to avoid her. But he was a kind-hearted man, and valued her sympathy and interest; and she never forgot the day when he came to tell her that Chauncey should go to Harvard, nor the sweet smile of the shy youth, who timidly thanked her for using her influence in his behalf. That day made a high festival for her, and, to use her own expressive phrase, "was worth a guinea a minute to her."

She was at this time busily engaged in making shirts for the Thayer boys, before they should go to college in the autumn. Ah! I am afraid a great deal of "Goblin tapestry" went into those shirts. But the good and grateful boys never thought of that; and could they have known what a solace this sewing was to her lonely heart, they would have rejoiced that she had it.

How poor she was this summer, and yet how rich! Though giving little thought or time to dress, she had always before kept certain nice articles of wearing-apparel, befitting her station, and had worn them with care. But now her wardrobe became "beautifully less."

"Oh, my dear and ancient friend," I said to her one day, "a new bonnet you must really have!"

"By no means," she remarked; "mine is a very good bonnet indeed."

I noticed, that, though she had very little money, she always had enough to buy materials for "sofa-

coverings." That was her name for garments for the poor. So, one day when I was going to Springfield, I borrowed some money of her, and, instead of returning it, brought her back a nice bonnet and shawl. She professed to be very indignant at the ruse; but, when I told her that, if she would behave like "Dominie Sampson," she must be treated like him, she concluded to take it all as a joke, and really enjoyed wearing her new things heartily.

Late in August, we went to Cambridge to make my Aunt Howe a visit, and what a charming visit it was! The warm-hearted sisters planned together how they should adorn and arrange the old room in "Massachusetts," that William and James Thayer were to occupy; and busy were their fingers, and glowing their faces as they daily set forth for the college-yard. My Cousin Mary and I one day watched them as they walked up the street,—their homely habiliments, their fine faces, their unconscious and ardent gesticulation,—and we said, "There go the Cheeryble sisters."

Let me mention here one circumstance of this visit that comes back to me with the remembrance of my dear Aunt Howe, like some sweet strain of long-forgotten music.

At that time, there was an old tenement-house still standing next to hers, that has long since been removed. A member of the family living there had died of ship-fever, and as our windows looked into theirs, we were alarmed to see preparations for a "wake" going on, and numbers of people collecting to pass the long summer night. Each of us had

something to say of the danger and impropriety of the occasion; but only my aunt *did* any thing. We did not understand it at the time; it all came to us afterwards. She dressed herself in her best black silk, took her handsomest, deep, cut-glass dish from the closet, and filled it with chloride of lime and surrounded it with flowers. Like some sympathizing friend, she walked in among the group, who were making their moan, and quietly set her dish upon the coffin, where it remained all night. When she silently returned to us, she said, with her sweetest smile, "I thought as it was a *dress occasion*, if I could only make my dish handsome enough, it might save some lives."

After remaining a month with my Aunt Howe, we went to Brush Hill for a visit, and my mother returned home alone a few weeks later.

The death of her beautiful little grandson during this summer was a heavy trial to my mother, who saw in him all the possibilities of a man, a worthy descendant of a worthy race. And this feeling, with her deep sympathy for her children, on whom the loss chiefly fell, saddened her for a long time.

In February of 1849, her daughter, Susan Inches, was married, and left her, to live in Milton, passing some months under the hospitable roof of her uncle and aunt at Brush Hill, the early home of her mother and grandmother. The day after this marriage, my mother wrote to another daughter: "After Susan had left me, I was not slow to conclude 'I must finish my journey alone.'"

She records, in her little diary of this period,

that, the week after the marriage, Mr. R. W. Emerson came to Northampton to give a lecture; and she mentions, with peculiar pleasure, the two days he spent with her, how he had sympathized with her loss of a daughter and acquisition of a son, how he had gone with her to visit a poor family in whom she was deeply interested, and had left behind him the after-glow of kind words and deeds, as well as of aspiring thought.

And now came a loneliness that is hard to remember. She often invited some friend to share it; but the old objects of interest were gone, and every room in the large house, echoing to her solitary tread, must have been full of sadness. She never complained; that was contrary to the habits of a lifetime. But those nerves she had despised rose up, an arméd band, and took their revenge on her. The sad fate of the excellent Mrs. Freme, of Brattleboro', who went up in a chariot of flame, haunted her imagination, and voices in the wind prevented her from sleep. "Old parlor" and "Best parlor," "Library" and "Office," "Corridor" and "Turnpike,"—where were all the glad voices that had once resounded through your walls? Was it strange that the warm heart that had guided successive generations through all the manifold experiences of joy and grief should now

"Feel like one who treads alone  
Some banquet hall deserted"?

In the autumn of 1849, she decided to leave Northampton, and her heart naturally turned towards

Milton, the home of her childhood. But first she would visit her beloved Abby, whose frequent invitations, in years gone by, she had necessarily been forced to decline. In November she went to Cincinnati, and was received with all the warmth of a child by this dear niece and friend. Another happiness also awaited her in Cincinnati, in becoming acquainted with the family of Sally (Mrs. Dana), her other niece, to whom she was also tenderly attached. Her letters were full of the enjoyment of this visit, and the devoted kindness of her nieces and their children; and, had it not been clouded by hearing of the death of her brother, Dr. Edward H. Robbins, of Boston, during the month of January, her happiness would have been complete.

To how many hearts did the death of this good man bring sorrow! I have heard that some stranger, seeing how many mourned for him, asked, "Did Dr. Robbins found a benevolent institution?" "No! he *was* a benevolent institution," was the reply.

My mother left Cincinnati in the spring of 1850, and came to Milton; but she did not remain there many weeks. She made visits to children and friends, and lingered about Northampton for some months; but after another year returned to Milton and occupied a small house that her Lesley children had lived in until their removal to Philadelphia.

In 1852, she made a long visit at her son Sam's in Northampton, and wrote to me constantly of the pleasure of meeting old friends and neighbors. I extract the following sentence from one of them:

"I am having a delightful time here. Your sister

Almira and the girls are devoted to my comfort; and your sister has had two parties for me, taking in all I most wanted to see. Your brother Sam could not have been more kind and attentive, or more considerate of my interests, were he my own son. E. is one of the most useful and excellent of daughters, saving her mother from many cares; and M. is one of the most charming creatures to be found anywhere."

To Sarah Thayer, with whom her relations were always most affectionate and confidential, she afterwards wrote: "I often feel sorry that I ever left Northampton. I was too old for so serious a change in my interests and habits."

In Milton, her kind Forbes cousins contributed greatly to her enjoyment; and the occasional society of her brother and his wife, at Brush Hill, and of Mr. and Mrs. Morison, who lived near her, and of the Ware family, the children of those early friends she had valued so much in youth, was an unspeakable pleasure to her. But the restlessness of disease and of a broken-up life had now asserted its sway over her, and it was evident that on earth she had no continuing city.

## CHAPTER XXI.

I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds  
With coldness still returning;  
Alas ! the gratitude of men  
Hath oftener left me mourning.

WORDSWORTH.

IN the spring of 1853, my mother took a house in Cambridge, to be near her sisters. Within a few weeks after she went there, the death of her sister, Eliza Robbins, excited much emotion in her heart. My Aunt Eliza died at my Aunt Howe's in the August of that year. In her youth, a certain impatience of limitations, and eccentricity of purpose had separated her much from her family, though never from their affections. But though this circumstance left much to deplore, there was much to remember with deep thankfulness, at the end. Thirty years of her life had been devoted to the prisoner, the slave, and especially to the higher education of the young, and had crowned her memory with blessings. She made for herself and retained through life the friendship of the good and wise; and, after her death, Mr. Bryant, Miss Sedgwick, Mr. Henry Tuckerman, and William Ware, wrote affectionate tributes to her memory. When my mother returned from seeing her for the last time, the day before her death, she told me with

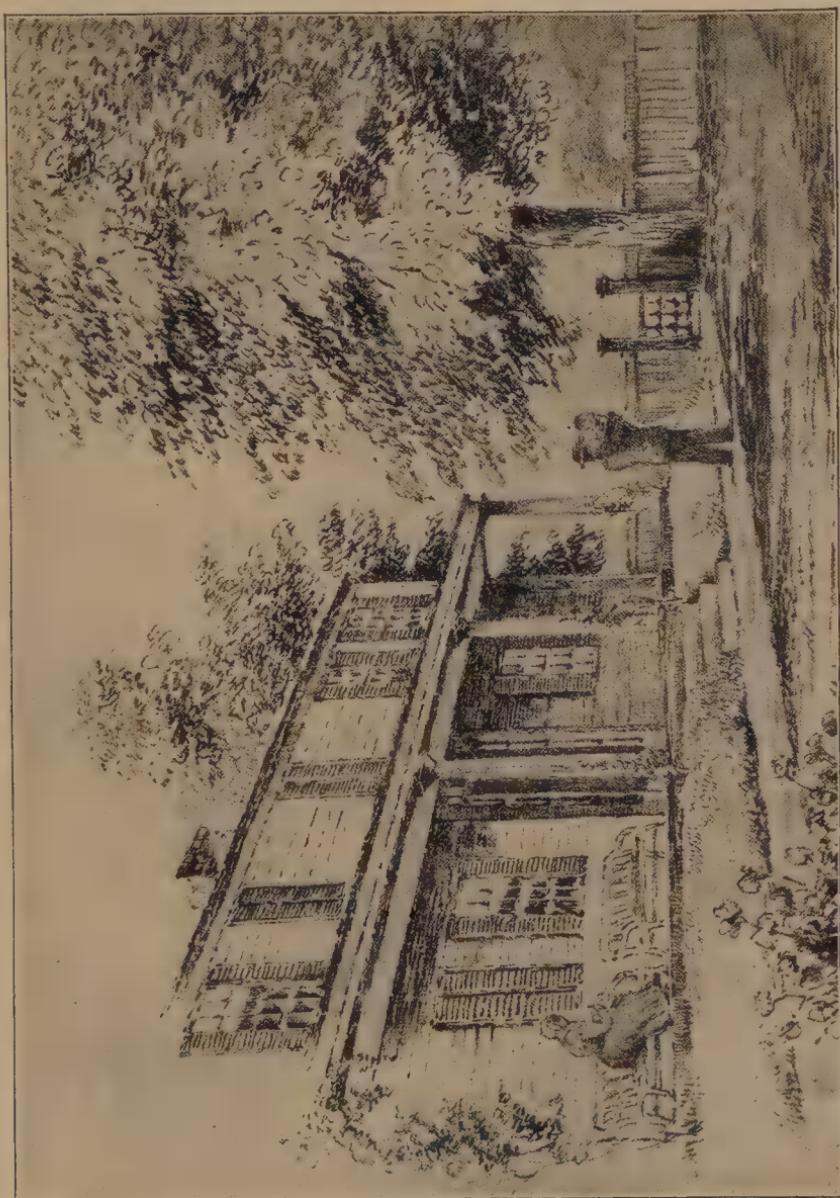
much emotion that when her sisters stood around her bed, she breathed a prayer in her wonderfully expressive language, which for depth of humility and sublimity of aspiration surpassed any thing she had ever listened to.

Some excellent school books for the young, remain as evidence of her patient toil and discriminating intellect; and letters to many friends, as fine as any that were ever penned.

In the autumn of 1856, my mother moved into a small house next to the one she had first occupied, which her sons had bought for her and fitted up with every convenience that could add to the comfort of her declining years. A faithful and devoted woman named Mary Walker, watched over her personal wants; another good Mary did the work of the house. Her youngest sister spent hours of every day with her, reading to her and entertaining her. One noble young man, whose character and mental attainments would have given him a choice of homes at that seat of learning, came daily to the little house for many years to take his meals, because his presence there gave steadiness and support to the three solitary women.

Her life in Cambridge, though marked by the steady but slow progress of disease, was not without many alleviations and pleasures. Her son Joseph, at Jamaica Plain, was constant in his visits; the tie between them had always been most tender. His wife also paid her the tender and considerate attentions of a daughter. Her sisters' houses, both in Cambridge and Boston, were open to her at all

THE HOUSE AT CAMBRIDGE





times. Nieces and nephews came often to see her. Young men whom she had formerly befriended came, without regarding the sad change in her; children and grandchildren passed long summers with her, and her devotion to the little ones was touching to see. Of the great kindness of her neighbors, Miss Donnison and Mrs. Hopkinson, she constantly wrote to me.

At first she wrote often, but as years went on, her letters became mere repetitions; and, two years before she left Cambridge, they ceased altogether. From the later ones I select only a few extracts, showing, as dear Mrs. Child said of her at this time, "how the old light and warmth still sometimes shone through the rifted clouds."

"My son Joseph came to see me to-day, and brought Mr. Theodore Parker. I had not seen Mr. Parker for many years, not since he passed a night at my house in Northampton, and I did not know him, because he had become bald. He was very kind and cordial, and said, 'It is true, Mrs. Lyman, that I "have no hair on the top of my head, in the place where the hair ought to grow;" but my heart is the same, and it has kept a warm remembrance for you.' This made Mary Walker laugh very much, and you know a good laugh does Mary a world of good."

"I walked down town yesterday, and I met Mrs. Cary and her good daughters; they are always kind, and don't treat me as if I were a poor old woman, 'all broke to pieces.' "

"Lois is just as good to me as if she had known me before ; she sends her carriage to take me out driving, and always invites me to all the family parties. I am so rejoiced that Estes has such a wife ; 'one who seeketh not her own.'"

"Last Sunday night, my grandson, Ben, came and took tea with me, and he and Chauncey entertained me for hours with their *profound* conversation."

Alas ! she could no longer understand "profound conversation ;" but to know that it was going on about her, was like an echo of that far-off past, when she had contributed her own share, as well as listened to it.

Only a few more sentences are worth recording, from the still glowing and grateful and appreciative heart.

"Yesterday was Phi-Beta day ; and who do you think called to see me ? Why, Mr. Emerson ! And he brought his charming good daughter, too. I am so glad he has that daughter. I introduced him to Chauncey. Chauncey is so very profound, I knew Mr. Emerson would think a great deal of him. Perhaps I shall never see Mr. Emerson any more. Well ! 'I saw his day, and was glad.'"

"Sally Pierce came to see me to-day, just as full of kindness and good sense as ever her mother was, and that is saying a great deal."

"I take it very kind of Chauncey that he sometimes brings Mr. Gurney home to take tea. He knows that I always like to hear profound conversa-

tion; and, I assure you, it is quite worth while to listen to them. I was used to *my* father, and *your* father, and your Uncle Howe, all my early life, and much of this modern talk I can't abide."

"I went out into the porch this morning, and Mary Walker was training some vines. I asked her what she was doing. She said, 'Endeavoring to restore the old Hutchinson style.' Perhaps she knows what that was. I am sure I don't."

"*My* Martha comes every Sunday evening to take tea, and sit the evening with me. Just the same dear, good child she always was. 'Among the faithless, always faithful found.'"

"My Sister C. is an angel of mercy to me. What should I do without her? She spends more than half her time with me."

In another letter she laments the fact that James Thayer had left Cambridge. "That always good young man, who never forgot me at any time, but came every Sunday evening to take tea with me, when he might have gone to pleasanter places."

SEPT. 14, 1875.

I had written thus far, and was restraining my grateful pen, as I recorded the last annals of the sad little household in Garden Street, when the word came to me that my noble friend, who was the chief stay and guardian of my dear mother's last home, was now no more.

No need now, dear Chauncey, to refrain from telling what you were to us, from fear of causing your

gentle and sensitive spirit to shrink from the praise. Others will record your worth as a man of science, as the profound thinker, the keen observer, the patient listener for truth, in every realm of knowledge. To me comes a hallowed memory of a manly soul, who, through the best years of his youth, gave steadiness to a broken household; who poured out from the rich storehouse of his intellect the finest conversation to a weary, wandering mind who could not comprehend him; who came down from the sublimest heights of thought to comfort and cheer two humble women, her attendants; who, during the long summer days, when tired with the burden of his own patient discoveries, spent many an hour in carrying up and down the garden walks the child, whose little arms it was always difficult to unclasp from "Ity's" neck, and whom he loved with such devotion, that we felt as if some of his gentleness must pass into her soul. No ties to wife and children ever brightened the destiny of this man of brilliant genius and boundless affections. But there are laws of spiritual transmission, deep as those of inheritance. Through some such invisible influence, "Lord, keep his memory green!"

There remains little more to tell of my dear mother's life. In the spring of 1860, my sister Jane died; and though my mother had long been oblivious to many things, she seemed to wake to temporary consciousness of the event, and to the old sympathy for the orphan grandchildren whose father and mother both had been very dear to her. For the

first time for many months she wrote me a few lines. "Your sister Jane has gone. She is a sad loss. She had not a trace of selfishness in her composition, but was always thinking of others, like her father before her. I always loved her."

Early in 1861, the fall of Sumter, and the opening of the war, sent a thrill through all hearts, North and South. But to her it was only a sound of confusion and alarm, which she vaguely understood. In October of that year, with the best advice of physicians and wise friends, we placed her in the McLean Asylum at Somerville; and the little household in Garden Street was broken up.

From this time I never saw my mother again. Two incidents in these years of mental darkness stand out in my remembrance, and when I think of them I can only recall the words of the old prophet, "Your heart shall live forever." The summer before she left Cambridge, my husband brought an invalid friend to pass the day. As evening approached, she implored that he would urge his friend to stay all night. When he told her she had no room for him, she said, "Oh yes; she should have her own room put in nice order for him, and she herself would occupy the parlor sofa, which would be entirely comfortable." She was deeply grieved that we would not consent to this arrangement, weeping when she saw my husband accompany the sick man to the cars, and saying she had never allowed so suffering a person to leave her house before.

Two or three years later, at the Asylum, she was often seen standing at the door of the beautiful

Nancy Y—, the young friend of former years, who, by strange coincidence, had come there to end her days, close to her friend, and each unconscious of the other's presence. One day the sister of Miss Y— came to visit her, and she asked an attendant who that old lady was, and why she was unhappy.

"It is Mrs. Judge Lyman, of Northampton," was the reply; "and she is unhappy because we will not allow her to go in and take care of your sister." Mrs. D— was much affected, and said to the attendant, "Once she was almost the best friend my sister had, and now they do not know each other."

During the following year, after her speech and consciousness seemed almost wholly gone, her attendant told Mary Walker that she held in her hand often, for hours together, a daguerreotype of her little grandson, Warren Delano; that she often kissed it, and pressed it close to her heart, and did not like to have it taken from her, even for a time.

In those last years, my dear mother had the kindest care from Dr. and Mrs. Tyler, and the excellent Miss Relief Barbour. She attached herself warmly to her attendants, and her movements and gestures showed affection and confidence, even when the power of speech failed her. Her sister Catherine visited her frequently; her son Joseph also came often to see her, with the tender consideration that marked his life-long devotion to her. At last, on a beautiful May morning in 1867, her spirit was released from its bondage, the faithful Mary Walker closing her eyes,— and her sister and son beside her.

Her remains were immediately conveyed to the

house of her son Joseph, at Jamaica Plain ; and, on the 29th of May, the funeral service took place there. Her two daughters were in Europe at the time ; but the eldest daughter of her husband, our brothers Sam and Edward, the new daughter she had never seen, whom she would have loved so well, and many dear friends, came to pay the last respect to one who had been dead to the world for many years. The kind Forbes cousins, our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Ellis, James Thayer, and others,—all went ; and, forgetting the sad latter years, their minds reverted with sympathetic emotion to the long life of active beneficence she had lived among men. Mr. James Freeman Clarke performed the funeral services, and, though he had not known her, spoke words of comfort that sank deep in the heart of those present. He alluded to the words of Scripture, “In the midst of life we are in death,” and showed that the reverse is also true, that in death there is life ; and, in this connection, he spoke of the life of her affections having outlasted that of her intellect.

The little company of friends followed her body to the Milton Cemetery, where it was laid. When all the mourners had left the grave, one warm and grateful soul still lingered. He sat down by the open grave, and watched the last sods put in. If ever man might attribute all his success in life to his own personal effort and perseverance, he might ; but, in that hour, he thought only of the helping hand and warm heart beneath the sod, and followed her freed spirit with grateful thoughts into the world of spirits.

In Switzerland, a letter from my brother Joseph came to me:—

“I went to Milton,” he says, “to choose a spot for our mother’s grave. I had long intended to buy a lot, either there or at Forest Hills. I chose this place in Milton Cemetery for these reasons. The soil is a clean gravel. A noble pine-tree will make constant music over her head. It is a tree like the one you have seen in Désor’s Avenue, at Combe Varin, which he had dedicated to Parker’s memory. From our dear mother’s grave, I could look over to Milton Hill, where she was born; to Brush Hill, which she loved so well, and where she passed her youth, and from which home she was married. Everywhere my eye fell was some association dear to her. So there I will lay our dear mother’s mortal part, knowing that it will not be long,—not so long as you think,—before I shall be laid beside her.”

Again he wrote: “Perhaps I ought to have chosen Mr. Ellis to perform her funeral services, she loved him so much. But at the time, I only thought that it was very long since she had been connected with any church; and so I naturally asked my own minister, Mr. Clarke. It was a great satisfaction to me that Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, and many other friends who had not seen her for years, came to this last service.”

Again he wrote: “The day is a beautiful, bright, clear, June day,—‘Oh, what is so rare as a day in June!’ The spring blossoms are at their summit of perfection; cherries, pears, and apples in the

highest abundance of bloom, and the newest leaves on all the trees out in their most perfect and various verdure. *Life* seems uppermost everywhere. But, after all, what is it? Only an alternation, a constant succession, as we feel this day, first life, then death; and these changes, and this particular change which so affects us at this moment, means immortality, and nothing else."

And with these last words of my dear brother Joseph about our mother, I may well close this imperfect record of a noble life. Not as an example have I wished to set that life before you, my dear girls; for the temperament and the circumstances and the destiny of each child of earth are his own, and not another's. But the retrospect of the good lives to whom we owe our own existence exalts our aspiration and our gratitude, and excites our sympathy. Like Mrs. Southey's old family portraits, they look down on us from the past,—

"Daughter, they softly say,  
Peace to thy heart!  
We too, O daughter,  
Have been as thou art:  
Hope lifted, doubt depressed,  
Seeing in part;  
Tried, troubled, tempted,  
Sustained as thou art:  
Our God is thy God,  
What He willeth is best;  
Trust Him as we trusted,  
Then rest, as we rest."

As a child standing on the shore of a river throws

in his little pebble, and with delighted wonder sees its ever-widening circle reach the opposite shore, so might those who have gone before us rejoice to know how each good deed of theirs had left a widening circle in our lives.

## APPENDIX.

WHEN I began to write this life of my mother, I wrote to many early friends for any letters they might have retained of hers, and any recollections they might have of her. The letters I received in answer were so cordial and kind, that I have added some of them in these pages. Within a few hours after my mother's death was made known, the short but expressive notice of the event by James Thayer appeared in the "Boston Daily Advertiser," which is appended below; and, within a few months of her death, Mr. Rufus Ellis, in the article called "Random Readings," in the "Monthly Religious Magazine," embodied some of his reminiscences of her later life, which have recalled her vividly and delightfully to many hearts.

To my friend, Mr. William Greene, I wish to express my heartfelt thanks for his long and careful preservation of my mother's letters to my Cousin Abby, and for his great kindness in giving them to me, and for the cordial words accompanying this invaluable package. In his letter to me, he writes:—

EAST GREENWICH, June 14, 1875.

I beg to say that I heartily sympathize with you in your pious undertaking. I hold your mother's memory, and your father's too, in the highest veneration, as I held them in their lives in the warmest affection. You cannot say too much good of either of them.

I cannot help also mentioning here that my dear old friend, Mr. David Lee Child, who passed from earth last winter, was about to write a sketch of my mother that must have been most interesting, from his vivid appreciation and warm recollections of her. His society was for many years a rare pleasure to her, and she quoted his wise and witty sayings with delight. One expression of his which she used for years after, on various occasions, is often recalled to me by her satisfaction in it. She had asked him about the political events of the day which had disturbed her, and his answer was: "Oh, Mrs. Lyman, when things are in a transition state, there's a great deal of eccentric action."

One other dear friend, who had the deepest and truest understanding of her character, would gladly have written a fitting memorial of her. I quote from her warm and appreciative letter.

EXETER, N.H., July 21, 1874.

I loved your mother dearly; I mourned for her with sincere grief. First her eclipse, then her death, caused a great void in my life. Her place has never been filled for me. Standing on my own feet so much in youth, and having so much care and responsibility, you can comprehend how I reposed in the all-embracing affluence of her nature, and how all chills and shivers were dispelled, while basking in her sunshine.

At the time of your mother's death, I longed for some sufficient testimonial to so large a life. I shall take the deepest interest in your memorial.

Yours very affectionately,

H. C. STEARNS.

The published notices of my mother, to which I have referred, are here added.

[*From the Boston Daily Advertiser.*]

### MRS. ANNE JEAN LYMAN.

In that short list of deaths which makes every newspaper pathetic, there appeared to-day, in the "Advertiser," this notice: "May 25th, Mrs. Anne J., widow of the late Hon. Joseph Lyman, of Northampton, Mass."

It is due to the memory of a remarkable woman and to the feelings of a very wide circle of friends in this community, by whom she was admired, that something more than this should be said of the death of Mrs. Lyman.

For thirty-eight years she lived in Northampton, and gave character to that whole community. She was born in 1789, at Milton, the daughter of the Hon. E. H. Robbins. On the mother's side, she was descended from a vigorous Scotch stock—the Murrays—among whose living representatives in this city are some of our best citizens. In 1811, she was married to the Hon. Joseph Lyman, of Northampton. From that time until the year 1849, she lived with her husband and the beautiful family of children which they reared, in one house at Northampton, near the middle of the village. Judge Lyman was a man of high character and influence, and of a sweet and gracious demeanor which affected one like a benediction. Their house was the centre of wide-spread hospitality; all that was best and most cultivated in the town had there a natural home and shelter.

Mrs. Lyman was a person of a vigor of mind, a broad and strong good sense, and a quaint, idiomatic emphasis of expression which gave general currency to her opinions and her sayings. She was of a noble and impressive presence, and it was easy to believe the traditions of the beauty which had filled the town with admiration when she first came there.

But the best part of this good woman was a deep and warm heart, which found expression in never-ending deeds of kindness. It stirred her up to the most energetic and persistent efforts to help all whom she had once befriended, and to search out new objects for her care.

A peculiar and sad interest is attached to the few closing years of her life. It is comforting to think that she sleeps at last in peace.

T.

May 27, 1867.

[*From the Monthly Religious Magazine.*]

*"A Leaf from my Autobiography, in which, though the first pronoun personal occurreth very often, the chief figure is really one better than myself."*

We associate certain places with certain seasons of the year. For myself autumn is, and always will be, Northampton. I always go there, in thought, when the shadows of the year begin to lengthen, and here and there a feebler leaf, taking on the hectic color before the rest, predicts what is surely coming upon all. I should go in deed as well as in thought, were there not such a mingling of joy and sorrow because of changes. It was a beautiful day in the earliest autumn, when two of us, fellow-students at C—, climbed up to the seat behind the driver on the old "Putt's-Bridge Stage" which made the connection in those days between the Western Railroad and Northampton. Long ago, in my early childhood, I had seen Holyoke and Tom, but the visions had passed into dreamland, out of which they seemed to come naturally enough in that resplendent summer; and when we drew up at length at the Mansion House, after crossing the ferry at Hockanum and driving none too

slowly through the rich, unfenced meadows, the house all came back with the associations of the time when it was filled with summer strangers and the parents of Round Hill scholars. The hotel window commanded a view of the glories of that magnificent region, and, as I could see at a glance, they were no rustics that passed up and down the village streets. To the eyes of a city-bred and college-bred youth, the whole scene was as beautiful as it was fresh. I heard, the other day, of a young man who went to "supply" a pulpit in one of our inland parishes, and was allowed to go to the tavern unwelcomed, to pass thence to the church and return twice during the Sunday unspoken to, except perhaps by the functionary who fails not to come for "the metres," and then to leave for home with no token of recognition except, we may hope, the usual *honorarium*. It was not so in Northampton. The afternoon had not gone by before a gentleman, authorized and competent to represent the little parish, had made his appearance and proffered hospitality; and before Monday morning the young preacher had met and conversed with several parishioners of both sexes. That Sunday proved to be the first of a six months' supply; and the supply, with the interval of a twelvemonth spent in another field, was the prelude of a ten years' ministry,—a ministry marked by the utmost patience and kindness on the part of the parishioners, who, it should ever be remembered, must take their young clergyman, after "the School" has done its best and its worst for him, and give him the most valuable part of his training, and help him to convert his scholasticisms into experience.

It was a significant time in the parish. It was the day of Transcendentalism,—that was the word then, a word almost forgotten in our swift years. I think the "Dial" was just announcing the hour in the great cycle of the

Ages, for the last time. My predecessor had been a favorite and valued contributor to the pages of that periodical, and there were those in the congregation who hung eagerly upon his words. The larger portion, however, preferred the old paths; and so my friend—for such he was, is, and, I trust, ever will be—withdrawn from his charge after a very short term of service, and, as long as he remained in town, was my kind parishioner. All the things which are now called new were discussed twenty-five years ago in that little parish, with only a little difference of names, but with, I think, a less clear perception of the inevitable issues. We had it all in Bible classes and teachers' meetings, at our pleasant tea-parties, at our evening gatherings, where we were not ashamed to eat Porter apples and boiled chestnuts, and on more stately occasions; for let no one suppose that we were not sometimes as stately as the stateliest, or that there were none amongst us who had been in king's palaces, and were fit to be there, too. I can hardly recall without a smile my choice of a sermon for the first Sunday morning. I had the young man's feeling that a Testimony must be uttered; and so the preacher (who, with a very hearty appreciation of the positive side of Transcendentalism, especially as a protest against the miraculously-confirmed deism which Unitarianism in many quarters had become, had no sympathy whatever with the Transcendentalist's rejection, or, worse, his patronizing recognition, of the everlasting Symbol provided for the world in the incarnate Word) took for his text, "The glory which thou gavest me I have given them, that they may be one as we are one." Well, insignificant as what the young man said unquestionably was, it was a good key-note.

I would write rather of things than of persons, but what are things save as they pass into forms and faces

and deeds, and words and smiles and tears?—so I must say something about persons. Of one, the chiefest chief of them, even then in the time of his age and of his decaying faculties, I have elsewhere set down my impressions, as they were freshly made upon me. Poorly enough the writer preached upon the “Christian in his Village Home” The Christian was Judge Lyman, one of New England’s noblemen, who found his peers only amongst the great and good of our land. Had he lived anywhere save in that beautiful region, we should have felt that he was out of place. But there was another whom we called Mrs. Judge Lyman. In this year of my writing, as I reach this point in my simple story, she has passed out of the clouds that obscured her later years, into the light of our higher life. Admirable words—they could not have been better, and were only too few—were set down about her character in one of the daily journals. I meant then to have added my testimony. Perhaps, as the twelvemonth is not gone, it is not too late now.

Walk from Round Hill with the preacher down into Shop Row. He had been in town not more than a day, before he found out that there was one place, at least, which would be pretty sure to come into his rounds. That is the door. It is on the left hand of the street as you go down. It is not quite shut. The writer thinks that it must have been shut during the very coldest of the weather, but there is no picture in his image-chamber of any closing, “early” or late. I have my doubts whether it was not kept from blowing open by some peculiar process other than latching and locking. I only know that a push sufficed to clear the way into the hall, and that a knock was sufficient to open the parlor. There was a little maid in the house whose name, by way of

compensating for the smallness of her stature, her mistress was in the habit of lengthening out by an added syllable, which put her upon the instant, so far as words could do it, amongst heroes and saints,—the Brigittas and the Theresas of mediæval times. This little woman, however, did not come much to the door. There was no need. We will go in. Seated at the farther end of the parlor, by the side of a generous Franklin stove, soon to have a little “smudge” of fire in it, morning and evening, you will see ■ lady not yet past middle life, and yet provided with spectacles which she seems to maintain, chiefly, that she may lose and find them. Perceiving at once that she is girt about with all sorts of “work,” you will beg her not to rise, and will get welcome enough from her warm grasp and her fine, expressive face. What is she doing? Many things, O fine lady! It is not her train that impedes her movements; it is not that her hands are æsthetically folded; it is not that she is so elaborately got up that to rise would be an artistic movement not lightly to be undertaken. What is she doing? Shelling peas, perhaps; not always to the best advantage, for peas will roll under sofas and into nooks from which it “does not pay” to extricate them with much stooping and probing; darning stockings, perhaps,—what the good lady calls her “embroidery,” and what is indeed a very useful kind of worsted work; making a garment, perhaps,—a “sofa covering” possibly, for some sewing-circle or other circle-child, a little peculiar it may be in the pattern, but very comfortable, nevertheless, in the wear. But this is not all; there is a volume in her lap,—“Jane Eyre,” we will say, or “Margaret Fuller,” or some fresh sermon by Dr. Channing, or the last “North American;” and as the story deepens in interest, or the paragraph warms and flushes into eloquence, the peas fly about a

little more wildly, and now and then the needle goes into the finger instead of the stocking. But the reading stops now. She loves the speech of the living, out of the abundance of the heart, better than any dead words. You have your cordial greeting. You have, henceforth and ever, your devoted friend.

I suppose it is so still, but I know that in those days one did not need to go away from N. to hear of new things in literature, in theology, in politics, in society. I think they came to us amongst the first, and we had time enough to welcome and entertain them during those blessed, long days. Here was the old thought; revering, believing heartily in the Gospel tradition and dear churchly things and ways. There, right opposite, in the pleasant old house which has modestly withdrawn behind the comparatively new Town Hall, the new thought uttered itself in kindly, graceful speech, firm in protest and dissent, but just and tender towards persons. All came together sooner or later into that parlor, as we went up and down and in and out, as we were asked to meet summer visitors, or gathered on great occasions when the Courts were in session, or Webster and Choate came to argue the famous Will Case. Did "the Orthodox" come? the Unitarian asks, having heard, it may be, fearful accounts of a spirit of bigotry stealing up from Connecticut along the river banks. Yes, "the Orthodox" did come; the town met in that parlor and made their social, if not their theologic, report. It was a great blessing to the town that the door of that old dwelling was so easily opened, and that the heart of the household was altogether a heart of hospitality, not only for men and women, but for truths and what claimed to be truths. We had a "Community" within our borders; and whosoever of the Community was seized with a consuming

and irresistible longing for the fleshpots of civilization was welcome to fall back, within those walls, upon a cup of proscribed tea and a denounced hot biscuit, whilst all the vagaries of what we voted "a transition age" were quietly ventilated. All could come, because our friend was a large-minded, large-hearted, hospitable woman, eager not to divide but to gather and bind, earnest without narrowness and bigotry, a great blessing to a village. And she was so ready, so eager to serve! Was it a young man whose way to Harvard was to be smoothed and otherwise provided for? He could count upon her friendly offices; he could be sure that she would not fail him until the end had been reached. She was a good friend, so good that, when the movement was reversed and the force turned the other way, she could flash into wrath which did not smoulder into sullenness and maliciousness. Her quaint and racy speech, which alas! has perished with her, was a source of infinite entertainment to the young preacher; and when it was brought to bear, as it sometimes was, against some of his ministerial "juveniles," in word or deed, it always did him good, whether for the moment he liked the medicine or not,—for "faithful are the wounds of a friend," and here was one who was a friend, first and last and midway, only a friend. When he seemed to be running low, she provided, not bitter words, but a pot of wormwood tea, which she persuaded the young parson to drink, hoping that, somehow, it would get into his sermons. Is there any such parlor there in these days? Is there any house which has been such a, I will not say "saint's rest," but minister's home? What one of our elder clergymen of those who have begun with me to delight in "reminiscences" has not slept under that roof, or preached in that pulpit, or felt the force of the words of the exasper-

ated man who tried to keep the Mansion House, and declared that "it was no use, for Judge Lyman invited everybody who came to town to stay with him"? I wonder how the conflict of the two thoughts gets on? Has the Community taken up all the religious radicalism? I could see no change in my day; each combatant stood by his and, I ought to add, "her" (for we were mostly women) guns. Emigration and death were the only causes of change in the relative numbers. It will take more time than a lifetime, even in these days, when we think or at least talk so fast, for a distracted Liberalism, numbering its adherents now in all churches, orthodox and heterodox, to find the higher unity which the fact of the incarnation, freed from the scholasticisms of theology, will surely become to all who are Christians, in any sense which a man of common sense need take into account. To go to Northampton during that beautiful season when its atmosphere is not too warm, and its glories have lost none of their gloriousness, would be to find much, very much, that is delightful; but it would be to find the old house changed, and the old forms vanished, the old interlocutors silent, even the old words changed. They talk about theisms now, and free thought, and right wing and left wing. Is it strange that the writer does not care to go?

I began with a walk down town. I got only so far as one dwelling. I began with that first Saturday after the Master's Degree had been taken, and the work of life had been seriously entered upon. I got no farther than that first Sunday. How many walks, how many Sundays followed! How many houses became homes, and would be still, I think! Shall I ever have time to carry on these chapters?—to take some one with me to my first Association (pronounced then, by the elders in all that region, without the second syllable,—“Association”),

where, to my great dismay, I was accounted a Transcendentalist, and, on the whole, a dangerous young man?—to go over in some congenial company to see those dear old saints in Hadley; that calm old man, quietly farming and theologizing upon his broad, rich meadow, not knowing what a stir the son who returned on that Saturday, for his vacation, was destined to make in our Zion; that true Christian woman, his wife; that courtly and melancholy and wise and honorable and large-minded gentleman, under the evergreens in the brown house opposite?—to drive up the river and talk with the old blind preacher in Deerfield? Perhaps so; but for the present this chapter must suffice, and, instead of writing personal history, I must be making it; and what I most wished was to say a word about my dear old friend, Mrs. L.

E.\*

*Mrs. L. Maria Child to Mrs. Lesley.*

DEAR SUSAN,—I am glad to hear that you are preparing a memorial of your large-souled mother, for the benefit of her grand-children. She and your excellent father are among the noblest pictures in my Gallery of Memory. I recall very vividly those old times in Northampton, when we occupied a pew next to yours, and listened to the pleasant preaching of John S. Dwight. His soul was then, as now, harmoniously attuned to all lovely sights and sounds, and he seemed then, as he does now, like the poetic child in the “Story without an End,” who went meandering through creation, wondering at its multiform miracles, and earnestly questioning all its forms of beauty.

It was one of my delights at that time to observe your father and mother, as they walked up the aisle of the church. They had such a goodly presence! One rarely

sees a couple so handsome, after they have passed the meridian of their life; and their bearing was an impersonation of unpretending dignity. Your mother especially was as stately in her motions, as if she had been reared in the atmosphere of royalty.

We always liked each other; but in many respects it was the attraction of opposites. I was a born radical, and her training had been eminently conservative. Both of us were by temperament as direct and energetic as a locomotive under high-pressure of steam, and coming full tilt from opposite directions we often met with a clash; but no bones were ever broken. After such encounters, we shook hands and laughed, and indulged in a little playful raillery at each other's vehemence. She was too sincere to deny any proposition that she perceived to be right and true, however much it might be at variance with her preconceived opinions.

I often wondered that she had a liking for me. I suppose the earnestness of my convictions, and the fearless honesty with which I expressed them, proved attractive to her because her own nature was in sympathy with those traits; and I imagine she rather enjoyed the onset of our antagonisms as a sort of intellectual tournament.

My attraction toward her is easily explained. I delighted in her earnestness, her energy, her abhorrence of all sorts of shams, her uprightness of principle, and her large views of men and things; and even when her opinions were most at variance with my own, I honored the downright sincerity with which she expressed them, and I greatly enjoyed the raciness of humor which she often employed in their defence. Aristocratic she undoubtedly was; but not in any narrow sense. She rose with a lofty disdain above all distinctions that were merely conventional and external. I have often smiled

at the impetuosity with which she upon some occasions manifested this quality in my defence. . . . The genuine inborn nobleness of her character often flashed out in this way, in fine scorn of all pretension and sham.

I left Northampton, and years passed without my seeing her. Meanwhile, her good husband passed away, and his moral worth left a fragrance in the memory of all who knew him. Her children had formed households of their own. You, dear Susan, had married P. L., whose mind was absorbed in science, while his heart was deeply interested in all that concerned the welfare of his fellow-beings. It was after the hospitable old homestead in Northampton was broken up, and its inmates scattered abroad, that I again met your mother. After cordial salutations and a few mutual inquiries, I said, "Do you remember the lively encounters we used to have about Anti-slavery? How do you feel upon that subject now?" "I hardly know what to say," she replied. "Between you and Peter, you have got me on the fence, and I don't know which way I shall jump." I answered very quickly, But *I* know, Mrs. Lyman. You will be certain to jump on the right side. You cannot do otherwise."

The largeness of her nature showed itself in generous hospitality and delight in doing pleasant things for others. I shall never forget her many kind attentions to my dear husband, when circumstances compelled me to be absent from him. We still keep, as precious relics, some pieces of a velvet wrapper which she gave him, and the sight of them always recalls pleasant and grateful recollections of her.

When I last saw your mother, her bright and active mind was over-clouded by physical infirmities and increasing years; but even then gleams of her native humor broke through the gathering mist, like sunshine flashing

out between the drifting clouds of a darkening sky. Her earthly light went out in darkness; but the spirit, disengaged from external obstacles, shows only its interior qualities,—and hers were good, bright, and noble.

Always your affectionate friend,

L. MARIA CHILD.

*Dr. Austin Flint\* to Mrs. Lesley.*

NEW YORK, Sept. 13, 1874.

DEAR MRS. LESLEY,—In accordance with your wishes, conveyed to me in a letter from Mrs. Briggs, I shall send you several letters written by your dear mother. In reading her letters to-day, I have lived over the period when her sympathy and affection were so much to me and mine. My heart has been filled with love for her, and often I could not refrain from tears.

I have endeavored a brief sketch, but it does neither her memory nor me justice, and do not hesitate therefore, if you think best, not to introduce it. I shall send the package by express.

I earnestly hope that your mother is now cognizant of the affection and gratitude which, in common with her descendants, my wife and I feel whenever we think of her. My recollections of your mother always awaken emotions of love and reverence. It were, indeed, proof of heartlessness and ingratitude, if I did not cherish her memory with deep affection.

When I was beginning my professional life in Northampton, she was a sympathizing, devoted friend to my wife and myself. A tender mother could not have been more kind; and in her letters after we had left Northampton, she often addressed us as her children. She

\* Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine and of Clinical Medicine in the Bellevue Hospital, Medical College, &c., &c., New York.

confided, when I commenced practice, herself and her family to my care, and thus, by her example and influence, the struggles incident to this early period of my professional life were much less than they would otherwise have been. At this time I was under obligations to her, for her encouragement and wise counsels, more than I can adequately express.

Of the social position and influence of your mother you may justly be proud. She was truly a queen among women. No one could be in her company without being impressed with the fact that her endowments were of a superior order. With much beauty of countenance were combined intellectuality, dignity, refinement; and to these were added grace and graciousness of manner. The homage which she received was not obtained by art or effort, but was the spontaneous offering of those around her. She was ever ready to listen and respond to the claims of philanthropy. She was ready at all times to promote intellectual pursuits and pleasures, especially among the younger members of society. I recollect in my boyhood days in Northampton, there was a Literary Society, composed chiefly of young persons, to which were submitted original poems, promiscuous essays, and profoundly metaphysical disquisitions. Although then a mother of children of mature age, she was not merely a patroness but an active member of this society, furnishing her quota of written contributions. These were of a high order, and it would have been an easy task for her to have become distinguished as a writer. Her conversational powers were remarkable. She was not chary of her gifts in this regard; but her conversation was so full of interest and instruction that she never appeared to talk too much. The exercise of her conversational powers was entirely devoid of pedantry or assumption. The sayings

of no one at that time and place were oftener repeated; but the wit and humor which characterized them never hurt the feelings of others: she was far above a spirit of ridicule or detraction.

When it is said that she was the worthy wife of your honored father, one must have known him and his home to appreciate all that is expressed in this statement. Judge Lyman was in truth a "gentleman of the old school," in the fullest and highest sense of this expression. His house represented the highest idea of domestic life and elegant hospitality, forty years ago, in one of the most intellectual, cultivated, and refined sections of New England.

I sympathize with you in your undertaking to prepare a memorial for distribution among your mother's descendants, and surviving friends. There are many living who knew her in her days of health, during your father's life, who are much more capable than I am of delineating her superior endowments and beautiful traits of character. But no one, more than I, of those not connected by ties of blood, can cherish her memory with greater affection and reverence.

Very truly yours,

AUSTIN FLINT.

*Mr. R. W. Emerson to Mrs. Lesley.*

CONCORD, July 26, 1874.

MY DEAR MRS. LESLEY, . . . Your father and herself made me their guest in their house at Northampton, in my young days, when Rev. Mr. Hall left me in charge of his pulpit for a few Sundays. I had not then, and I cannot believe that I have since, seen so stately and naturally distinguished a pair as Judge and Mrs. Lyman. Your mother was then a queenly woman, nobly formed, in perfect health, made for society, with flowing conversa-

tion, high spirits, and perfectly at ease,—understanding and fulfilling the duties which the proverbial hospitality of your house required. Judge Howe came daily to the house,—Judge Wilde was a guest,—Mr. Ashmun, later Law Professor at Harvard; the patroon Van Rensselaer from Albany, and his daughter, were guests one day while I was there, and others. But no guests came, or could come, I thought, who surpassed the dignity and the intelligence of the hosts. It cost them no effort to preside or to please. Your mother,—I remember how much she interested me one day, by a narrative of the romantic history of Mrs. Mills, wife of the senator, and then carried me to the house and introduced me to their daughters,—one of whom, I believe, afterwards became Mrs. Huntington, and the other Mrs. Peirce. My visit was shortened by two days, by ■ kind arrangement which was made for me, by your mother, with Judge Howe who was going to hold a Court at Lenox; and I was to drive his horse and chaise thither to bring him home, and thereby make the acquaintance of Miss Catherine Sedgwick at Stockbridge, which was happily accomplished. Since that time I have rarely seen your mother, and only it seems for moments,—once at her house in Cambridge, where she introduced me to Chauncey Wright. I grieve that I can add so little to your own memories.

Yours affectionately,

R. W. EMERSON.

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